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W. E. HORN.

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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY 1888.

A FORTUNE IN A FORTNIGHT.

BY JESSIE MACLEOD.

IT is not a pleasant situation to find oneself reduced to one's last half-crown, the wide world around, and not a friend in it. Such was my position when, through no fault of my own, I stood as solitary in the great city as though in the Desert of Sahara. I had been tutor in a boys' school for five years; the principal died, and it passed into a stranger's hands; the only home I ever knew, for I was placed there a motherless boy when my father went out as vice-consul to Zanzibar.

The climate killed him, but my master did not part with me, and when the bank smashed which held my little heritage, the good man retained me as a teacher. In vain I tried for another situation; alas! my referee was no more. Then for a clerkship, but the times were bad, and firms discharging their employés instead of engaging them. Those who knew me, as is usual in such cases, withdrew into their shells, and when they emerged from them were rude and unfeeling. I applied to a rich religious lady who had known my mother: she wrote back that she fully sympathised with me, and "trusted Providence would raise up friends for me." Another letter, from a soi-disant well-wisher and schoolmate, said, "Keep up your spirits and hope on—what should we do without hope?" I mentally shook hands with Job. Near relations I had none. Footsore and weary I had walked the points of the compass after every advertisement that seemed likely—or, indeed, unlikely—to suit; all disappointments; so I sat down in my one room in Bernard Street, Russell Square, the tenancy of which would expire with the week, wondering what on earth I should do, my thoughts revolving in a circle and terminating where they commenced. "Everything comes to those who wait," is the saying; but, unfortunately, a roof over one's head and a breakfast and

dinner every day are essential to that process. "Why do you not strike out, you fool?" I said angrily to myself. "You are nearly four-and-twenty years of age, well educated, and yet giving way like a girl." My diet had been extremely frugal of late ; I was wearing down, body and mind.

Again I took up the *Times*, to see if by chance I had overlooked anything. No. "Wanted, an accomplished governess, advanced English, grammatical analysis, fluent French, perfect German, brilliant pianiste and artist (oils and water), an exhibitor at the R.A. preferred; must be able to work a sewing machine, 'Wilcox & Gibbs.' " Poor young woman! Who would undertake it unless, like me, starving? "Wanted, a coachman to drive two horses of decidedly pious habits." No mistake about those being good animals. "Wanted to purchase a practice near London by a young surgeon, or *douceur* offered for recommendation to good opening." There was nothing for me. Stay—a bright idea shot through my brain with the vividness of lightning. Why not, instead of hunting for myself, try to match up other people's requirements—an inexhaustible field, for seekers have not sufficient time to search daily all the papers. I sprang up. Yes, I would try it; hope once more inspired me. I changed my poor half-crown by investing in different daily newspapers, a quire of blue official paper and envelopes, stamps, &c., and, neck or nothing, set to work: it was my last throw. I steadily took copies of requirements from each paper, then matched them up. "To be sold, corner house, main road, in a new and rising neighbourhood near London, suited to a medical practitioner, for whom there is a splendid opening." Here was my chance at once.

I wrote a flowery epistle to the young doctor, giving a delightful description of the rising neighbourhood, of which I knew nothing, pointing out to him the advantage in not having to buy a practice which might possibly prove unsatisfactory—expending money in purchasing another person's old shoes, as one may say familiarly, *entre nous* ; full of holes very likely—but investing his capital in solid bricks and mortar. This I despatched to St. Neots—then looked out another pair. "A gentleman offers £20 to anyone who can place his son (fourteen), an intelligent youth leaving school, in a counting-house ; salary first year no object." That was in the *Daily News* ; then in the *Telegraph*—"Wanted in a city office a smart boy leaving school, great advantages after two years." To the merchant I wrote such a description of a friend's son who had just concluded his commercial education in a first-class school, that the calculating boy would have been a fool to him. To the paternal advertiser I

despatched a glowing description of my ability to introduce a promising youth of undoubted integrity in a firm of well-known commercialists. I prided myself on that word, it sounded substantial, and I did not commit myself to a description. I lay awake all that night thinking of my venture in "romance." A French roll and a glass of milk seasoned with anxiety are not good narcotics.

Some things are to be, others never come to pass. Kick as you will against the pricks—bump your head against a stone wall—come they will not. But my advice is to try everything, and keep on trying; a door will open for you at last : it is generally what you do not expect, and probably what you dislike, but most people succeed in what they were not brought up for.

Now, whether it was my handwriting, charming style, powers of description, the handsome blue official note-paper, or all combined I cannot say, but by the next evening I had received answers to all my letters, and instantly plunged into the extravagance of a pint of tarragona and a bag of biscuits, for my appetite had become so delicate through compelled abstemiousness that a steak would have choked me. I drank success to my undertakings—I needed it, my half-crown had vanished. Well, the builder named the lowest price for his house in the rising suburb, offering me 5 per cent. cash down if I could find a purchaser. The young doctor was delighted with my description ; if I would oblige by sending the address and price he would go to inspect it at once. I set it down as *une affaire finie*. The grateful parent of my new calculating boy wrote, asking all sorts of questions about the "commercialists" ; they, who were tailors and outfitters in Gracechurch Street, were equally anxious to secure the paragon just leaving school—there was another pair ! I went to work again at the daily papers with renewed ardour, and met with more or less success, contriving to match up a variety of requirements, of course with a little stretch of imagination. I liked the occupation—it was almost an art. After receiving £25 from the builder, who was a man of his word, and the £20 douceur from the anxious parent, with the delightful feeling of a few gold coins in my waistcoat pocket, success emboldened me to extend my hunting-grounds ; I had been angling in a streamlet, and wished for deep-sea fishing with nets. I determined to strike out and take an office. In London rooms on the ground floor command high rents, and I wished to reside in a locality that would inspire confidence and insure business.

After much trouble and deliberation I found a front parlour in a very old-fashioned house, situated in Hart Street, Bloomsbury, almost within the classic shade of the British Museum, in a line with

Mudie's, and a few doors from Bloomsbury church—what could be more respectable ?

I had to be very careful in my expenditure for furnishing my office. I bought a fourth-hand library table, which I re-covered and rubbed up myself ; also a chair, the twin of dear Oliver Goldsmith's at South Kensington. Then I sought for an imposing-looking one, in which to seat my clients. At last I met with my *pièce de résistance*, for it was the only handsome furniture in the room, at the sale of a dentist's effects—an operating chair. A cocoa matting on the floor, a map of Europe (my own property), five feet by seven, on the wall where the paper was shabby, another of the Holy Land *en face*, a cast of Minerva I bought from an Italian boy, on the mantelshelf where a clock ought to have been, completed the interior of my office. Fortunately the windows were provided with obsolete wire blinds ; but it was very expensive having gold letters fixed on the glass panes—"Universal and Confidential Agency." As I did not wish my own name to be known, I assumed that of "Gainer" (for did I not wish to become one?), and had it placed on my office door.

The *mise en scène* was admirable. I invested in a new suit from Hyams' over the way, choosing mourning, out of respect to the memory of my lost friend : black studs, black watch-guard, a narrow band on my hat—what looks nicer than new black ? besides it shows you have had some one belonging to you ; and being so lonely, I set a value on that. I retained my bedroom in Bernard Street, for my landlady had been good to me in my poverty—and it was cheap.

The next day I opened my Universal Agency. There I sat in my Goldsmith chair, pen in hand, a profusion of papers scattered over the table artistically. Nobody came, though I could see through the blind that many persons stopped to read the announcement, and look up and down the house, but no one entered. The following day was the same, and the next. I began to fear that the appearance was not so attractive as I had imagined, but on the fourth morning a tall man stopped and looked in at the window, then entered and tapped at my office door. "Enter," cried I, and he did so. I bowed : he bowed. I indicated the operating chair, upon which he seated himself, and looked at me steadily. I returned the compliment, and must confess I did not like the look of him at all. It was not his dress, nor his carriage, which was stiff and rather military, but his physiognomy. His eyes were dark, overhung by a forehead suggestive of Rush at Madame Tussaud's ; nose pointed, with nostrils that appeared to be sniffing something unpleasant. His mouth was hidden by a thick black moustache, much manipulated, with spikes at the ends ; his complexion sallow ; age between forty and fifty.

"I have called to ask a question," he commenced ; "does your agency insert and receive advertisements?"

"That is more the business of a newsagent," said I.

"Would you permit an interview between parties who replied to one?"

"I have never done so yet, but see no objection." (I did not wish to lose a client.) "Of course it would depend upon the nature of the advertisement."

"Certainly, certainly; it is nothing objectionable or unbecoming a gentleman. I am a military man, and have served in the Turkish army."

"If it is anything in the military line——"

"It is not for myself," interrupted my client, "it concerns a lady." (Matrimonial, thought I, but he looks too old and ugly for it.)

"I have the charge of a young lady, the daughter of a dear and valued friend, now no more. It is an embarrassing, onerous duty for me, a bachelor. If she were better provided for I would marry her, but that is out of the question. I wish to advertise for a happy home for her, where the terms are low, or reciprocal."

"I should have thought that a governess agency——"

"No, no," he interrupted, raising both hands deprecatingly, "nothing of that kind. I do not wish to be worried or talked over by women. I must see my way. It is a duty I owe to a deceased friend. What would this world be without friendship—and gratitude?" moralised this good man.

"It manages to revolve without much of either," answered I. He opened his pocket-book and took out a paper.

"I have drawn up an advertisement ; will you read it, adding the address of this office? You will easily understand I do not wish to give that of my club."

It ran as follows : "Wanted, a strict home for a young girl, where she can be usefully employed, on reciprocal terms. Address, 'Philanthropist,' " &c.

"Strict people? Why so?"

"She takes the bit between her teeth sometimes," replied the Colonel, shaking his head, "and is averse to work, requiring to be kept up to it like a whipping-top. She is not sufficiently educated to be a governess."

Seeing no objection to the proposal I consented, and he laid down half a guinea on the table.

"Shall I forward the answers to your club?" I asked.

"No, thanks, I will look in as I pass by," he replied, taking his leave. So I despatched his advertisement to the *Times*.

In business there is too much occupying the mind to allow its dwelling on individuals, and, fortunately, several other clients appeared after the ice was broken. On the fourth morning I was scarcely seated in my office when a handsome young man entered. There was no mistaking his profession ; the open, cheerful, sunburnt face, bright eyes, and careless gait denoted the naval profession. He seemed to bring in a waft of sea-breeze with him.

"May I ask," said he, looking round the office, "what your meaning is by confidential agency?"

"A business medium or arbitrator in private affairs."

"I conclude you do odd jobs for parties who do not wish to appear personally—is that it?"

"You may put it that way if you like."

He smiled, showing a perfect set of teeth.

"Well, that is exactly what I want. I object to employing a lawyer, for a reason you will see by-and-by; nor yet a detective, for it is not in the province of those people. I require assistance, a confidential friend, I may say, though I know such cannot be conjured up at a moment's notice ; but, you see, I am peculiarly situated, having been three years away from old England, and have no intimate acquaintance. If I had, perhaps they wouldn't do what I want. It is doubtless strange to you that a fellow should have no friends, but so it is."

Strange to me ! No, indeed. I had never quitted England, yet had none. He threw himself into the operating chair, took off his hat, saying in his bright, cheery voice, "You must look upon me as one of your confidential customers—and I am going to tell you my story. I am a navigating lieutenant on board the *Agonistes*, just come in from the Pacific, and lying in dock for repairs, where I am in charge of her to see after the machinery. I have run up by the early train from Sheerness this morning, and have to rush back again speedily, for I saw your window in passing a few days ago, and thought the matter over before coming—this is quite in confidence, remember."

"All right," said I ; indeed, it gave me pleasure to think I could be of use to him ; he won me directly, for he was only apparently two or three years my senior, and was without friends, unaffected and genial.

"My grandfather was rich, having estates in Lincolnshire. He had two children, a son and daughter. They neither gave him satisfaction—much ill feeling existed between them and the step-mother he chose for a second wife. My mother was the daughter, and she

bolted with my father when she was quite a girl ; so of course she was out of his good books. His son, a few years after, married beneath him, so they say ; a kind of poor relation ; anyhow the old gentleman wouldn't see nor speak to him again ; so the poor fellow and his young wife gave up altogether, and died—this I heard from my mother. She and my father, who was, like me, in the navy, lived at Plymouth, happy as the day was long. My mother wrote many times to my grandfather, saying she was well off, and wanted nothing of him but his forgiveness, and telling him what a remarkably nice boy her only child was"—here he laughed—"but my grandfather kept silence, so she gave it up, and I never thought twice on the matter. I lost my father six years ago, but my mother still lives at Plymouth ; so I got a chance of seeing her dear face again recently, and heard some news. My grandfather was dead ; she read it in the paper, and has never received any intimation from Lincolnshire of the event ; but a very remarkable thing happened. Late one night, just as the house was being fastened up, a single rap was heard at the front door. Martha, one of the servants, answered it ; a man, quite a stranger to her, stood on the step, a rough-looking middle-aged man, she said ; he asked if Mrs. Dwarris lived there. Martha said yes. Could he see her ? No, she had gone upstairs for the night. Then would Martha give a letter into her own hand at once ? He handed in a packet and disappeared. Martha did as she was bid, but my mother seeing a tumbled, soiled-looking envelope, put it by, thinking it a begging letter. In the course of the next day she opened it—here it is, will you read it ?" As he spoke he produced the letter, which appeared to be written on paper torn from the back of another, in a trembling hand, the lines very uneven. It ran as follows :

"Methwold, Bertoft, Lincolnshire.

"My dear Daughter,—For such you are in spite of all. In the course of twenty-eight long years I have never had a letter from you but once." ("Mark that, and my mother wrote repeatedly," put in Dwarris. I resumed reading.) "You spoke of your little boy Philip—named after me—perhaps I did not deserve that at your hands. My child, forgive your father, who is dying—when you receive this he will be no more. Surrounded by difficulties, I have hidden my will in the old jointure-house, uninhabited for thirty years—it is for your son to find. Here is a guide to its hiding-place: Abbot's room, twelve paces north-east, five feet and a half elevation, ninth carving of mitre.

God bless you and Philip,

"Your affectionate, misguided father,

"PHILIP CARRUTHERS."

"What a strange thing," said I as I finished.

"Is it not? At first my mother thought she would consult a lawyer; then determined to wait for me coming home. She feels confident that there has been foul play, that my grandfather was coerced—his wife was capable of anything, she was very cruel to my mother."

"Did your mother's brother leave any children?" asked I, "for, if not, the estate must be yours."

"I believe there was one that died in infancy. My mother was the elder; when she ran away with my father, this brother was at school; he was forbidden to write to her, but occasionally did so by stealth, therefore very little was known of him."

"Who was your grandfather's second wife?"

"A Miss Grimshaw, an old maid, older than he, and, as he died at eighty-five, she must be near a hundred. Now, I want you to accompany me into Lincolnshire, as soon as I can get leave, to see how the land lies—can you do it?"

Yes, I could do it, as far as I saw at present. Then he said he would pay all the expenses, and inquired the value of my time. I named a very moderate price, for I liked him, and would have as soon worked for love as for money, but I know it never answers to allow sentiment to combine with business. Promising to give me timely notice of our expedition, he departed, and it seemed as if a beam of sunshine had gone with him.

In the meantime two letters had arrived for my Colonel, one with the post mark Kidderminster, the other Peckham. The Colonel came for them as he promised, saying he would wait a day or two longer, and then appoint an interview. My successes elated me; and the following Sunday I resolved to give myself and my new suit of clothes an airing in Hyde Park. I had not been there for months—when one is poor and shabby, obscurity is the best place for one; but that dismal time was over, I hoped, for ever. Good-looking and well-dressed young men not being uncommon in that resort, I did not attract particular attention; when whom should I run against but Green, an old schoolfellow, now a Chancery clerk; he was one of the friends who had withdrawn into his shell, and been rude to me in my adversity. He stared at me in astonishment, for when he saw me last I was down, down, very down, in spirits and apparel. Shaking hands with effusion, he glanced at my new suit of black.

"Why, you are in mourning!" cried he. "I was under the impression that you had no relations."

"You never heard me speak of an uncle in Demerara, did you?" replied I, pulling a long face.

"No!" cried Green eagerly, "I understood you were alone in the world." (The more shame for your behaviour then, thought I.)

"An uncle of whom I never gave a second thought," said I, "but he is not in existence." I shook my head and looked doleful.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Green, "then I suppose you inherit—I hope you've come in for a fortune."

"Not a large one; it's within a hundred thousand."

"Good gracious!" cried he, "I'm sure I congratulate you—where are you living?"

"I have not come into any money yet," said I.

"No, no, of course not—always a twelvemonth after. I'll call and see you, and you must dine with us, say next Sunday, my wife will be delighted to see you; her two sisters are staying with us, such nice girls."

"Thanks," replied I mournfully, "I cannot enter into any gaiety under present circumstances; and shall not receive any old friends until I can entertain them as they deserve." As we were talking thus on the path, who should rein up in the road but Cockerell, on his nice chesnut horse. He is a stockbroker's son, and in his father's business.

Before he could open his mouth, Green breathlessly exclaimed, "Such news! Here's Percival come into a fortune!"

Cockerell opened his eyes, which fixed on the mourning suit immediately, and stretched down a lavender kid glove to shake hands. "Rich uncle in Demerara, you know. We never heard Percy speak of him at school—did we?—family differences and all that sort of thing."

"I'm delighted to hear it," said Cockerell, whose horse would keep jumping about, so he got out his words by jerks. "If there is anything we can do for you in Threadneedle Street, it—(be quiet, you brute)—it'll be a pleasure to put an old friend up to a good thing—(gently, gently)."

"Thank you," said I, "the property is all so beautifully arranged, it would be a pity to disturb it; but if I have a few spare thousands, I'll think of you." This with a grand air which inspired them with prodigious respect: I had great difficulty in getting away from them. Now it was certainly wrong of me to deceive, but I had told no direct falsehood, and it was so delightful to be able to pay them out, that I could not resist the temptation.

Only three letters came to my Colonel's advertisement. "I

am particularly pleased with one letter," said he, "the people, the house, the terms ; they seem 'firm' people ; poor thing, it is a case where firmness is necessary," and he shook his head significantly. His manner and words did not impress me favourably for the lady. Was she in her right senses ? I wondered.

"Now, there is one more particular I must ascertain; will it be convenient for me to introduce my friend's daughter to these people at three o'clock on Tuesday ?"

"Yes," I said, "it will be convenient ; but I suppose you intend to get references as to respectability, and inspect their house before deciding ?"

"Allow me to observe," he replied haughtily, with a dark frown, "that I have not asked for your advice, nor am I accustomed to be dictated to by persons I pay for their services. I believe that is your fee," handing me a sovereign.

"Well," answered I, "you must act as you think proper."

Tuesday came.

If anyone had asked me the kind of girl I expected him to bring, though I had given little thought on the subject, I should certainly have said a masculine hoyden, who would have her own way, and difficult to manage, judging from his description. What, then, was my surprise when a cab, with a small trunk on its roof, stopped at my door, and the Colonel assisted a slight little thing in black to alight, wearing a mourning veil over her face. When she entered she sank in the chair with a faint sigh, and appeared fatigued.

"So our friends have not yet arrived," said the Colonel, looking at his watch. "It will be a confounded nuisance if they have missed their train." He was far from handsome at any time, and when displeased had an ugly scowl. The young girl was silent and motionless: he fidgeted in and out the door. "I shall have a nice sum to pay for keeping that cab waiting. I must go and see to it." He had barely crossed the threshold when I was startled by the girl suddenly springing up, and, throwing back her veil, disclosing the sweet thin face of a young lady of not more than seventeen years of age, with large tearful blue eyes and agitated countenance. She darted towards me saying hurriedly—"Save me, for Heaven's sake, if you can. I am being taken away against my will !"

I was so astonished that for a moment I could not answer. "If I can help you, I will," I had barely time to say, for a step on the threshold caused her to pull down her veil, and with the greatest rapidity resume her former attitude ; and then the Colonel entered, accompanied by two persons, a man and woman. What position

they held in life it would be hard to say, judging by their appearance, which was respectable as far as dress went ; but it was themselves that puzzled me.

"This is my young charge, whom I confide to your motherly care," said the Colonel, indicating the little shrinking figure, who arose trembling from the chair and then sat down again. The motherly creature, a tall hard-boned woman, with dull expressionless eyes, elongated her mouth into what she intended for a smile.

"You will be 'appy with us, my dear," said she.

"Dat she wohl, mit so many jung friend," put in the man, a specimen of the worst German type, a common workman out for a holiday ; indeed I never saw more repulsive-looking creatures, and was determined to find out who they were. That they came from Kidderminster was certain, as only one country letter had been received. So, while the Colonel (I knew him by no other name) stood talking in an undertone with the German at the door, I spoke to the woman, looking at her blandly.

"With so many factories, I expect Kidderminster is smoky," said I.

"No, it isn't, London is worser ; besides, we live on the outskirts ; the factory chimbls is high," said she.

It suddenly occurred to me that the philanthropic Colonel was sending his *protégée* to work in a carpet manufactory.

"I suppose a great many hands are employed—and young women?" Evidently believing me to be in the Colonel's confidence, she replied:

"Lots—'undreds, seven hundred in our'n, the Albert Works nearly 'alf is women."

I was afraid to pursue the conversation too far, yet another question was necessary to enable me to put that and that together and form a clue to the girl's destination.

"Many of the girls board out, I suppose?"

"We has twenty-seven on 'em in our establishment ; she"—pointing to the poor young lady—"she will be twenty-eight." Here the conversation at the door ceased. The Colonel said something in a whisper to the young lady—the last word I caught—it was the same as that of Charles I. on the scaffold : "Remember !"

Then the man and woman with their poor little charge entered the waiting cab, and the Colonel strode away in the opposite direction. Now, what was this incident being enacted under my own eyes? I did not like its aspect. It seemed clear that these people supplied girl-workers for factories, and boarded them, making a living by it, no doubt. They might be respectable for what they

were, but would prove hard task-masters ; then the young lady was evidently refined, of a class unaccustomed to hard work—do what I would I saw no way to help her at present, and resolved to think the matter well out.

At mid-day I received a note from Mr. Philip Dwarris, who had obtained leave of absence for a few days ; he wished me to accompany him to Lincolnshire the next morning. So that evening I locked up the office, nailing a card on the door with " Out " written upon it.

I met the young naval officer by appointment at King's Cross, and in the course of a few hours we were listening to the old tunes chiming out from the tower of Boston's fine church, familiarly called "the Stump." Of course my companion was in "mufti ;" still, he bore the stamp of what he was—every inch a sailor. Sitting at lunch we arranged our plans. I was to take the lead in ascertaining particulars of the Carruthers family. By Mrs. Dwarris not having received notice from them of her father's decease, it seemed clear that chicanery was at work ; to circumvent it, all inquiries must be conducted cautiously. My first move was to call on a solicitor in Boston, whom Mrs. Dwarris remembered as transacting law business for the old gentleman. My errand was ostensibly to ask if he could inform me whether the old jointure-house on the Methwold estate could be let to a desirable tenant, who wished to convert it into a small farm, or could that portion of land be purchased ? The office of Mr. Deedswell stood near that part of Boston called the Bargate, one of the best localities, where I was fortunate enough to find him disengaged : he was an alert old gentleman, with white hair and gold spectacles, through which he inspected me.

" Perhaps you will be surprised to hear," said he, in reply to my preconceived question, " that I no longer manage law business for the Carruthers family. All the documents, leases, agreements, and so forth, were taken out of our hands ten years ago. I felt it keenly, as our firm was the Carruthers' lawyers for three generations. As for the old Manor House, it was a dower residence for the widows and unmarried ladies of the family ; it is half a ruin, and would require more money to be laid out upon it to make it habitable than Madam Carruthers would care to spend. I know the old gentleman tried to let it many years ago, but no one would take it, for it is far from a town, has no near neighbours save the family at Methwold, and has neither hunting nor fishing to recommend it."

" Do you know how the property is left, and who owns this old house ? "

"May I ask if you are a lawyer yourself?" asked he shrewdly.

"No," I replied, "I am an agent. I am sent to investigate matters by a gentleman who has his eye upon that house."

"All law matters are now in the hands of Mr. Grimshaw, of Methwold Hall."

"Indeed," I said, "who is he?"

"He is, I believe, a relation, some say a nephew, of the old lady."

"A solicitor?"

"So it is reported."

His answers were so guarded that I could not very well ask more questions, therefore, thanking him, took my leave.

Dwarris was surprised at my news—all documents to be in the hands of a relation to Mrs. Carruthers confirmed his suspicion of unfair dealing.

"No wonder the poor old fellow hid his will," cried he; "but they are clever enough to have manufactured another to their own advantage. Now, what is to be done?"

After deliberating, we arranged to drive ten miles in a hired vehicle, then to walk the remaining five to Bertoft, a small village, sleeping there that night. After dismissing the trap we easily found our way by a straight road with deep drains (as they call what seem more like canals) full of water on both sides of it. Beyond were fields, then a dreary flat of waste or fens stretching away to the horizon, which it met—in fact, giving the effect of the sea as the red sun dipped behind it. The so-called village consisted of an inn, a post-office and general shop, a smithy, a cluster of cottages, and an old church on its outskirts; the one street was paved with knobby stones, like a French town. The innkeeper opened his eyes with amazement at the entrance of two gentlemen with valises—it was quite an event in that out-of-the-way place. He was a very large, heavy man, of true Lincolnshire build, but, in spite of an expressionless face, was evidently very curious to know all about us; therefore Dwarris took out a sketch-book in the evening and began to draw (which he did very nicely). I followed his example (very badly). This baffled him. I heard the barmaid say, "So they're hartisses." We slept in bedrooms clean and fresh as daisies, and, after an excellent breakfast, sallied forth to commence our investigations. Our first visit was to the church, where lay the deceased members of the Carruthers family; a venerable building: there is no county so full of interesting specimens of ecclesiastical architec-

ture as Lincolnshire. The door was locked, but an old gravedigger in the churchyard went to the vicarage to fetch the key. A more curious church I never saw, the spire springing at once from the ground, not based on a square tower as usual.

The Carruthers' monument was a handsome one of high elevation, inlaid with many-coloured marbles, the apex bearing a shield with the arms of the family. Four generations lay there. New gold letters announced that Philip Carruthers, gentleman, of Methwold, and Wodney, near Grimsby, died June 14th, 1886, aged 85. He had been dead four months.

Dwarris gazed at the names of his mother's relatives with interest—they were no more than names to him.

On returning the key to the gravedigger I asked him a few questions.

"You have a fine old church," said I. "Where is Methwold, which the Carruthers family owned—is it near here?"

"The road over the fields is gainer nor the ramper (high road); it's 'boot three mile, master."

"The Carruthers seem to be an old family."

"They wor—the Squire be the last on 'em."

"Indeed, who has the estates now?"

"Madam Carruthers, I've heard tell—the owld devil!"

"The widow, I suppose; she does not seem to be a favourite of yours." The old man grinned.

"If she's a favourite of anybody's it's the owld un's. She never comes to church, she grinds the poor, she never gives nothing; but tho' she's ninety, if she's a day, she's got a' her wits, and active like a lass; they do say as she's out a' neets, and ligs i' bed i' 'th morn." He nodded his head significantly—what he meant we could not guess. We rewarded him for his trouble, and he took us to a stile and indicated a footway over the fields to Methwold, on the other side of which lay the jointure-house.

It proved a pleasant walk, and the country gradually became more wooded; there were fine poplars, and a few oak-trees, and Methwold Hall was surrounded by elms and firs. It was approached through massive iron gates, guarded by a lodge, up a long drive through a park. We did not venture to enter, therefore only saw the pointed gables and quaint chimneys rising above the trees; but it was certainly a fine place.

Ascertaining from a boy minding sheep that the old Manor House lay a mile further on, we continued our exploration along an unfrequented road, down a long solitary lane, and presently came to

broken fences overgrown with briars and tall ferns, then to a gate hanging on its hinges ; the avenue all weeds ; neglected trees, stretching out long branches interlaced and matted together, touching one's head. The stone paving in front of the house was damp and slippery, through being overgrown by a thick moss. The hall door was padlocked, all the casements cracked or broken : the building was long and low-built, with a monastic quaintness about it. Making our way to the rear through thick shrubs, we entered what had been the garden, all overgrown with weeds, tall grasses, thistles, and brambles, amidst which neglected flowery plants, remnants of its former cultivation, had struggled into bloom : at its foot was the remains of a moat, full of stagnant water and covered with duckweed. Birds flew up alarmed on all sides, and a huge thing with flapping wings passed over our heads with a loud screech—it was a drear, most uncanny place. The building was even in a worse state at the back than the front ; a side door was so broken that a panel was easily pushed in, enabling us to enter. It is difficult to describe such an interior, originally old, now thick with the dust and cobwebs of thirty years' neglect ; the floorings were so full of holes as to be almost unsafe, the fine old oaken staircase partly fallen down. What with the dust on the diamond-paned windows and the ivy and creepers outside, the interior was very obscure, but after opening several doors we found the room indicated in old Mr. Carruthers' letter—a long apartment, oak-panelled, with a groined ceiling, each point terminating in a carved mitre above the dado, which was a very tall one.

Acting according to directions, we examined all these ornaments, but failed to find even a scrap of paper in the hollow within them. Again and again we scrutinized them—walked the twelve paces north-east, counted nine mitres, but no result.

“ Look here,” cried Dwarris, just as we were giving up, thoroughly disheartened, “ does not this one look as if tools had been used under it—see, here is the mark of a chisel, and I declare a strong nail has been driven in, recently too, for it shines—as nothing else does in this wretched hole ! ” Yes, he was right, but we could do nothing without proper implements.

“ I tell you what, Gainer,” said Dwarris, “ let us hurry back to Bertoft ; I will hire a horse and ride over to Boston and buy what tools we require, and some candles, and come back here this very night. I shall not rest until I've taken down that mitre and panel.”

We replaced the plank in the outside door very carefully, then retraced our steps to the front of the house.

"Hallo!" cried I, "here comes a man—a rough-looking fellow too—carrying a gun. Out with your sketch-book."

In a moment Dwarris was pencilling away vigorously. The man came striding over the brambles from the side of the avenue, calling out something in a loud voice; but when he came near enough to inspect us, stopped, evidently making up his mind what to do.

"You gents is trespassing," he cried; "nobody's allowed to come in here. What are you a-doing on?"

"Sketching," called back Dwarris.

Upon this the gamekeeper came up to us. He was a stolid-faced man of middle age.

"Why do you not have a board stuck up to warn people off?" asked Dwarris.

"Because nobody never comes; but it's as much as my place is worth to let strangers in—scratching or not scratching. Madam and Mr. Grimshaw would have you taken to a magistrate."

"I do not see how they are to know it," said I, throwing him a shilling.

"Thank you, sir. Madam Carruthers hears everything."

"Of course she does, if you tell her; but if we are trespassing we will go at once."

"I'm sorry, but it will be best," said the gamekeeper, "for," lowering his voice and looking round, "she knows more than folks think on."

Certainly everyone agreed in giving this old lady a strange character. There was nothing for it but to go. The gamekeeper accompanied us for a short distance. I thought he appeared particularly attracted by Dwarris, and stood looking after him as we struck across the meadows. It so happened that a farmer was going over to Boston, and, through the mediation of our landlord, offered to drive Dwarris there and back in his trap, so that he returned in the evening with all the necessary purchases; but as it was late we were obliged to postpone our expedition until the following night.

"See what I have bought beside the carpenter's tools," said he, producing two thick, loaded sticks. "There is one for you, Mr. Gainer. To own the truth, I do not fancy that lonely house and grounds after dark—we might come across ugly customers." To this truth I assented.

As we sat chatting that evening we became very much better acquainted. He recounted his adventures and voyages, and then I confided to him my life's story and recent struggles. He listened attentively, and I found in him what I had not enjoyed for many a

long day—sympathy. In the course of conversation, I told him about the young girl who was, I believed, in the power of a not over-scrupulous man, and he agreed with me that the affair had an ugly aspect; yet how could I interfere on bare suspicion? “Being a young man would make inquiries awkward for you,” concluded he.

It seemed as if the next day would never pass, so impatient were we for dusk; but in the course of it we strolled about, and learned something about the neighbourhood and Madam Carruthers as well. If ever woman inspired fear on the estate, she did. Although so rich, she was very avaricious, keeping the hall half shut up, that fewer servants might be necessary. She had completely governed the old squire in his lifetime, had all the leases made out to her own liking, and showed no mercy to tenants who were not punctual with their rents.

“She be old,” said the woman at a cottage, who gave us this information, “but doesn’t seem her age, for she’s dried up kindly; she’s a awful woman, walks active as a girl, an’ mostly o’ nights—after dusk she walks, she do; they say strange things on her.” The woman lowered her voice and looked round.

“What do they say?”

“That she’s a witch—there be many on ’em in these parts. You may laugh, gentlemen, but it’s true.”

We afterwards found out that the superstition is not yet extinct in these country places: a good brother, coming up from a village to a Methodist class-meeting at a town, in the course of a prayer asked to be saved “from witches and buzzards.”

At the approach of dusk we were again on our way to the old jointure-house, fortunately meeting no one in the fields; on the road we kept within the shadow of the trees. As stated before, we had to pass Methwold Hall. Evening was now closing in; there was a young moon, and the heavens were studded with myriads of stars, giving sufficient light to see the fine old mansion in the park; a wall ran from the gates for some distance. As we stood thus, we were startled by a shrill voice, apparently above our heads, exclaiming, “What are you men about there?” Looking up, we saw leaning over it (for inside was a high terrace walk) the outline of a female in wraps or shawls, a velvet hood, and a face quite in shadow, but from which gleamed eyes shining with a phosphoric light.

“Who are you hanging about the gates?” she repeated. “Stand out in the road that I may see you.”

Dwarris instantly obeyed and raised his hat.

“I believe,” said he, “that I am addressed by Mrs. Carruthers?”

As he spoke and looked up, the starlight showed his face distinctly. For a moment there was a silence.

"Ah ! I know you," she screamed. "I've been expecting you, and you've come at last. Ha ! ha ! ha ! but there is nothing to be got—nothing. So you may tell that minx your mother that she did a fine day's work when she ran away with a fortune-hunter !"

"Madam," said Philip Dwarris, "I suppose you recognise me by my likeness to my grandfather ; and I beg to say that you may abuse me as much as you like, but my father's and mother's names are sacred. I am acquainted with the miserable lives you led her and her brother, from the moment my infatuated grandfather brought you through these very gates—a woman of whose antecedents he knew nothing—as his wife."

"What ! How dare you !" she cried, striking the wall violently with her stick in her passion. "You insult me !"

I took his arm. "Let us go," I whispered, "her shrill voice will attract attention to us." As we walked on we heard her calling out some unpleasant denunciations after us. "She is mad," said I.

"I am sorry I said as much as I did," observed my companion. "I own it was unmanly—still, she brought it on herself ; she was a bitter enemy to my mother."

After this disagreeable incident we continued our way swiftly, and, reaching the broken gate of the jointure-house, groped our way through the dark tangled branches of the shrubbery. All was quiet save the croaking of the frogs and the cries of the owls, who resented the intrusion of strangers—more than once bats flapped their downy wings in our faces ; it certainly was not a pleasant expedition.

Once inside the door I struck a match and lighted a candle ; attracting the damp it was instantly surrounded with a green halo, as well as by divers insects, great moths and cockroaches. The interior of the house was of inky darkness—a darkness that could indeed be "felt." Finding the mitre again, having the nail under it, Dwarris set to work, took it down, and then removed the plank below it ; then, holding the light within the aperture, he was delighted to find a Russia-leather writing-case with his grandfather's monogram upon it : he placed it in his coat pocket.

"Poor old fellow," he said, "greatly as he feared his wife he managed to circumvent her at the eleventh hour !"

We regained our inn without further adventures. The case contained the will of the late Mr. Carruthers with several other papers, marriage certificates, and such like. The will surprised us ; it had been executed by Mr. Deedswell, and dated only eight months ago ;

its contents were unexpected, for the Squire proved to have been far richer than his grandson supposed. He had made a handsome provision for his wife ; legacies to servants ; a large sum of money to his daughter, whom he forgave for her disobedience in marrying Captain Dwarris. The remainder of his fortune, and two large estates, Methwold, and Wodney, Grimsby, were left respectively to his grandson and granddaughter, Alice Carruthers. Philip was to take his choice which he would have.

As he read the word "granddaughter," Philip Dwarris uttered an exclamation of surprise. "I never knew I had a cousin," said he. "I will drive over to Mr. Deedswell at once, and place my affairs in his hands."

From what he related on his return it transpired that, although the old Squire had withdrawn the legal business of the estates some years before, he one day came to the solicitor's office in great haste, desiring him to make a new will there and then, which he did ; it was properly witnessed and signed, the Squire carrying it away with him. After his death another will had been produced, bequeathing everything to Mrs. Carruthers and to her heir, "his well-beloved nephew," Albert Grimshaw. None of his relations' names were mentioned.

Mr. Deedswell knew little about the granddaughter ; he believed her to be a young girl of weak intellect, but under any circumstances a provision ought to have been made for her. Acting according to the lawyer's advice, Dwarris, myself, Mr. Deedswell and his clerk, drove over to Methwold, and were surprised to find the gates wide open and people hanging about the house. On reaching the door we learnt startling news. Madam Carruthers was dead. Two evenings before, she had taken her accustomed walk at her favourite time, after dusk ; she had come in, rung the bell sharply for water, saying she felt faint, but before it could be brought had fallen back in her chair, dead. The doctors called in had agreed that her death was through failure of the heart's action.

The solicitor, taking French leave, led us across the spacious vestibule to the library, much to the amazement of the servants. We were not left long, when heavy footsteps were heard hurriedly approaching, the door was violently opened, and a tall man entered, exclaiming—

"What do you mean by this intrusion ?"

Amazement! He was my Colonel !

"The legal affairs of the Carruthers family are no longer in your hands, Mr. Deedswell."

"I am resuming them at the request of Mr. Dwarris, and act also for Miss Carruthers and Mrs. Dwarris."

"Who is this Dwarris?"

"You know perfectly well, Mr. Grimshaw. He is the late Squire's grandson—he and his cousin inherit the estates."

"It's a lie! Mr. Carruthers left everything to his wife—after her, to *me*!"

"Oh, indeed," replied Mr. Deedswell calmly, "and when was the will executed?"

"It was made and witnessed on July 20, 1882."

"Just five years ago," observed the solicitor, putting on his glasses and producing an envelope from his pocket. "I have a document here of later date, executed and signed by the late Philip Carruthers at my office in Boston, last February. Now I must see Miss Alice."

"I must examine that will," said the other, advancing with effrontery to take it.

"No," replied the lawyer, "it shall not leave my possession. Where is the young lady?"

"Absent."

"Where?"

"I shall not inform you."

"Why trouble Mr. Grimshaw, *alias* 'the Colonel,'" said I, suddenly stepping forward, to the surprise of everyone. "I can inform you. Miss Carruthers has been sent to Kidderminster to work for her living in a carpet manufactory." When the man's eyes fell upon me he started back, gasping for breath. I thought he was going to have a fit. I related my story with volubility.

"You brute!" exclaimed Dwarris, "do not think you will escape justice."

"And pray, in what can the law touch me?" said he impudently. "What have I done?"

I believe he was right, he had kept within the law.

Dwarris took possession at once, Mr. Deedswell and the clerk remaining with him. I left, carrying with me a telegram to Mrs. Dwarris from her son, desiring her to meet me at the Kidderminster station at a certain hour the following day to take her niece under her protection. I started at once, posting to Peterborough to catch an early train. Arrived at Kidderminster, I found the Albert Works easily enough, and obtained from the manager addresses of several boarding-houses for female workers. I selected that of a Herr and Madame Risch, who lived in a dingy house near the factory, but I

did not venture to call until accompanied by Mrs. Dwarris, who arrived the next day according to appointment. Her surprise was great at the events which had followed each other in such rapid succession. She had been under the impression that her brother's child had died in infancy.

Poor Alice, a fragile girl, almost sank at my feet in gratitude at her deliverance. I left her in her aunt's care, seeing them both off for the old home at Methwold. For myself, I returned to my Universal and Confidential Agency, which had already proved itself a most useful institution. It had done wonders, considering its short existence. In a few days I received the following letter from Philip Dwarris :

"Methwold, *October* 19.

"Dear Gainer,—The funeral of Mrs. Carruthers is over, her nephew, after much blustering, gone. I have, by the advice of Mr. Deedswell, settled a small annuity upon him, which is more than he deserves.

"My mother and little Alice will reside here. The poor girl's education has been much neglected, and the hardships that old harridan made her endure make one's blood run cold, treating her worse than a waiting-woman, keeping her at needlework night and day, and sometimes locking her up in her room. Now that 'Madam,' as they called her hereabouts, is dead and gone, people are not afraid to talk, and all kinds of stories are coming out about her. Who she was no one seems to know ; she had no relations to visit her. Mr. Deedswell shrugs his shoulders ; he says my grandfather picked her up at Baden, when he was there for his health, and when he first brought her home, upwards of thirty years ago, she used to rouge up to her eyes. He seems to think that she might have been a widow, and that Grimshaw is her son, although she passed as 'Miss'—but that is all over now. The man we saw at the jointure-house, Jaggery, is he who carried my grandfather's letter to Plymouth ; the old gentleman would not trust it in the post-bag, and paid him well for taking a return journey to deliver it safely at my mother's house ; he seems to have been much attached to the poor Squire, and has proved himself a faithful servant.

"May I ask if you find your agency business too profitable to leave it ? I, my cousin, and my mother all combine in offering you the management of our property. To be land steward of the respective estates of Methwold and Wodney, at a thousand per annum and a house to live in—will that pay you ?

"For myself I intend to leave the navy. I have chosen the Wodney estate for my share, because it touches the sea, and intend to have a yacht floating off Grimsby, for I cannot altogether resign what seems my native element.

"Your sincere friend,

"PHILIP CARRUTHERS."

It is needless to say how joyfully I accepted the offer, and so, wonderful to relate, made my fortune in a fortnight.

EARLY MANHOOD OF WILLIAM BARNES, THE DORSET POET.

IT is by no means surprising that men who achieve distinction in literature, art, or science, often leave behind them few legible traces of their youthful career. Rarely presuming that during the spring-time of life they are preparing the materials destined to build up their future fame, they regard that momentous epoch with tranquil and unsuspecting indifference: Vanity being seldom capable of cajoling, much less of swaying, true genius. Among their friends a similar lack of prophetic judgment commonly prevails: rarely is any revelation—except perhaps in shadowy guise—vouchsafed them of the brilliant secrets which lie hidden in that interesting time: the higher elements that mingle with the dawn of intellectual superiority being of too subtle a nature for ordinary perception.

William Barnes exemplifies, in a very marked manner, this effacement of the early footprints of many illustrious men. Absolute oblivion appears to enshroud every particular connected with his ancestry: there exists no birth-roll recording the names of a long line of his progenitors. Yet it may fairly be assumed that no substantial loss is involved in this absence of any family archives, for the profound scholar and genial poet could well afford to dispense with genealogical illustration—no reflected light was needed to enhance the lustre of his endowments. Even concerning his immediate parentage very little positive information is extant; and few incidents have been preserved tending to illustrate his childhood or adolescence. Recalling a long-past painful event, Barnes relates that “the sale of an uncle’s stock, which I saw when a boy, made on my mind a strong impression. My uncle was a farmer in the West of England, but became insolvent from the depression of the agricultural interest after the end of the French War. My aunt had a numerous family. . . . Everything that was dear from familiarity was taken away, and my uncle, as he looked on the fields he had so long cultivated with hope, and of which he had taken the produce in grateful joy,

sighed and dropped a tear as if he had said, 'Dulcia linquimus arva.'"¹

That William Barnes was born near Sturminster Newton, in the county of Dorset, in the year 1800, appears to be indubitable. Passing this initial record in his biography, we examine the leaves which follow, and, to our great regret, find them to be either mere blanks, or but scantily covered with a few by no means very legible characters. It is not until we arrive at the period of his maturity that the pages begin to reveal some decipherable words touching his position and his acts. This regrettable deficiency is by no means surprising. During his youth, and onwards for many years, Barnes was grievously beset by poverty in many of its multifarious forms; and it cannot therefore be regarded as remarkable that he failed to impress upon the minds of the few neighbouring people who were aware of his existence, and who, with judicious discrimination, were capable of observing his struggles and his studies, any valuable or even very distinct remembrances. Then, again, his natural and somewhat exaggerated modesty, allied as it probably was to that shrinking from vulgar observation which is usually associated with mental superiority, contributed to render still less likely the survival of even some disjointed memorials of his youthful career. It may be regarded, moreover, as hardly within the bounds of probability that anyone, being of mature age, who knew Barnes at that remote period, still survives to recount his remembrances. There remains the supposition—apparently far-fetched—that some younger acquaintance yet lives whose memory may have retained impressions which would tend, more or less fully, to fill up the blank that now occupies so large a space in the history of Barnes's life. Little reliance, however, could be placed upon the accuracy of such impressions unless the very youthful person upon whose mind they were made had resided with Barnes at the time under consideration. Such a one would have presented to him a continuous series of at least the chief habits and occupations of the other inmates of the house, and would naturally be impressed with the most characteristic and important. Under such circumstances, a boy of ordinary intelligence would be more likely to note and store in his memory many particulars, probably of importance, to which a mere visitor might give little heed. Such was the advantageous position which I occupied.

Since the day in my boyhood when I was introduced to Barnes, upwards of sixty years have disclosed their more or less varied and stirring secrets. The immediate circumstances or accidents which

¹ *Views of Labour and Gold* (1859), p. 146.

led to an acquaintance with him are not within the reach of my recollection ; but an ultimate relationship by marriage placed the members of the allied families on terms of frequent intimacy.¹ It was about the year 1825² that I was sent to Chantry-House, Mere, Wiltshire, where Barnes had recently opened a school. His choice of this means of gaining a livelihood was nearly coincident with his choice of a wife. It was in Dorchester that he became enamoured of a Miss Julia Miles. The impulse which decided the course of his affection in that direction was derived—so, on reliable authority, I have been assured—from the numerous personal attractions which Miss Miles presented to her yet undeclared lover when, on household duties intent, she was to be seen, with a neat little basket on her arm, tripping to market.³ That she received many sonnets from her amorous swain was not allowed to remain a secret, for they were shown—no doubt with much complacency—to a few favoured recipients of her confidence ; and thus it happened that at least two or three of them soon became known to a wide circle of her acquaintance. It may with little hesitation be surmised that they were much admired and envied by the majority of the young people who read them. Of these love sonnets, which, from many points of view, would now be so interesting, probably not a fragment remains. That they were the immediate precursors of more serious poetical productions may be

¹ A brother of the young lady who became Mrs. Barnes married my sister.

² This date and, with one exception, all other dates which occur in the succeeding pages are given from memory, and must therefore be regarded as being only approximately accurate.

³ It is presumable, at least to me, that Miss Miles was the girl to whom Barnes alludes in “*The Maid vor my Bride*” [the italics in the poem are mine]:

Ah ! don't tell o' maidens ! the woone vor my bride
Is little lik' too many maidens bezide,—
Not brantèn, nor spitevul, nor wild ; she've a mind
To think o' what's right, an' a heart to be kind.

She's straight an' she's slender, but not over tall,
Wi' lim's that be lightsome, but not over small ;
The goodness o' heaven do breathe in her feäce,
An' a queen, *to be steätely, must walk wi' her peäce.*

Her skin is so white as a lily, an' each
Of her cheäks is so downy an' red as a peach ;
She's pretty a-zittèn ; but oh ! how my love
Do watch her to madness *when woonce she do move.*

An' when she do walk hwome vrom church drough the groun',
Wi' woone eärm in mine, an' wi' woone a-hung down,
I do think, an' do veel mwore o' sheäme than o' pride,
That do meäke me look ugly to walk by her zide.

safely assumed ; at all events they must have convincingly contributed to impart to their composer reassuring confidence in the strength of his poetical ability.

Let it not be supposed that personal beauty was the only prepossessing and precious endowment possessed by Mrs. Barnes. Far more solid, lasting, and valuable qualities distinguished her ; qualities which, in the position she occupied, proved highly and, indeed, essentially important. No doubt she was prone, as the possessors of many laudable and justly advantageous qualities sometimes are, to make inopportune displays of her enviable merits ; but by judiciously assuming, especially on momentous business occasions, an air of becoming pride and importance, and by imparting an impressive dignity to her language and demeanour, she assuredly prevented the occurrence of many incidents which might have proved detrimental to the material interests of her family. To Barnes, no qualities possessed by his wife were more serviceable, for in his own character such qualities were conspicuous by their absence ; rarely, if ever, could he be induced to display justifiable and at times, indeed, highly expedient self-assertion. So uniformly mild were his manners and language that he was often suspected of being deficient in determination and spirit ; a suspicion which in reality had no very solid justification ; but Barnes was such a decided advocate of peace at any price that he would never, except when driven by sheer necessity, enter any arena as a probable disputant.

Mere is a small irregularly-built market town in the county of Wiltshire, and is situated on the road from Salisbury to Wincanton. The parish church, dedicated to St. Michael the Archangel, is a spacious structure, in excellent preservation, with a square embattled tower crowned with lofty pinnacles. It consists of a nave, two aisles, and a choir, with a chancel or chantry on each side. There is a brass to Sir T. Beddiscombe bearing the date 1390, and over the porch is the figure of a saint, apparently of greater antiquity than the church. Of this edifice there happens to be in my possession an impression made from an engraving executed by Barnes himself at the time I was with him ; a work which seems to imply by its admirable style a long apprenticeship to the art : it affords few indications of being the production of a mere amateur. But it is known that Barnes possessed exceptional aptitude and talent for engraving on wood and various metals.

Chantry-House is—if still in existence—a long, cold, dreary, one-storeyed stone edifice, which probably dates from the Tudor period. As its name implies, it originally served ecclesiastical purposes, and

is distant from the church not more than thirty yards. The gate, which gives admission to a narrow strip of garden bordering the building, is entered from the churchyard, thus presenting, to those looking from the front of the house, a somewhat gloomy and depressing view. A prospect strikingly in contrast with this grave outlook greets the eye from the rear of the house. A large, bright garden, abounding in fruit trees and flowers, is terminated by a limpid brook, beyond which are seen fertile meadows divided by thick bosky hedges. Umbrageous trees skirt both sides of the garden, imparting, as it were, life and freshness to the solitary time-worn mansion.

The internal arrangements of Chantry-House are singularly deficient in comfort. There is an air of isolation about the rooms as if familiar intercourse were forbidden: there are no cosy recesses, no quaint nooks and corners, no profusion of convenient cupboards, which are generally such conspicuous features in other ancient dwelling-houses. On one side of the building are situated the kitchen, with the usual offices attached to it, and a staircase leading to that part of the upper floor which then, for the most part, comprised the schoolroom and the boys' bedrooms. On the other side is a small room, then furnished as a parlour, and above it the apartments specially appropriated to Barnes and his family. The intermediate part of the building contains a large room—then the dining-room—and a wide passage through the house.

Though the parlour was very small, it amply sufficed to accommodate the guests whom Barnes occasionally entertained. My memory will probably be charged with deficient retentiveness when I state that I can summon before my mind's eye only two heartily and frequently welcomed visitors. To assert, however, that no others were ever to be found seated in the little room would be both rash and presumptuous, for assuredly I could not have witnessed the arrival of every visitor at Chantry-House; nor do I wish it to be inferred that Barnes's circle of acquaintance was so extremely limited. I merely relate what passed under my immediate observation; and certainly there can be little doubt that, beyond the familiar two, very rarely indeed were visitors or strangers seen to cross the threshold.

Many probable, and even adequate, reasons may be adduced to account for the very limited number of those who sought to place themselves on a level of intimacy with the unobtrusive and seemingly uncompanionable schoolmaster. Morbidly modest as Barnes undoubtedly was, he could not entirely divest himself of the consciousness that those who surrounded him were, intellectually, his inferiors.

Not that he ever assumed airs of mental superiority, for pride, throughout its multifarious forms,—even in many that are laudable,—held a very limited and subordinate place in his character. He was pleased to converse with the village folk,—the rustic ploughman or reaper,—but with the trading classes—ever preposterously seeking to ape the manners and fashions of their wealthy neighbours—he was evidently incapable of placing himself on a level of familiarity. It is not, however, to be taken for granted that they, so much his inferiors, yet so egregiously prone to self-importance, would have condescended to respond to his advances. At that time I was too young to fathom the motives which induced the chief personages of Mere—the physician, the lawyer, the banker, the clergyman—to look askance as they passed Chantry-House. That no great amount of contempt towards its chief inmate was mingled with this apparently calculated neglect may be charitably assumed, though it evidently implied a rooted indisposition to recognise a *poor* schoolmaster as their equal. This quietly contemptuous attitude of the “upper” classes of Mere towards the poor schoolmaster was equally obvious at a later period among the “great” ones of Dorchester. When, however, recognition began to greet Barnes from conspicuous and influential quarters in all parts of England, the contemptible partition of icy exclusiveness which had hitherto separated him from his fellow-townsmen perceptibly melted away. How, indeed, could such world-wide appreciation and honourable notice be ignored even by the *élite* of Dorchester society? Thenceforth the poor schoolmaster became a very eligible and, indeed, obsequiously honoured acquaintance. It is to be hoped that with the advent of the railway and the telegraph a broader feeling, resulting from wider knowledge of mankind, has gradually emancipated the inhabitants of even the most remote and inconsiderable towns from the thralldom of such a petty and “philistine” spirit.

On the other hand, it is but fair to admit that if, upon the whole, such treatment was assuredly contemptible, it was not altogether devoid of plausible extenuation. That Barnes usually displayed a marked shyness of demeanour, an awkwardness in his gait and mien, and a certain amount of indifference to his personal appearance, could not escape the most cursory glance. It is hardly to be expected, therefore, that ordinary observers could have had sufficient penetration to detect, under such an unpromising exterior, the existence of exceptional mental refinement, and of very rare intellectual endowments.

Barnes was of medium height, stoutly built, and his face, though

instinct with profound and, as it were, quiet intelligence, was composed of somewhat heavy features. It is noticeable that in very early manhood his head was as bald as it was at the latest period of his life. To my childish fancy he seemed to be a venerable person, and certainly he had the appearance of a man verging on middle age. A few years later, whilst his children were turning over some pictures in a portfolio, chance brought to their notice a portrait of Shakespeare, when one of them instantly exclaimed, "Oh, that's papa!"

Having premised these few remarks touching the probable causes which led to the nearly isolated social position which Barnes occupied, I will now introduce the only two visitors—that is to say, the only two still living in my memory—who were to be seen at Chantry-House; and certainly the only really welcome guests who, towards evening, joined the family circle in the little parlour—Mr. and Mrs. Smith. They were young people, amiable, eminently sociable, and, like their host, poor. It was probably this narrowness of means which constituted one of the causes leading to and consolidating their acquaintance with Barnes. Mr. Smith was a dancing-master, very lively, witty, and intelligent. I have no doubt that the little parlour often resounded with a roar of laughter elicited by his merry and amusing conversation. The friends removed to Dorchester about the same time, and there the old cordial intimacy was renewed.

Shortly after Barnes had become the tenant of Chantry-House his wife presented him with their first child, a daughter. To this infant he gave the name Laura, conjoining another which has escaped my memory. For some little time before and after this event, I frequently noticed a small neatly bound volume in his hand. Prompted by boyish curiosity, I sought an opportunity to take a peep at the favoured little book, which I found was entitled Petrarca's "Canzoniere." The continued presence in his imagination of the Laura celebrated by the Italian poet reasonably accounts, I think, for the preference Barnes accorded to that name. It can hardly be regarded as far-fetched to assume, moreover, that this evidently entrancing study of Petrarca may have tended to produce a far more important consequence: it probably paved the way for his own attempts in a similar direction. This, of course, is a mere conjecture, seeing that confidential intercourse, or even familiar conversation, between master and pupil could hardly be expected. I had no means of ascertaining, even supposing the thought had occurred to me, if poetry occupied any portion of the very few hours at Barnes's

unrestricted disposal. I was thoroughly persuaded that a great scholar would never condescend to waste his time upon the production of any mere vagaries of the imagination! This supposition, it need hardly be said, was the product of a very immature judgment. From a general survey of numberless unimportant incidents not particularly noted at the time, I now regard it as highly probable that versification occasionally afforded Barnes a pleasing diversion from the nearly all-absorbing dry and recondite study of philology.

There followed, at no long interval, a second daughter, who was named Julia, after her mother. She was a remarkably good-tempered lively child, the echoes of her merry voice often giving unwonted speech to the old rooms. Some years elapsed before the appearance of a third child, a boy, who, I think, died in his infancy. This was a severe bereavement to Barnes, and the first of his family afflictions.

The schoolroom was situated on the upper storey of the house, and had a front aspect. This aspect, already described, would, but for the presence of youth, have inevitably imparted a grave and solemn direction to the thoughts and feelings of a beholder. No counteracting object was visible—the church and the churchyard were all that could be seen.

Not only whilst he was in the schoolroom, but throughout the day, Barnes usually—constantly I was about to say—wore, in all seasons, clement or inclement, a long, light-blue, rough-faced, flannel-textured dressing-gown. In fact, during the whole time—four or five years—that I was numbered among his pupils, I rarely saw him otherwise attired: and now, whenever he presents himself to my imagination, he invariably wears the well-remembered garment: to me that long-flowing gown is inseparably associated with the man. It was only on Sunday, and when he went into the town,—a very rare occurrence,—or on any other special occasion, that he would don, though with evident reluctance, a black coat. In the former he seemed thoroughly at his ease; in the latter he always presented an air of restraint, as though his limbs were in bondage.

Wielding little else than untiring forbearance and clemency, Barnes succeeded in maintaining strict discipline in his school. The very mildness of his rule seemed to act as a charm against the intrusion of any lurking spirit of insubordination, and constrained even those boys who were troubled with unruly proclivities, not only to love but to respect their master. Indeed, in every phase of intercourse with his pupils, Barnes rarely failed to show a certain amount of consideration towards them, a consideration which at

times seemed almost to border upon deference ; yet there was never seen to mingle with this uniform lenity the slightest affectation of familiarity. Similar mildness of temper characterised his very restricted intercourse with society ; though it did not exclude the presence of a resolute spirit when urgently called for : the spirit was there, but the will to summon it was always tardy.

It must not be inferred from the remarks just made that Barnes was never seen to handle a cane. On the contrary, he made frequent use of that customary instrument for the discipline of refractory boys—to point to the various parts of diagrams chalked either on the floor or on the wall. No doubt he was wont occasionally to employ it in a slightly minatory way to awaken attention, but never—at least my memory furnishes no instance—for actual chastisement. The equanimity of his temper was remarkable. To me it seemed to be the foremost spirit that presided over and controlled the whole course and scope of his acts and behaviour. Credence, indeed, may fairly be given to the assertion that most of the passions which stir the human breast were in him either non-existent, or exercised a more or less feeble influence. Searching my memory, I can find but one harsh inroad of excitement upon the habitual placidity of his demeanour. For this ebullition of temper, I confess, though somewhat tardily, but with becoming contrition, that I was the wilful cause. I had committed some fault—of what kind there remains no trace—which, from the consequences immediately following it, was probably an act of contumacy. Barnes summoned me to attend him in the little parlour. With my book in my hand I entered the room, and was told to sit in a chair, which was near the door and close to one end of a small pianoforte. I sat there for some time doggedly inattentive. To iterated inquiries whether I had done the task assigned me, I made no answer. At length Barnes suddenly rose from his seat and, seizing me by the shoulder, gave me a severe shaking. This momentary surrender to angry feeling was instantly regretted. Slowly resuming his seat, Barnes cast upon me a glance which expressed self-rebuke, visibly tinged with sorrow, and then directed me to leave the room. Yet if ever an obstinate boy deserved a sound whipping I certainly deserved it on that occasion.

From the preceding observations it consistently follows that the usual methods which Barnes adopted to secure the attention and improvement of his pupils were characterised by gentle persuasiveness, a persuasiveness, however, that was rarely unassociated with quiet firmness. It was by easy and unconstrained conversation, inviting

inquiry, not by formal and dogmatic lectures, that Barnes imparted direct instruction to those under his tuition. There was one peculiarity—probably the more expressive term, singularity, would not be inappropriate—in his teaching which deserves notice. In order to rivet the attention, and to impress vividly and surely on the memory, of those boys specially occupied in learning the meaning of a certain number of words, he had recourse to the following device. Instead of conning their lessons, in accordance with universal custom, silently,—assuming that, in many cases, they conned them at all, or only in a seemingly attentive manner, and at best more or less imperfectly,—the boys were directed to sing or intone—I am not competent to give a special appellation to the performance—each word and its meaning.¹ This practice, as may well be supposed, was very attractive to the boys, and, there can be no doubt, went far towards producing the full effects intended. Whether its consequences in other respects and directions were equally satisfactory cannot be so easily determined.

As to the way in which the boys disported themselves after school hours, Barnes gave very little heed. At times he would take them for a walk, but I never knew him to suggest any kind of recreation. That he himself, when a boy, joined his fellows in a game of cricket, football, or marbles, is not altogether incredible; but it is a supposition surrounded by so many opposing appearances and doubtful points that I dare not venture to offer any explicit conjecture. Time occupied in mere physical exercise, apart from the ordinary and necessary movements of the body, he seemed half disposed to consider as an encroachment upon the higher claims of the intellect. Not that the precedence he gave to mental activity implied disregard or distaste, much less contempt, for athletic sports or pastimes: his tolerant spirit would have shrunk from interdicting any active recreation that did not trench injuriously upon time legitimately due to higher and more valuable pursuits: but as to the direction to which his own preferences pointed no room for doubt was possible. In spite, however, of this obvious tendency, there was at least one physical exercise to which with evident satisfaction he would often betake himself. When not handling a book or a pen, to which he

¹ Some idea of the variations of voice involved in this intonation may find expression in the following notes:



The central notes were repeated or restricted according to the length or complexity of the definition which the word to be learnt happened to present.

awarded priority in a very decided manner, there was nothing he seemed to wield with more enjoyment than that now obsolescent agricultural implement, the scythe. A deliberate retrospective glance into a long closed-up recess of my memory reveals, as clearly defined and as vividly presented as if impressed but yesterday, a picture of the poet—then, however, hardly acknowledged as such even by himself—habited in his everlasting dressing-gown, mowing, in strong and masterly style, a narrow lawn which intervened between the garden and a path that skirted the back of the house. Surely no professional scythe-man could have shown more hearty good-will and pleasure in his work. I perceived, however, that the long skirts of the dressing-gown came occasionally dangerously near the scythe, and very obviously impeded the freedom of the mower's actions. To no other vigorous recreation, at least as far as my observation extended, was Barnes sufficiently inclined to induce him to afford it a share of his attention: study, with almost tyrannous insistence, absorbed nearly the whole of his leisure time.

On Sunday, with unfailing regularity, the boys were marshalled to church. Associated with this recurrent observance there still lingers in my memory a contrast which, shortly before the service began, attracted even my boyish observation. With his head and body bent as if to avoid notice, and with steps so faintly audible that it seemed as though he sought to muffle them, Barnes slowly and meekly passed along the aisle to his allotted pew. In due time came the rector, whose progress from the entrance of the church to the pulpit attracted the marked attention of all present. The building reverberated the sound of his quick sharp step, and sent a flutter of awe or fear to the hearts of the simple parishioners. His head, so far from being bent in saintly humility, or even in a decorously pious fashion, was thrown back with apparently supercilious contempt; and the prevailing expression on his face seemed to be that of a man who feels that he is enacting a part altogether repugnant to his nature, and that the sooner the service he is bound to perform is over the better. The contrast, in all its visible details, between the two men, except that they were both young, was striking. The former presented the *beau idéal* of a clergyman: upon the latter, no shadow of a real link connecting him with any office or function which partook even remotely of a spiritual character was at all noticeable. Let it not be supposed, however, that there is any intention to gainsay the justice of the adage, that the mere outward appearance, and even the manners, of a man, are not to be taken as veritable indications of his character; and therefore it may be

regarded as by no means improbable that, in spite of his unpromising demeanour, the vicar was entitled to be ranked among tolerably worthy persons.

Considering the even tenor of his life at this time, Barnes furnishes in his daily habits and occupations nothing further, at least to my memory, that is deserving of special notice. I have endeavoured to portray, with what light from the remote past is left to me, yet with a full confidence in the accuracy of all that reappears, the chief features which his life at Chantry-House presented, not only during the time I was with him, but probably for the whole period—about ten years—of his residence there. The changes which he ventured upon were insignificant, and few and far between; for he was pertinaciously disinclined to hazard any deviations from customary routine. Rarely was he absent from Mere. Occasionally, during the vacations, his excursions would extend to some of the neighbouring towns and villages: once, indeed, to my knowledge, he wandered as far as Bristol; but he was never more happy and at his ease than when at home. This marked tendency on his part to vegetate, as it were, in a state of almost utter seclusion was, it need hardly be said, very detrimental to his worldly interests and prospects. Yet there can be no doubt that with the obviously disastrous consequences—obvious at least to the little world around him—of persistently continuing to follow such a retired and undeviating course of life, he was but faintly impressed. At all events he was very reluctant to admit that they were to be classed among those consequences so essentially vital in their character as to demand really serious consideration, much less any immediate change in what had become habitual, and in many respects satisfactory, to him. Never, perhaps, did the shadow of Ambition cross his path. If, perchance, it ever presented itself to his imagination, it was probably regarded as little better than a chimera, generated by a diseased fancy, as a pernicious disturber of tranquillity, as a fomenter of fantastic and unwholesome aspirations. That yet more disquieting and delusive goddess, Fame, held a yet lower place in his estimation, and was probably regarded with positive dislike. Such very unusual indifference to seductive and potent spirits, acknowledged by the world to be the chief inspirers of those energetic resolves and efforts which lead men to the accomplishment of great and glorious achievements, may, to some extent, be attributed to a self-concentration, which very effectively tended to banish from his mind any inclination to launch into what he regarded as mere speculation and barren activity. It may also have derived strength from innate repugnance—remarkably active in Barnes—to ostentatious,

and even to much that is usually regarded as legitimate, display of personal superiority, whether based on the intellect, on riches, or on beauty. In him, however, this apparently selfish quality was certainly not incompatible with the co-existence of many tender social affections.

Among the few persons with whom Barnes associated, there was not one who had the courage, or even the inclination, to admonish him of the impolicy, if not the pernicious obstinacy, of a continued residence in Mere. Upon all topics of a controversial character, Barnes was usually very reticent ; and he pertinaciously held aloof from whatever related to the strictly private affairs of his neighbours ; whilst his disinclination to obtrude any point touching his own condition or that of his family was, if possible, still more decided. A warning voice, nevertheless, reached him ; a voice that came from a friend in the highest and most endearing acceptation of the term—his wife. Mrs. Barnes possessed a rich fund of common sense. This quality, combined with a broad perception and appreciation of her husband's abilities, impressed her with the belief that if those abilities were brought into wider and more immediate contact with the world they would realise, if not a distinguished position for their possessor, at least a very desirable competency, including the means of keeping up a domestic establishment more in accordance with her notions of respectability, and with the just estimate she had formed of her own proper position in society. I have been assured that on many occasions she gave utterance to this settled and frequently present conviction, a conviction which was usually formulated much in the following manner : "Mr. Barnes"—thus she was invariably heard to address him—"Mr. Barnes, you are burying your talents in this poor out-of-the-way place." But the strongly fortified constitutional inertia of her husband presented few assailable points. It is highly probable, indeed, that Barnes felt very little additional weight upon his mind when he yielded assent to the opinion that he was "burying his talents." Not that he was unwilling to utilise his abilities, even were it to gratify to some extent merely those aspirations of his wife which pointed to an advance in "respectability" ; but he was extremely reluctant to shorten the present very limited leisure time he enjoyed by assuming greater responsibilities. The continued pressure, however, of sound practical advice and of gentle remonstrances from such a quarter wrought at length the desired effect. But it may confidently be assumed that he showed great disinclination to shake himself free from the magical toils which the ineffable charms and tranquillity of study had woven around him. It was about

the year 1834 that he summoned up sufficient resolution to face the discomforts and dangers of change ; and as courage and discretion were in him amply represented, his success in some important and populous town might be regarded as a foregone conclusion. He determined that Dorchester should be his future abode, and that vigorous efforts should be made to increase the number of his pupils. How he fared for some little time after his arrival in that town, I am unable to give any account. I quitted his school in 1829, and it was not until 1836 or 1837 that any close intimacy between us was renewed.

I think it was in the year 1831 that an incident occurred which, from a ghastly tragedy ever haunting it when called from its niche in my memory, has escaped the oblivion enshrouding so many other unimportant occurrences. As far as my observation extended, Barnes, with evident pleasure, invariably stopped and spoke to any itinerant foreign musician whom he might happen to meet by the wayside. His linguistic knowledge was of prodigious extent : with most of the ancient and modern languages of any importance he was thoroughly conversant ; and even the remainder comprised very few with which he was entirely unacquainted. Now it happened that during the midsummer holidays in the year mentioned Barnes was on a visit to my parents, who then resided in College Green, Bristol ; and whilst standing with one or two others at the open drawing-room window an Italian boy, with some strikingly unmusical instrument, approached and, stopping in front of the house, began to play. The music, or rather—"not to put too fine a point upon it"—the noise was by no means inviting to the occupants of the window ; but Barnes, incited by the inveterate propensity just noticed, seized the opportunity to say a few words to the boy. The poor little wanderer, hearing such unexpectedly intelligible expressions, looked up at the speaker, and instantly the broad grin—displaying a remarkably white row of teeth—and the sparkling eye which lighted up his face showed with what lively satisfaction he was moved. That this feeling of enjoyment was not confined to the boy, a glance at Barnes afforded ample evidence. There was something picturesque, and even dramatic, in the scene thus presented. How thorough was the mutual satisfaction shown by two individuals having divergencies of character wide as the poles asunder ! Physically, how unlike in features and complexion ! The sunlight fell with clear radiance upon the bald head, expansive brow, and pale round face, of the stoutly built man ; whilst the profusion of thick jet-black hair, the low forehead, and the thin, swarthy visage, of the boy deepened and blended in the shade. It was a presentation which, from certain

striking aspects it displayed, recalled to my mind portraits that the great painter, Rembrandt, had produced. A mass of waving bright green foliage afforded a fitting and charming background to this interesting group of human actors. But there was, as it were, a further background of infinitely sombrous aspect hidden as yet from mortal sight. Not the wildest imaginings of the performers and spectators of that bright summer day's incident could have conjured into the realms of possibility even the faintest shadow of the dark and atrocious act that was soon to follow. At that time there prowled in the noisome quarters of the city certain callous and cowardly miscreants who had earned a diabolical notoriety as burkers and resurrection-men. The unfortunate Italian boy became one of their victims.

From this visit to Bristol—to him so notable and exciting—Barnes returned to his village home, there to enjoy a short respite of studious quietude before encountering the comparatively stirring exigencies which awaited him at Dorchester. That he would overcome whatever difficulties presented themselves was amply guaranteed by the powerful qualities of endurance and perseverance which found inexhaustible reserve forces in his character. Besides, the news of his profound classical acquirements had preceded him, and gradually brought him juster and more adequate remuneration for his teaching. His success in imparting linguistic knowledge was, indeed, exceptional, and culminated some years later when his ability as a teacher of the Hindustani was forced upon the attention of the world. But it was a triumph which brought him mere profitless importunity ; for the days of his career as a schoolmaster were closing in, and the dawn of a more propitious to-morrow was upon the point of greeting him.

During some few years, however, Barnes was a stranger to “society” in Dorchester as he had ever been in Mere. This ostracism from the company of the “select few,” as previously remarked, may probably have been occasioned, to a certain extent, by his own persistent self-effacement. At all events, Mr. Smith and his wife continued for some time, as heretofore, to constitute the “bulk” of his acquaintance among the townsfolk, and—far more bewailed by him—the range of his acquaintance with desirable books was almost equally limited.

In those days very few facilities were within the reach of the student pursuing any branch of literature or science for smoothing the ruggedness of his course. Only in large cities, with favourable capabilities, were to be found public libraries and reading-rooms at al

adequate to supply some assistance towards extricating him from his difficulties. In this respect Barnes was sorely inconvenienced and crippled. No private source of any appreciable extent was open to him from which he could assuage, beyond an irritating sip, his parching thirst for information. This very serious hindrance to the advance of his studies, I had the opportunity and pleasure of slightly lessening. At that time it happened that I was acquainted with a gentleman whose library contained a wide assortment of the most important productions of our best authors, especially of those whom we justly style our old classical writers. It caused me the liveliest gratification to introduce Barnes to this gentleman, with whose name a host of pleasing recollections is indissolubly associated—William Morton Pitt, of Kingston Marlow, near Dorchester ; Member of Parliament for the County of Dorset, from 1790 to 1826, without opposition. He was a man who stood forth in conspicuous contrast to most of the dwellers in the town near which he resided, and, indeed, to the great mass of those who were not his immediate neighbours. No doubt the absolutely distinctive qualities of a gentleman are innate, and are rarely susceptible of acquisition ; and this may serve as at least a plausible reason for their rare appearance among the generality of mankind. William Morton Pitt transcended, indeed, the typical English gentleman, by the possession of numerous endearing and attaching qualities. He was a man of unfailing courtesy, of the most perfect temper, imbued with the highest sense of honour, ever animated by a chivalrous spirit, and endowed with an eminently refined and scrupulous character—attributes without which the moral constitution of an English gentleman would be imperfect. With these lofty possessions he combined a perfectly gentle disposition, a charming amiability and modesty, a kindliness of heart, and an unfailing cheerfulness. Such an affluence of noble and amiable qualities brought him—not invariably, for his gentle spirit was at times sorely tried by ingratitude—not only the admiration accorded to the gentleman, but an amount of love far beyond what the chivalrous attributes shining alone could hope to acquire. In a word—

A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
More loving, or more loyal, never beat
Within a human breast.

At a later period, Barnes received me again into his school as usher, or rather as pupil teacher. I was anxious to obtain his valuable assistance to acquire at least an ordinary knowledge of the classics : but instruction imparted by the best qualified master could afford little effectual aid to a pupil unblessed with a retentive

memory. The chief ruling methods which had formerly characterised his instruction remained unaltered. Between him and his pupils reigned the same perfect accord. The same practical illustrations for impressing on the memory useful facts and problems ; and the same felicitous conversational lectures so effective in gaining and retaining the attention. But the intoning of lessons was heard no more. It had probably disclosed many ill effects which all its advantages were not found to counterbalance. There was little else that, by its novelty, attracted my attention. In Barnes himself I perceived greater change than in his scholastic rules. He evidently regretted his former freedom and quietness—the pleasures he had found in mowing his little lawn and in cultivating his large garden. To him the pure charms of a country life were dimmed even by the few inconsiderable restrictions and inconveniences which surrounded him in Dorchester. How often do we meet in his works with some fervent expression of his deeply rooted love of rustic scenery, as when he says : “ I sat down on a rude seat I had formed beneath some old trees, that darkened the twilight of the evening into gloom, and as the smell of the bean-blossoms was wafted along on the cool air, and I thought on the fruits and plants that were ripening around me, I exclaimed to myself, ‘ O fortunatos, sua si bona nôrint, agricolas ! ’ ”¹

During my residence with him at that time, Barnes sent some contributions to *The Gentleman's Magazine*. By his desire, I made fair copies of a few of these productions. The subject-matter related, if I remember correctly, either to philology, or to the archæology of Dorset and the contiguous counties. Beyond this peep behind the curtain which concealed his private occupations, I was not admitted into his confidence. From him no word, either written or spoken, revealed to me even the shadow of a suspicion that he had glanced towards, much less that he had actually invoked, the muse. Yet there can be little doubt that many of his poems were then in a finished state, and were indefinitely withholding pleasure from thousands because their author was unable to summon up sufficient courage to overcome his modest misgivings as to the sufficiency of their merits to meet the eye of a critical world.

It was in June, 1840, that I involuntarily bade a final adieu to Barnes. I had the fullest intention at the time of renewing my acquaintance with him in a near future. But the course and hurry of events contributed gradually to give to that future a very indefinite aspect. Shortly after quitting Dorchester, a longing possessed me, and at length prevailed, to visit the Continent, where I remained

¹ *Views of Labour and Gold*, p. 124.

many years. Long absence and rapid changes tended to weaken youthful impressions, and when I returned to England my remembrance of Barnes had become visibly dimmed. Time after time, however, I determined to visit one for whom I entertained much respect, and to whom I was indebted for much of my education. I had also a fixed intention of writing to him, the pen on one or two occasions being actually held in suspense ; but both the visit and the letter were always deferred until a more convenient "to-morrow"—an indefinite time so acceptable to hesitating resolutions—a "to-morrow" which gradually increased in distance, and finally disappeared.

C. J. WALLIS.

THE SCILLONIANS.

SCILLY is a name well known at Lloyd's and in shipping circles, but strikes more unfamiliarly the ear of the outside world. Tourists in summer time pay the little Cornish archipelago a visit more frequently than was formerly the case, many of them drawn there, doubtless, by the consideration that it is somewhat out of the beaten track of fellow holiday-seekers. As a rule they have been agreeably surprised at the pretty and picturesque grouping of the islands, at the variety of their scenery in miniature, and by the presence in them of a fairly numerous and well-to-do population. Unless they conversed freely with the islanders, they, perhaps, may not have learned that this insular folk dub themselves Scillonians, which is certainly a prettier name, and less likely to be useful to unskilful punsters than Scillians. Many persons of more or less distinction have given to the world their impressions of Scilly. Dr. Borlase, of eighteenth century reputation as an antiquary, is one of them. Then there have been Mr. Wilkie Collins, the late Dean Alford, the late George Lewis, Mr. Leonard Courtney, "Rob Roy" of canoe fame, with a host of others. It is needless, therefore, to say that Scilly's claims to notice have in the past been treated in an agreeable literary fashion by competent hands. Still the writers, without exception, have only dealt with the configuration of the islands, with their flora of the hedges and sea-floor, with their rocks, and with the humours and hues of the all-pervading, ever-visible, and ever-audible sea. They have treated of everything external, readily visible to the eye of the curious wayfarer, but as to the inner life of the islanders, of their history, traditions, habits of body and mind, of all that goes to make the Scillonian proper, they have written nothing that is worth reading, for the very good reason that those things were a closed book to them, which they had neither time, nor opportunity, nor power to open, even if they had had the desire. Yet Scilly, considered as a place of population, is a world within itself, separate and distinct from the rest, and withal perhaps so interesting, that I have thought I might weave together out of my

knowledge of it an account of Scillonians which while revealing their characteristics would make known their claim to the attention of thoughtful observers from the shores of the British Isles.

The Scilly Isles lie some thirty miles south-south-west of the Land's End, varying in size from St. Mary's the largest and nine miles in circumference to tiny islets with but a stray scrap of grass here and there on their rude surface. Scattered over a hundred in number, enclosed by a low, shaggy and jagged surface, interlocked with each other with countless tiny bays and capes, they make their thirty square miles of sea look pretty or picturesque, when summer smiles on them. Their aspect at dawn or sunset, they can put forth with nature some claim to loveliness. In winter an Atlantic gale sends the white ocean's foam against a thousand rocks, submarine and above the surface of the waves and surging miles of wild, white, whirling foam convey to the imagination a mingled sensation of grandeur and of terror. Yet within what, in tempestuous weather, appears a seeming expanse of water, there is, at least, one safe haven. The islands encircle a roadstead which can afford secure anchorage to the largest ships and where every description of warship and merchantman has sought and found suitable shelter, from Massilian triremes down to the steam-moved craft of our own day.

Scilly is drenched not only with ordinary ocean air, but with that mild atmosphere which rises from the Gulf Stream, here for the first time after its long voyage from the Mexican shore washing the English coast. As a consequence the climate is relaxing, but in the colder months of the year strangely mild. This fact has to be borne in mind if agricultural Scilly is to become intelligible. The almost entire absence of frost and snow in the Cassiterides favours every sort of vegetation, even that indigenous to semi-tropical lands, which, while not imperatively craving extreme heat in summer, would still find frost fatal. Hence for a long time past the farmers of the islands have sought their account in sending early potatoes to the English markets, and more recently have embarked with most lucrative result in an extensive culture of winter flowers, notably, every variety of the narcissus. Thus the fertility of the soil combined with the perennial softness of the air will explain generally why small farms are profitable in Scilly, and help to shed light on the position of the Scillonian farmer. To understand him properly, however, it will be necessary, first of all, to consider how Scilly's place on the map affected its history, and how with the knowledge of that history the comprehension of Scillonian colonisation bound up.

Standing well out from the Land's End, and containing more than one harbour suitable for the craft of former days, Scilly, in the long ages when vessels depended on their white wings mainly, for a swift course over the waves, was a naval outpost for Britain appreciated and used. In all the wars with France it was held as of military service, and depended on the castle of Launceston in Cornwall. This much and little else we know of the group prior to the sixteenth century. Of archæological remains of an earlier date there are a few. Barrows at Sampson Island and elsewhere have been opened, and antique objects found within. At Tresco are the ruins of an abbey of St. Nicholas, which is supposed to date from the eighth century. Here and there are works of stone and earth which point to the religious activities of the Druids, or to the toil of Norse vikings, or of those who wished to find defence against them. There are the remains of a fort which bear testimony to the military anxieties of Henry VIII.'s advisers. But for all this the Scilly of to-day begins with the Godolphins. Shortly before the advent of the Spanish Armada, Sir Francis Godolphin obtained from the Crown his lease of these islands, which form part of the duchy of Cornwall. That lease was renewed from time to time by his descendants, was held by the family of the dukes of Leeds, who are Godolphin-Osbornes, and finally lapsed to the duchy of Cornwall about the beginning of this century. Later, Mr. Augustus Smith, a gentleman of Hertfordshire, obtained the group on a lease of three lives from the duchy, and after his death, his successor and nephew, Mr. T. Algernon Smith-Dorrien Smith, formerly of the 10th Hussars, secured an extension of term.

The old-established names of families in Scilly were, however, introduced into the islands long before the advent of the gentleman, who overthrew the railings with which an Earl Brownlow sought to enclose Berkhamsted Common, and who was known as "king of Scilly." The blue blood of Scilly is derived from the Godolphins, and from Sir Francis of that ilk several island households have descent, and consequently distant kinship with the great ducal house, which owed its foundations to the political achievements of the statesman once known as Sir Thomas Osborne. In the sixteenth century, there settled at the farmstead of Holy Vale in St. Mary's, the most considerable of the Scilly Islands, Captain Crudge, a Cavalier officer of horse, who had married Ursula, a daughter of the Sir Francis Godolphin for the time being. The daughters of this union, for there do not appear to have been any sons, married into respectable families resident in Scilly, and the old farmstead

at Holy Vale, divided now into three, is still inhabited by their descendants. Indeed, the connection spread more widely still, and the pedigree is everywhere proudly cherished and remembered. All those persons who intermarried with Captain Crudge's daughters, were either those, or the sons of those, who had suffered from the Civil War on the king's side. They had sought under the powerful friendship of the Godolphins a shelter in Scilly. Here they occupied themselves with husbandry, or derived comfortable livelihood from the then considerable activity of the place as a port. The tenure of the Godolphins was feudal. They held the place for the king's service. Therefore, those settlers, born of the turmoil of the great rebellion, had work to do besides farming, and caring for the interests of London merchants and shipowners. There were pikemen and fencibles to drill and keep up to the standard of the military training of the time. They also formed a magisterial body of twelve men, whose duty it was to punish evildoers. A representative section of the Scillonians of to-day trace their descent then from persons compromised in the Civil War, and connected through Captain Crudge with the Godolphins. None of them are of Cornish origin. Devonshire, Derbyshire, and other counties, but not the land of Tre, Pol and Pen, sent these colonisers of the Cassiterides on their westward journey. Prince Charles, afterwards Charles II., came to the Cassiterides about this time, when Sir John Granville was holding them, and at Holy Vale, the state chair, which the Prince used at the Star Castle, is still preserved in the house of Mr. Richard Mumford, J.P. The contemptuous tourist who, gazing down into Holy Vale from the furze-crowned downs above, scornfully observes that he is glad at last to see trees which are comfortably visible without the aid of a microscope, has no idea of the historic tradition. The cockney out on a holiday would be amazed and bewildered utterly, if he could only gauge the thoughts of some of those farmers of a few acres, who note his impertinent curiosity with quiet observance, and who are much too self-possessed to be even disdainful. In fact, they are amused to the full extent of their capacity. I think, unless my recollection of past reading is gravely at fault, that it is Mr. Wilkie Collins, who many years ago, in one of the magazines, expressed surprise that Scillonian English should be so pure, correct, and free from provincial idioms as it was. At Mousehole, Newlyn, and the many Cornish fishing towns he may have had experience of a dialect as different from English as is the *patois* of a West Indian negro, but he did not know, probably, that the Scillonians, at least the

dominating element, are not Cornish. The accent of the county of which electorally they form a part is entirely wanting on their tongues. Nor, of a truth, is the difference of temperament less marked than that of speech. There have been immigrants from Cornwall, Tregarthens, Trewigs, Trenears, Trevellicks, and so on, but the Godolphin settlers having had the upper hand for so many generations have, impressed their own correcter locution and more Eastern English of inheritance and education upon the population. Of course, also, there is a tabernacling element in the inhabitants of such a group of islands—lightkeepers, coastguards, and other folk, who have come there for a time only in the first instance, but have finally settled down. Moreover, servants and farm-labourers come in constantly from Cornwall.

Nothing is more curious at Scilly, however, than the marked differences in appearance, language, and character which separate the dwellers on the small inhabited islands which lie so close together as to be almost touching each other, and which are distinguished from St. Mary's as the "off-islands." Yet the St. Agnes man is different from the denizens of the three hamlets on St. Martin's. The latter are taller, slimmer, and wonderfully thrifty, as a rule. St. Agnes is more Bohemian and reckless where money is concerned. A St. Martin's spinster of advanced years once suffered from the attentions of a thief to her strong box. She did not know how much gold was filched, but she thought a good deal, adding that, if only a handful of sovereigns had been taken, she should not have missed them. St. Martin's is, in Scillonian repute, a place of strenuous economies and accumulated capital, whereas the dark-haired, more sturdily built men of the more western isle enjoy fame for other habits. Ellis is the distinctive family name of the abode of frugality, while Hicks is a frequent cognomen where Scillonian man is freehanded. Bryher has a comparatively poor and insignificant population, largely Penders, while Tresco is considerably coloured as to its idiosyncrasies by the fact that, for more than fifty years, it has been the seat of the personal residence of two proprietors of the islands. Practically the main means of support of the families on the smaller islands have been farming and pilotage. The latter is now a very uncertain and limited source of income. The former, happily, in the "off-islands," as in St. Mary's, has received a new stimulus, since myriads of narcissus bulbs have changed the spirit of the Scillonian farmers' dream. Fishing as a trading speculation, or a business, has never been pursued by the islanders. They do fish, indeed, but now and then, and merely to eke out their housekeeping resources. Even

then, strangely enough, this, like sea-bathing in the Cassiterides, is only the habit of a few.

Lying in the path of merchantmen it was but natural that Scillonians, who had thriven on farming the island soil, or by ship agency, in what was a busy port when east winds baffled the sailing vessels of other days in their attempts to enter the Channel, should turn their thoughts to shipbuilding and shipowning. As will be readily understood, the descendants of the Godolphin settlement were a class of men superior in intelligence and enterprise to any one would, on the face of things, expect to find in a locality apparently, to most men, so out of the way as Scilly. They, however, at the beginning of this century threw themselves into the constructing and freighting of small argosies with avidity. In a short time there were three shipbuilding yards in Heugh Town, St. Mary's, and numerous Scillonian barques, brigs, brigantines, and schooners ploughed every sea of the world. Before the repeal of the Navigation Acts money was made thus ; Scilly, too, largely supplied the master mariners ; and when these skippers, as they did in those days, acquired a competency, they came and settled down in the old home. They are passing away now, but they did constitute a not unimportant factor in the social life of the Cassiterides. Scilly was conscious that it sheltered in its small bosom cosmopolitan experience as well as *sang azul*. With all this assurance of worth and conviction of merit, it was comical, when steamers brought more frequent tourists from the mainland, to see the strangers step on shore with arrogant superciliousness, as a Gulliver might do disembarking on the coasts of a Liliput. It did require much self-satisfaction to be only tickled by that assumption, which seemed to say : " Now, you minute folk cast away on these insignificant islands, look at us ; mark, read, and digest us, who come from the great world of gas lamps, railway trains, and universal hurry." This the islanders did, and admitted to themselves with disgust that these visitors were of very inferior quality, measured by the correct Scillonian standard. As philanthropists and large-minded men and women, they would rather have remained under the delusion that humanity outside the archipelago could show some higher forms than they were able to boast. The evidences of the senses, constantly affected by the advent of intruders, was not to be denied. It was sorrowfully admitted, with full consciousness of manifold imperfections, not perhaps without some slight motion of self-approval, that Providence had said its last word when Scillonian man was instituted, that the rest were frauds, or at least very inferior to the masterpiece.

The application of the steam-engine to ocean cargo-carrying dealt a fatal blow at shipbuilding and shipowning Scilly. Iron ships and steamships could not conveniently be built there, and the island Antonios did not seize the golden opportunity and invest, as soon as they should have done, in steamers. Moreover, craft propelled by screws and wheels were indifferent to contrary winds. They passed Scilly by, when the old sailing vessels would have put in, whether they liked it or no. Thus mercantile Scilly has become like Venice, a ghost of its former self, and the advent of a ship is greeted with mournful curiosity and surprise. It is suggestive of historical reminiscences, and a departed glory.

Commerce having thus failed, melancholy, "divinest melancholy," would have made our islands its very own but for the "roots." "Lily roots," that is what Scilly, in the young days of its flower "boom," called the precious narcissus bulbs. The narcissus had long grown in the islands in a semi-wild state. Who introduced it no one can tell. Perhaps the old monks, who, with a shrewdness characteristic of them here as elsewhere, chose the best site in the archipelago for their religious foundation. The flower may have come in with the first votaries of St. Nicholas, patron saint of sailors, long years before the Norman Conquest. Its commercial uses appear first to have dawned upon Mr. Richard Mumford, of Holy Vale, and Mr. William Trevellick, of Rocky Hill. The rumour of the result of their consignments to Covent Garden gradually oozed out. The Scillonian is not quick to grasp a new idea, but, when he does get hold of it, no dog is more tenacious of his bone. It looked almost like sin to lay out money on things that were not good for food or clothing. But there seemed no question about the financial successes of Rocky Hill and Holy Vale. So, with misgiving, "roots" were purchased, things with Latin and French names, which there was something almost uncanny and unholy about. Awkward culinary mistakes arose, too, out of the new importations. Housewives mistook the bulbs for vegetables, and as a consequence there were financial groans from strong men, mingled with the acuter cries caused by the stomachic agonies of families. These troubles passed, however. The bulbs, when the new year came, had sent up crisp tall stalks with fair flowers surmounting them. Covent Garden salesmen sent back by post delightful cheques in return for consignments of "lilies," more delightful—so it is said—to lovers of the beautiful. The blessed news spread like wild fire, as rumour of alluvial soil well pocketed with nuggets speeds over kloofs and veldt, as scandal in high places, as report through the bazaars of India. "Lilies paid and paid very well." Shares in ships were not in the running with

them ; potatoes were nowhere. These were true Pactolian flowers. So the Scillonians, male and female, from the highest to the lowest, from the king that sits upon his throne ; in a word, to leave Scripture poetry and come down to hard prosaic fact, from Mr. Dorrien Smith, at Tresco Abbey, to the humblest cottager, with his narrow allotment, laid out ground in roots. This floriculture is still in process of expansion and development. Last year over a hundred tons of flowers were exported. Indeed, the Scillonians intend to become a great bulb centre, and to be in a position to supply outside wants with them as well as with the narcissus flower.

What has been written above may give, in fairly accurate outline, an idea of the lineage and the means of livelihood of the Scillonians. Many of them, however, derive an income from investments, and live a drowsy, vegetating existence. There are in Heugh Town, also, a few tradespeople, who in their shops sell miscellaneous articles of merchandise, from wearing apparel to fish-hooks. There is a market in which two butchers retail portions of the animals they occasionally slay. Besides, should be mentioned two admirably conducted hotels, Holgate's and Tregarthen's, frequented by summer visitants, and which may be made his headquarters by any reader of this paper, who should wish to study the Scillonians for himself, with comfort and advantage. There are one or two public-houses, but teetotalism has taken strong hold of Scilly in recent years. A drunken man is rarely seen there, and, generally, the standard of morality is high.

Religiously, the islands are well looked after. There is a chaplain of the Isles, the Rev. Mr. Cunningham, and there are clergymen also at Tresco and St. Agnes, while Bryher and St. Martin's have both their little churches. Methodism was introduced by John Wesley himself. It has possibly seen its best days here. It is certainly not in so flourishing a condition as good Methodists would wish, though supporting a minister and having services in three chapels on St. Mary's. The Bryanites, an offshoot of Methodism, have a number of adherents, maintaining two or three ministers and providing regular preaching in three or four chapels. There are several Unitarians in Scilly, but they possess no place of worship and content themselves with an external conformity to the ritual of the Established Church. When it is considered that the present population of the Scilly Isles is but little over two thousand, it will be seen that they are not badly off for the means of religious worship. Still, earnest evangelists are constantly coming over and stir up the worldly-minded as though they were veritable heathen. This roughness of itinerant prophets occasions, from time to time, not a little repining. In Scilly, however, as in the West of England and elsewhere,

the Church has gained great ground of late years. The revivalism which recruited the Dissenting cause formerly where it flagged, has been of late less prominent as a religious force than formerly. Indeed some, whose brilliant "experiences" once thrilled love feasts, are now pillars of the Church of England.

Politics have tended to introduce a new cross division into the island life of recent times. Under the old county franchise there were few voters. Whether they were many or few did not matter much, as there was no contest in West Cornwall for something like a quarter of a century. That electoral division was a Whig preserve, on which neither Tory nor Radical dared poach. The last Reform Bill and the Redistribution Bill of 1884 have altered all that. Scilly has some three or four hundred votes in the St. Ives division. These were nearly all given for the Tory candidate in 1885, and for the Unionist in 1886. The Dissenters here, as elsewhere, are inclined to Gladstonianism. At the same time the Chaplain of the Isles is a very Conservative Boanerges. That his children may not err from the true path, he has erected in their nursery an image of the master of Hawarden, at which they discharge infantile missiles. Unfortunately the performance of civic duty is a source of greater mutual embitterment in small places than in large. All the voters, too, have not completed their political education. It might interest Mr. Bright, perhaps, to know the reason assigned by one labourer for giving his vote to Mr. Ross in 1885. "I votes for the Tories," he said, "because the Tories guv us cheap bread." The member for Central Birmingham has found, I believe, eloquent expression for another reading of history.

Superstition is not more prevalent in Scilly than in most small places. There is no little nervousness about ghosts, nevertheless. Many of the houses are old and the wind howls dismally around, about, and through them on stormy nights. Modern Scilly, too, had a shock to the tone of its moral and mental system in the sudden suicide of the late Chaplain, at the parsonage of St. Mary's. He is said to "walk" a great deal, and, if all reports are true, a little noisily. Considerable alarm has prevailed on this account. The good old island doctor, scion of an ancient Cornish family, endeavoured, in not unoriginal fashion, to reassure the feeble-minded. A bleak December night has seen Æsculapius proceed at midnight to the lonely churchyard by the sea. While the waves murmured hoarsely on the rock-strewn beach below, he lighted his pipe at the grave of the unfortunate clergyman, who rested so uneasily. Thus science fulfils its enlightening mission in the world, even in remotest nooks

and corners. For my part, I take leave to doubt whether some of our London luminaries of modern discovery, and so on, would not have hesitated to perform that feat with the lucifer. Take it in all its bearings it was a throwing down the gauntlet to the spirits, which many materialists would prefer doing by deputy. Nervousness, bred of isolation, is responsible for alarms of the type of this one, which our good Doctor Moyle sought to allay. For the Scillonians, in the main, are theoretically Sadducee in such matters, except when common report unsettles scepticism. Then ill-lighted roads, and gusty corners, windswept to the hoarse accompaniment of the ocean, as it chafes granite boulder against granite boulder, or falls in angry rumble on a pebble-strewn shore, are suggestive of eerie possibilities.

But whatever it be, whether the parson's ghost, the doctor's midnight ramble, the carryings on of Mary Jane, or her lively grief under promptings of remorse, all is public property in Scilly. The inhabitants prey upon each other for news. Like the Athenians of old, they are keen after some new thing. Gossiping flourishes apace. Love can find no dell sacred from prying eyes, and, an inheritance from past seafaring days, spyglasses are common. The Scillonian cannot go far out of range of the naked eye of his neighbour. He is never sure that he is not being fixed by his telescope. So he is wonderfully wary and circumspect in his goings, wearing gingerly the white flower of a blameless life. Therefore he is much affected to solitude and reflection. He will walk often alone, for he ponders deeply problems of profundity, deeming that in a world of slander and mischief-making his own thoughts are his safest companions. Occasionally the monotony of individual existence is broken by a quiet party. The entertainer gives a tea at six, and a more formidable supper at ten. What is known as heavy cake, a culinary compound never met with out of Cornwall, is always to the fore for the first meal. Clotted cream is also offered to the guests. To feed them is one thing, however; to amuse them quite another. Dancing in not a few houses is held to partake of the nature of forbidden fruit, while cards are a snare of one terrible and unmentionable. Then the Scillonian abhors jesting. He is far too staid and superior to relish conversation that savours of flippancy. Any mild traditional joke he allows himself to repeat he lays to the account of some buried island worthy, who has long gone hence to answer for his levity. Possibly this is because of late years the young generation has moved away so quickly, leaving behind only their more lethargic brethren, who are grateful to be infused with the salt and wisdom of predominating age. There is one entertainment, at any rate, that

never palls on the palate of the islander ; that is, the arrival of the steamer, especially in the summer months. Busy as he may be, he will strive to be a witness of that event. As a self-respecting Scillonian he would know at first hand who has come by the "boat," what outwandered sons or daughters of the soil have returned after a long pilgrimage, and how many strangers have intruded on his native land. Then, when everyone has stepped ashore, and there is no scrap of strange humanity left to feast the eyes and speculate upon, all Scilly that desires to keep actively abreast of the march of the times moves up from the pier. The great function of the day is over ; there is nothing further to do but to talk about it, but to find out who has received letters, and if they contain anything of interest. Moreover, politics are not forgotten. At the newsroom the *Times*, more generally in the domestic circle the *Western Morning News* and the *Western Daily Mercury*, are carefully studied. The *Cornishman* and the *Cornish Telegraph* give more immediately local news, and in their columns Scilly reads approvingly reports of its own performances ; the number of baskets of lilies which the "Lady of the Isles" took to Penzance on her last voyage, the proceedings at the Wesleyan school-treat, or of a meeting made memorable by Bryanite or teetotal oratory of more than usual brilliancy.

Many of the magazines find regular readers here. Households club together for the purchase of several periodicals, for which they have their own system of circulation. But the Scillonians are not to be imposed upon by any display of imaginative fancy, of large information, or of literary gift. A lady of the lineage of the Godolphin settlers observed once that she thought it "very good of so many clever people to take so much trouble to write for her amusement and entertainment, particularly so when she could buy so much of them for so little." She spoke compassionately, feeling fully convinced of her superiority in being able to sit at Scilly in an arm-chair in judgment on those distant weavers of articles. She regarded the literary worker much as bees are looked upon by those who delight in their honey, and who think it must be much less pleasant to make it than eat it, and feel a malicious satisfaction at a cheap entry on the fruits of others' labour.

Scilly is not awed by the prestige of any literary magnates. Has it not inspected some of them at close quarters, seen them land at the pier fresh from that levelling enemy of mankind, *mal de mer*? George Eliot was at Scilly with Lewis, and lodged at the house of the postmistress in Heugh Street, and here she is currently rumoured to have been hard at work on "Adam Bede," while

Lewis was prodding about in rock-pools left bare by the receding sea, and in many parts of Scilly densely populated with every variety of anemone, above all with the *crassicornis*, of a more than floral splendour. Lord Tennyson was here. To him, too, attaches a local legend. His identity was not discovered at first by the hostess at Tregarthen's, where he stopped. Having occasion to bathe his feet at night, the author of "Enoch Arden," "In Memoriam," and the "Idylls of the King," damaged either jug or basin; and it was averred that he and the late Mrs. Tregarthen were not of one mind as to his obligation to replace the whole toilet set. Scilly, rightly judging that there are few greater novelists than George Eliot, and few greater poets than Tennyson, and having been brought into intimate relations with both, is inclined to look down on lesser lights with complacency, if not with disdain. Scilly does not seek them out, but they come to it. The group of islands being small, and everybody in touch with everybody else, strangers, however illustrious, are susceptible of observation and analysis, which is eminently instructive and reassuring to the island student. Indeed persons and personages of the highest social position in the State are constantly being entertained by Mr. Dorrien Smith at Tresco in the summer months, for every yachtsman of note visits the Cassiterides. Here, perhaps, is humanity of sufficiently high a flight to call for self-respecting reserve and reticence; but for the rest of the world they must pass under rigid examination, their claims to consideration are not taken on trust, and they will not escape classification after the Scillonian standard, which is by no means to be readily satisfied.

Nor would any account of Scillonians be complete without allusion to the wrecks which occasionally have occurred here, which have done so much to bring grist to the island mill, and to supply the lack of furniture dealers in the group. The same causes which have worked to spoil the islands as a port have also operated to diminish their prosperity as a wreck centre. When a whole fleet of sailing vessels might be beating about outside the archipelago, it is easy to understand how a sudden onrush of wild weather would bring some of them to grief on inhospitable rocks and ledges. All well-disposed islanders felt sorry for owners, and merchants, and insurers, when they witnessed, from time to time, tall ships hard and fast upon the rocks, and they assisted to salve the cargoes and the vessels as best they could. Thus money was brought in by storms and fogs. Much useful cabin furniture, also, was sold at the auction sales, which followed a wreck. This is why in so many Scillonian dwellings

nautical-looking couches and chairs give bad sailors an uneasy notion that they are at sea and only on *terra firma* of an ambiguous and unreliable sort. Hasty generalisers may also be apt to stigmatise the Scillonians as wreckers on seeing the housings of so many argosies figuring as the domestic gods of landmen. Nothing would be further from the truth, I can assure them. There are, doubtless, in Scilly, as elsewhere, many persons of dubious principles, who have appropriated the goods of others, when those goods have been thrown out of the sea on their shores ; but this is the exception. Still wrecks have brought the islanders into touch with most of the merchandise which is borne upon the deep, and apart from the profitableness of the communion, it is in some sort a liberal education ; at least it tends to practical acquaintance with commercial geography.

At the beginning of this article I laid stress on the predominating influence exercised by those whom I have called the Godolphin settlers, in giving their permanent and prevailing characteristics to the Scillonians. That settlement is, I take it, marked also by many names of places. The nomenclature of the physical features is mainly Celtic, and probably of immemorial antiquity ; while the farms bear largely English names. Taking the former we have : Peninnis, Permellin, Porthcressa, Porthellic, Mincarlo, Minevaur, Minnewithan, Minmaneuth, Mineledgan, Carn Marvel, Carn Thomas, Partincarn, and so on. Among the latter, "Holy Vale" has probably a very ancient source ; still its form is English. Then there are besides the homesteads or hamlets of "Content," "Newford," "Longstone," "Rocky Hill," though "Tremelethan" and "Trenowth" speak again of Cornish influences.

The Scillonians, therefore, are a people of varied origin. Necessities of different kinds brought their fathers there, and new necessities bring occasionally fresh settlers to-day. When Sir Francis Godolphin obtained his very feudal lease, he provided openings in the Cassiterides for those in whom he was interested, and his family did the same kindness for some whose fortunes were unsettled by the Civil War. Afterwards the rise of a considerable shipbuilding and shipping interest at Scilly introduced some new blood, while the fact that Scilly had a considerable garrison and a naval squadron always near it, during the great French war, will account for more. Most people seem to have a tradition of having come in from somewhere at no very remote period of the past, and I am doubtful if there is any aboriginal population, that is to say, families who have no record or reminiscence handed down of having once lived somewhere else.

Nor is it to be forgotten that the real Scilly is as much greater than Scilly as Anglosaxondom is than England. At the beginning of the century the islands were more populous than they are now, yet the Scillonians, with some few exceptions, are prolific. They may not have possessed the earth as a result of their multiplication. Still, east, west, north, and south, in the colonies, in the United States, in our great towns, in the tropics and directing mighty ships, are many hundreds, if not thousands, of men doing as prosperously as their fellows, who look to the Cassiterides as to the old home *par excellence*. Nearly all the children of the place have gone roving, and so there are few portions of English earth that are not in constant communication with our diminutive archipelago. Therefore the Scillonian is very much a man of the world. He is rarely utterly uninformed. In many cases he is a person who has read with much judgment, if not widely. He is more philosophical than humorous, a fact perhaps due to the perpetual presence before his gaze of "the melancholy ocean." He is conversant with maritime enterprise, yet occupied with a most delightful floriculture. Indeed, he is one rather to be envied than pitied. I hope that it may be gathered from what I have written that, if he has a good opinion of himself, there is ground for his self satisfaction.

FRANK BANFIELD.

CHARLES LAMB'S LETTERS.

A TOLERABLY complete and carefully-arranged collection of the letters of Charles Lamb has long been felt to be a desideratum in English literature. Now, however, that the labours of Canon Ainger, in his capacity as editor of Lamb's entire works (the letters included), have been brought to a successful termination, this want has at length been fully and adequately supplied. Of the previous editors of the letters it cannot be denied that the first and most distinguished, Serjeant Talfourd, laboured under very peculiar difficulties. When in the year 1837 he gave to the world the "Letters of Charles Lamb, with a Sketch of his Life," Mary Lamb was still living, and a decade of years was destined to elapse before the tragedy of her life could be made known. Accordingly many of her brother's letters were omitted altogether from the collection, whilst others of them were published in a garbled and mutilated shape. At length, the troubled and storm-tossed spirit of Mary Lamb passed away from the earth, and with her departure disappeared the principal obstacles that had lain in the path of the editor of her brother's literary remains. Unfortunately, Talfourd did not rise to the height of the occasion. Instead of revising and re-arranging his earlier work, which was from the necessity of the case a scrappy, inadequate and unsatisfactory performance, he contented himself with simply issuing two supplementary volumes under the title of "Final Memorials of Charles Lamb." Nor have the other editors of Lamb's writings been a whit more successful in their labours. The order in which the letters should be published is clearly and beyond question the order of chronology. But Mr. G. A. Sala, Mr. Thomas Purnell, and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald have all alike erred in printing them, not in the order in which they were written, but arranged in groups according to the persons to whom they were addressed. Hence it is that it has been reserved for Mr. Ainger, more than half a century after the last of the letters was penned by its author, to give to the world the first complete and satisfactory edition of this charming and characteristic correspondence.

Of Canon Ainger's work as a commentator it is not necessary that much should be said. His notes, generally speaking, have the rare merit of being scholarly and accurate, and the still rarer merit of being brief and to the point. As a consequence the author is not overloaded by the commentator, and we are not constrained to follow, as best we may, the course of a neat rivulet of text meandering through a meadow of annotations. Indeed, if Mr. Ainger has erred at all, he has erred in being too sparing rather than too profuse in the comments he has permitted himself to make. The principle that he has laid down for his guidance he has explained to us in his introduction to the "Essays of Elia." The writings of Lamb, it is well known, are particularly rich in quotations. Where these quotations are palpable and are avowed, Mr. Ainger considers it to be part of his business to trace them to their source. "But besides those avowedly introduced as such, Lamb's style," he informs us, "is full of quotations held—if the expression may be allowed—in solution. One feels, rather than recognises, that a phrase or idiom or turn of expression is an echo of something that one has heard or read before. With such allusiveness as this," he continues, "I need not say that I have not meddled in my notes. Its whole charm lies in our recognising it for ourselves." May I venture in all humility to express my dissent from the canon laid down in these words? How, I would ask, if we altogether fail to recognise the allusion for ourselves? Is the charm of it to be lost upon us for ever? Are we to derive no assistance, to reap no advantage, from the wider reading and the superior wisdom of the editor? Let me take an example to make my meaning clear. In writing to the Rev. H. F. Cary, Lamb says: "I passed by the walls of Balclutha." The reference is to a passage in Ossian—"I passed by the walls of Balclutha, and they were desolate." Would it not have been worth the commentator's while very briefly to state this simple fact for the benefit of that numerous class of persons who have never read a line of Ossian, and to whom as a consequence Lamb's words would be only so much meaningless chatter? True to his self-imposed rule, however, Canon Ainger does not vouchsafe a syllable of comment. At other times, again, when he does condescend to furnish us with a reference, he is by no means so definite and precise as it is assuredly his duty to be. Take a single instance. "'Gryll will be Gryll,' vide Spenser," writes Lamb in one of his letters to Coleridge. "Faëry Queen," adds Mr. Ainger, leaving it to the luckless student to find out the book and the canto and the stanza for himself. It will hardly be matter for surprise if in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred

the search is abandoned in despair. "Of the persons who read the first canto," wrote Macaulay, "not one in ten reaches the end of the first book, and not one in a hundred perseveres to the end of the poem. Very few and very weary are those who are in at the death of the Blatant Beast." But enough of the barren and unprofitable theme of the minutiae of verbal criticism. Let us proceed without further delay to the consideration of the matter of the letters themselves, and see what sort of light it is they throw on the life and the character of their author.

Let Gryll be Gryll, and have his hoggish minde ;
But let us hence depart whilst wether serves and winde.

The first letter to be found in the collection is addressed to Coleridge, and bears the date May 27, 1796. At that time Lamb would be twenty-one years of age. His attachment to Coleridge was one of the deepest and most intimate experiences of his life. For seven years they were schoolfellows together at Christ's Hospital, and the friendship which there began was destined to endure with scarcely a break for upwards of half a century. "It is a rare fortune," says Carlyle, "that gives to the man the friends of the boy." "Coleridge," writes Lamb, "you know not my supreme happiness at having one on earth (though counties separate us) whom I can call a friend. Remember you those tender lines of Logan's ?

" ' Our broken friendships we deplore,
And loves of youth that are no more ;
No after friendships e'er can raise
Th' endearments of our early days,
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove
As when we first began to love.' "

Lamb was of a shy and nervous temperament, and during the early days of struggle and of trial his friends and his acquaintances were few. Hence all the sharper and the keener were the pleasure and the satisfaction that he derived from his correspondence with Coleridge. "Thank you for your frequent letters," he writes. "You are the only correspondent, and, I might add, the only friend, I have in the world. I go nowhere, and have no acquaintance. Slow of speech and reserved of manners, no one seeks or cares for my society ; and I am left alone." There were, however, other reasons for the solitary life that he led, besides his shyness and his reverie, and these are fully revealed and laid bare in his correspondence. The taint of madness derived from his father's side affected Lamb as well as the other members of his family. In the opening letter of

this collection, he writes to his old friend and schoolfellow : "My life has been somewhat diversified of late. The six weeks that finished last year and began this, your very humble servant spent very agreeably in a madhouse at Hoxton. I am got somewhat rational now, and don't bite any one. But mad I was. Coleridge," he continues in the course of the same letter, "it may convince you of my regards for you when I tell you my head ran on you in my madness, as much almost as on another person, who I am inclined to think was the more immediate cause of my temporary frenzy." Who, then, it will very naturally be asked, was the other person to whom reference is here so pathetically made? It was, there is every reason to believe, "the fair-haired maid" from Hertfordshire, Lamb's first and only love. Whether the course of his love ran smoothly or not is matter of surmise and conjecture. All that we know is that his affection for Alice W——n was the fancy of the day and of the hour, whilst his devotion to his sister Mary was the master passion of his life. It was in one of the lucid intervals that he enjoyed even in his prison-house at Hoxton, that he composed the touching lines to his sister :

If from my lips some angry accents fell,
 Peevish complaint or harsh reproof unkind,
 'Twas but the error of a sickly mind
 And troubled thoughts, clouding the purer well
 And waters clear of reason ; and for me,
 Let this my verse the poor atonement be—
 My verse, which thou to praise wert e'er inclined
 Too highly, and with a partial eye to see
 No blemish. Thou to me didst ever show
 Kindest affection ; and would'st oftentimes lend
 An ear to the desponding love-sick lay,
 Weeping my sorrows with me, who repay
 But ill the mighty debt of love I owe,
 Mary, to thee, my sister and my friend.

Lamb's madness was of brief duration, and he was wont at times to look back upon it almost with feelings of regret. "At some future time," he writes once more to Coleridge, "I will amuse you with an account, as full as my memory will permit, of the strange turn my frenzy took. I look back upon it at times with a gloomy kind of envy ; for, while it lasted, I had many, many hours of pure happiness. Dream not, Coleridge, of having tasted all the grandeur and wildness of fancy till you have been mad ! All now seems to be vapid, comparatively so."

But whilst Lamb's frenzy was of short duration, and of an exceptionally mild description, very different was the fate of his
 Near the close of his life he wrote thus to Wordsworth :

"Your letter, save in what respects your dear sister's health, cheered me in my solitude. Mary is ill again. Her illnesses encroach yearly. The last was three months, followed by two of depression most dreadful. I look back upon her earlier attacks with longing; nice little durations of six weeks or so, followed by complete restoration—shocking as they were to me. In short, half her life she is dead to me, and the other half is made anxious with fears and lookings forward to the next shock I see little of her; alas! I too often hear her. *Sunt lacrymæ rerum!* and you and I must bear it." How bravely Lamb bore the many troubles and trials by which he was afflicted is written on every page of his correspondence in characters that cannot be mistaken. From the fatal Thursday of September 1796, to the day of his death, his devotion never failed, and his courage never flagged. The nature of the calamity that befell his household is told by Lamb himself in one of the early letters to Coleridge. "I will only give you the outlines," he writes. "My poor dear, dearest sister, in a fit of insanity, has been the death of her own mother. I was at hand only time enough to snatch the knife out of her grasp. She is at present in a madhouse, from whence I fear she must be moved to an hospital. God has preserved to me my senses: I eat and drink and sleep, and have my judgment, I believe, very sound. Write as religious a letter as possible," he continues, "but no mention of what is gone and done with. With me 'the former things are passed away,' and I have something more to do than to feel."

Such was the terrible plight in which Lamb found himself as he stood on the threshold of manhood. The whole weight of the family was cast upon him, and right well was the burden borne. By constant and unfailing industry he succeeded in earning a livelihood that was at least sufficient to keep body and soul together, in himself and in those who were dependent upon him. The little journal of his "foolish passion," which he had a long time kept, was committed to the flames, and henceforth he made it the main business of his life to cherish and to foster "the dear domestic ties," and "the charities of home." Mary ever held the first place in his thoughts and his affections. "I am a fool," he writes, "bereft of her co-operation. I dare not think lest I should think wrong, so used am I to look up to her in the least and the biggest perplexity. To say all that I know of her would be more than I think anybody could believe, or even understand; and when I hope to have her well again with me, it would be sinning against her feelings to go about to praise her, for I can conceal nothing that I do from her. She is older and

wiser and better than I, and all my wretched imperfections I cover to myself by resolutely thinking of her goodness. She would share life and death, heaven and hell, with me." Next to Mary, Coleridge continued to hold the highest place in Lamb's esteem. "I am living in a continuous feast," he writes to his friend Manning in March 1800. "Coleridge has been with me now for nigh three weeks, and the more I see of him in the quotidian undress and relaxation of his mind, the more cause I see to love him, and believe him a *very good man*, and all those foolish impressions to the contrary fly off like morning slumbers. He is uncommonly kind and friendly to me. He ferrets me day and night to *do something*. He tends me amidst all his own worrying and heart-oppressing occupations, as a gardener tends his young tulip." Coleridge was the suggester and inspirer of high and lofty thoughts in the minds of the men of his own generation, and, like many of his contemporaries, Lamb was charmed and captivated by the genius and the eloquence of "the inspired charity boy." "In my acquaintance with you in London," he writes, "your conversations won me to the better cause, and rescued me from the polluting spirit of the world." But, admirable as Coleridge's preaching was, his practice was not found by Lamb, any more than it was found by other people, to be equally unexceptionable. Gratitude for friendship bestowed, and for favours received, might possibly be always felt by Coleridge, but, if it was felt, it was by no means always or even frequently expressed. "Do what you will, Coleridge," wrote his wounded and offended friend, "you may hurt and vex me by your silence, but you cannot estrange my heart from you all. I cannot scatter friendships like chuck-farthings, nor let them drop from mine hand like hour-glass sand. I have but two or three people in the world to whom I am more than indifferent, and I can't afford to whistle them off to the winds."

Having few friends in the world in the early part of his career, Lamb very naturally and very wisely devoted all his spare moments to literature. Books were to him instead of friends. Writing from his desk in Leadenhall Street, he says: "Not a soul loves Bowles here; scarce one has heard of Burns; few but laugh at me for reading my Testament. They talk a language I understand not. I conceal sentiments that would be a puzzle to them. I can only converse with you by letter, and with the dead in their books." To what good purpose Lamb held converse with "the dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule our spirits from their urns," his letters no less than his poems and his essays bear full and ample testimony. Next to Charles Lamb the man and the author, Charles Lamb the

critic claims and merits our attention ; and Canon Ainger is guilty only of pardonable exaggeration when he says that if the art or science of poetical criticism could be made matter of instruction, no better introduction to the study could be found than Lamb's scattered criticisms, first upon Coleridge's and Southey's verse, then upon Wordsworth's, and generally upon all poetry, ancient or modern, quoted or referred to in the letters. What, then, it may be asked, were Lamb's special merits and qualifications as a critic? In reply, I would venture to assert that the distinguishing note of his criticisms is their sanity and their sobriety. There is nothing that is artificial or conventional about them. They are the outcome of the individual thoughts and feelings of their author, and are unborrowed from any other source. Hence their spontaneousness and convincing power ; hence too the width and the breadth by which for the most part they are characterised. Lamb was deeply impressed by the consideration that there may be distinctive and peculiar merits in a great variety of styles, and he was at the same time fully alive to the fact that the self-same writer often rises above and often sinks below himself. "I look not with 'skew eyes into the deeds of heroes," said Lamb, when recounting the exploits of his landlord, Thomas Westwood ; but whilst he was always generous to a fault in his judgments of other people, he had likewise an eye for the weak side, as well of the greatest as of the meanest of men. Coleridge was in his eyes "an archangel a little damaged." "He is going to turn sober," he writes, "but his clock has not struck yet ; meantime he pours down goblet after goblet, the second to see where the first is gone, the third to see no harm happens to the second, a fourth to say there is another coming, and a fifth to say he is not sure he is the last." "Coleridge is quite blooming," he writes on another occasion, "but his book has not budded yet." The weak points in Coleridge's character were those of which he was conscious in his own, and it is consequently in no way surprising that they did not escape detection at his hands. In his judgment of Wordsworth he is equally at home. "Wordsworth, the great poet," he humorously writes, "is coming to town ; he is to have apartments in the Mansion House. He says he does not see much difficulty in writing like Shakespeare, if he had a mind to try it. It is clear that nothing is wanting but the mind." The presence of humour, however, in the case of Charles Lamb, whatever it may mean in the case of other people, did not mean the absence of sympathy. The same critical insight which enabled him to see the weak points in the objects of his criticism enabled him to see their strong points also. "I was reading your ' Religious Musings ' the other day," he writes to

Coleridge, "and, sincerely, I think it the noblest poem in the language, next after 'Paradise Lost.' . . . The loftier walks of Pindus are your proper region. There you have no compeer in modern times. Leave the lowlands, unenvied, in possession of such men as Cowper and Southey." And again he writes, with true critical appreciation and insight: "I love you for those simple, tender, heart-flowing lines with which you conclude your last, and, in my eyes, best sonnet—

' So, for the mother's sake, the child was dear ;
And dearer was the mother for the child.'

Cultivate simplicity, Coleridge," he continues, "or rather, I should say, banish elaborateness; for simplicity springs spontaneous from the heart, and carries into daylight its own modest buds, and genuine, sweet and clear flowers of expression. I allow no hot-beds in the gardens of Parnassus." Not less generous and not less discriminating was his estimate of the poetry of Wordsworth. "Yarrow Visited," and the "Lines Written above Tintern Abbey," were special favourites of his, whilst of the "Excursion" he said: "It is the noblest conversational poem I ever read—a day in heaven." To us of the present day Lamb's judgments upon the Lake poets appear to be the plain and unmistakable utterances of reason and common sense. To his contemporaries they must have appeared in a very different light. The new school of poetry was for many years received with ridicule and contempt by the professional critics of the hour. Seeing, they saw, and did not perceive; hearing, they heard, and did not understand. To the Edinburgh Reviewer, "Christabel" was "a mixture of raving and drivelling," whilst another critic declared of this noble and matchless poem that "a more senseless, absurd, and stupid composition had scarcely of late years issued from the press." After this it is hardly surprising to find that when, in 1807, two volumes of Wordsworth's finest poetry appeared, the Edinburgh Reviewer had nothing better to say of the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," than that it was "beyond doubt the most illegible and unintelligible part of the publication."

But whilst Lamb was able to do full justice to the merits and the genius of his contemporaries, it was after all the older writers that were the special objects of his affection and veneration. In one of his early letters to Coleridge he writes with manifest earnestness and sincerity of feeling: "I wish you would try and do something to bring our elder bards into more general fame. I writhe with indignation when, in books of criticism, where commonplace quotation is heaped upon quotation, I find no mention of such men as Massinger or Beaumont and Fletcher, men with whom succeeding dramatic writers (Otway alone excepted)

can bear no manner of comparison." "Among all your quaint readings," he asks on another occasion, "did you ever light upon 'Walton's Complete Angler'?" It breathes the very spirit of innocence, purity, and simplicity of heart. There are many choice old verses interspersed in it. It would sweeten a man's temper at any time to read it; it would Christianise every discordant angry passion." As time went on he himself was destined to reawaken in men's minds a love of our ancient literature, but the process of awakening was necessarily slow. "I am out of the world of readers," he writes. "I hate all that do read, for they read nothing but reviews and new books. I gather myself up unto the old things." And when in later life one of his sonnets, which was cast in an Elizabethan mould, was rejected by the editor of the *Gem*, he exclaimed, "Damn the age! I will write for antiquity."

The same feeling that drew Lamb towards our older writers was at the bottom of the keen enjoyment that he never failed to derive from the sights and sounds of London life. "Streets, streets, streets," he writes, "markets, theatres, churches, Covent Gardens, shops sparkling with pretty faces of industrious milliners, neat sempstresses, ladies cheapening, gentlemen behind counters lying, authors in the streets with spectacles, George Dyers (you may know them by their gait), lamps lit at night, pastrycooks' and silversmiths' shops, beautiful Quakers of Pentonville, noise of coaches, drowsy cry of mechanic watchmen at night, with bucks reeling home drunk; if you happen to wake at midnight cries of 'Fire!' and 'Stop thief!' inns of court, with their learned air, and halls and butteries just like Cambridge colleges; old bookstalls, 'Jeremy Taylors,' 'Burtons on Melancholy,' and 'Religio Medicis' on every stall. These are thy pleasures, O London, with thy many sins." In comparison with the delights that London afforded, the pleasures of the country were to him dull and insipid, whilst "the earth and sea and sky (when all was said) was but as a house to dwell in." I might with very little difficulty go on to illustrate, by repeated quotations from the letters, the various phases and incidents of Lamb's career, but time is our tale should here have ending, and enough has already been said to show how much there is in this correspondence to excite the interest and curiosity of the reader. Taken together with the "Essays of Elia" they form a charming and an admirable autobiography. Of many other men we may say that the more we think of them the less we think of them. Of Lamb, on the other hand, it may with truth be affirmed that the more we know him the more, in spite of his failings, does he awaken in our breasts feelings of admiration, affection, and regard.

WILLIAM SUMMERS.

A QUIET CORNER.

FIFTY years ago, when the iron horse was yet in his colthood and the guard's horn still made music in pleasant valleys long since abandoned to the stoker and the steam-whistle, it must have been an easy matter to get out of the world. Only on the highways connecting town with town can there have been anything approaching a regular traffic, if we except the silent service of river and canal. It was no great triumph then, as in these sulphurous days it is justly counted to be, to get off the beaten track. For to diverge to right hand or left must have been to plunge at once into rural districts, marked indeed on the map, but so far removed from contact with "the madding crowd" as to be seldom or never visited save by those bound to them by ties of birth or business. These unexplored regions year by year have become rarer and more rare, until at last it constitutes a painful psychological problem to the modest pleasure-seeker to discover some scene not yet known to all the world. Even the Continental tourist is hard put to it sometimes to break new ground; for him, then, whose aspirations soar not beyond his native land what hope can remain? Little enough, it is true; yet are there even now, for those who have eyes to see, certain stretches of country still untainted by popularity and unknown to the maps and guide-books of hackneydom. Of one such beauty-spot, hitherto "born to blush unseen," some account is here to be given.

The county of Shropshire is in many ways remarkable, and has retained an individuality which even the levelling nineteenth century cannot wholly obliterate. It offers a curious mixture of ancient and modern features. The archæologist may here have his fill of tumuli and encampments; at Wroxeter he finds the most perfect remains that are left to us of a Roman settlement, viz. Uriconium; and he may trace the course of the great Watling Street, which starting from Richborough in Kent intersected England from S.E. to N.W. The geologist recognises in the Longmynd one of the oldest, if not the oldest, formations known in our island. The historian may reap here the richest harvest of chronicles; and, finally, the etymologist is

rewarded with unlimited wealth of place-names and provincialisms. A county which witnessed the final struggle of Caractacus, which is watered by Sabrina, which contains Uriconium and Ludlow Castle, and teems with evidences of antiquity, can certainly not be called commonplace. But when it is remembered that in addition to these distinctions it can boast of having produced a Clive and a Darwin, of being as famous for its china-ware as it is for its sheep, of possessing one of the most famous schools in the kingdom, and of standing high in the list of our mining, as well as our agricultural, districts, it must be admitted that its inhabitants call themselves "proud Salopians" not without some semblance of excuse. All the more remarkable is it that within the limits of this favoured province should be found the tranquil and primitive region which, without more ado, we will proceed to describe.

The Hundred of Clun, for so runs its official title, may be said to form a rude quadrilateral abutting on Herefordshire to the south and the Welsh counties of Radnor and Montgomeryshire to the south-west and west. A bird's-eye view of almost the whole extent of it may be had from the summit of the Longmynd, to which stern barrier indeed it owes a great deal of its charm. This same Long Mountain, or Mynydd, forms the eastern frontier, and the dwellers on either side of its broad ridge, *metu aut montibus divisi*, seem to have little in common. Indeed, though they do not care to be reminded of the fact, there can be no doubt that Wales is the true fatherland of the hundred-men. The identity of many of the prevailing patronymics with those over the border is too obvious and suggestive to be gainsaid. From the top of Longmynd we look far into the Principality, the horizon being limited by nothing nearer than the Breconshire Beacons. But with it or them we have nothing to do. Let us rather examine what lies at our feet. The eye wanders over a smiling land—a land which looks as though it ought to flow with milk and honey, and which does not belie its appearance. To the right are the so-called Stiper Stones looking like a stair of the Anakim, and marking the site of mines worked by the Romans, and still at work. Beneath them are the woods of Linley, and further west a light blue haze betrays the existence of a little town, the metropolis of the district, and known to geographers as Bishop's Castle, but to the surrounding country as *par éminence* The Castle.

Deriving its name from the fact that it once contained a castle, long since vanished, of the Bishops of Hereford, this quaint little capital of the hundred, nestling so snugly on the hill-side, probably looks the same to-day that it has looked any time these two centuries.

The church at the bottom and the inn at the top are connected by a long steep street, so steep that towards its upper end it is practically useless save to the pedestrian. It is much easier to go to church than to any other place in Bishop's Castle. Yet the excellent Castle Inn has its patrons, and within its cozy bar the city Fathers are wont to unbend when the business of State, or the state of business, is discussed during the evening hours to the accompaniment of the severe Falernian. There is doubtless much to be debated on these occasions. The constitution of the town has lately been changed in obedience to an Act which abolished this and several other ancient forms of government in favour of the commonplace mayor and aldermen. In the seat of the mayor sat until recently a high bailiff, who dispensed justice with the help of an ancient mace, temp. Charles II., probably the most valuable of all the archives. It is to be hoped that the revolution will bring prosperity. Meanwhile the population remains pretty much what it was fifty years ago, that is, something under a couple of thousand. The young men and maidens are apt to prefer the doubtful charms of the neighbouring Liverpool and Birmingham to the rural delights which are the main recommendation of the place of their birth.

To reach the heyday of this little township's importance, we must travel back to præ-Reform-Bill ages. Though Ichabod, at least in a political sense, may now be fairly written on its city-gates and dead-walls, there was a time, still remembered with a flush of pride and gratitude, when Bishop's Castle bravely sent its pair of representatives to Westminster. The wayfarer may chance to fall in with some ancient burgess who will pour into his attentive ear strange tales of the good old times. He will hear of the great Hiring Fairs (now obsolescent and soon to be obsolete), and the greater Election Orgies, at which "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" were supplemented, it is whispered, with beverages many and potent. Alas! whatever he may be now, it is greatly to be feared that the townsman of that day was neither prude nor purist. If his venality, on certain occasions, could be matched, it can only have been by his bibulosity. But the scene of these dramas knows them no more, and the jocund actors have long since wended, never to play those parts again, over the fateful border.

Everyone has not heard of the Bishop's Castle Railway, and yet it is unique. No other known company can boast such a terminus, such stations, such rolling stock. It affects to bring the borough after which it is named within touch of the outside world at a very safe pace. The grass-grown permanent way, the shanties which do

duty for stations, the spasmodic engines, or engine, shadow forth with much accuracy the amount of traffic which it serves to facilitate. Having much time on its hands it is a service of extreme deliberation, covering the twelve miles to Craven Arms occasionally within the forty-five minutes, but deeming it no disgrace to occupy the full hour. At this headlong rate are its passengers conveyed thrice a day in winter, and four times in summer, from Sleepy Hollow to the bustling scene of operations which greets the wayfarer on striking the Shrewsbury and Hereford system. It is, in short, a kind of joke among railways. Its solitary driver is in a state of chronic difficulty about his steam ; the jolly guard's business consists mainly in beaming on the simple folk who travel in his charge ; while the safe issue of the journey is a perennial miracle. Those who have time to spare and a mind to pick blackberries or do a little birdnesting during a railway excursion should certainly make a point of travelling at least once under the auspices of the B.C.R.

If we mount to the top of the hill dominating Bishop's Castle we find ourselves in a spot locally called The Heblands, overlooking the valley of the little river Camlet. Were it not that an even finer prospect awaits him at the so-called Moat, a mile or two to the west, one could scarcely resist the temptation to peep into "gallant little Wales" from this coign of vantage. But the view from the Moat, which is really one of the many tumuli found hereabouts, or the remains of a British encampment, is much to be preferred. The valley which holds Churchstoke and Chirbury, Lord Herbert's Chirbury, lies at our feet, and we can follow it into the blue distance of Montgomeryshire. Many a far meaner prospect is famous ; but very few beyond the natives and their friends have as yet discovered the Moat Hill.

Another favourite excursion is to the Bury Ditches, the site of an ancient camp on a conspicuous fir-crowned hill, which is most conveniently reached by way of Lydbury North. No man ever heard, at least in these parts, of Lydbury South, East, or West ; but this is Lydbury North for all that, and doubtless will remain North to the end of the chapter. Its distinguishing characteristic is its extreme rurality, coupled with the fact—a rare combination—that it possesses only one public-house, and that most inhospitably planted at the extreme end of the village—though, by the way, those who approach from the opposite direction must reap, of course, a corresponding advantage. Jaded folk, *blasés* with the metropolitan glare and tumult of Bishop's Castle, come hither for *villeggiatura*, and once a year a race meeting is held, which infuses a little life into what, for the

remaining three hundred and sixty-four days of the year, is confessedly not a Homburg or a Baden-Baden. But for the purely rustic delights of sweet simplicity and nature as she appears at her best in the fields, it and its immediate neighbourhood would be hard to beat. Nevertheless it cannot be denied that Lydbury North, in the eyes of the outside world, that is, in the eyes of the rest of the Hundred of Clun, serves mainly as a means to an end. The end is the Bury Ditches. For though we may care to loiter through the fine gardens of Walcot, the seat of the Earl of Powis, which lends some social importance to the village, we are not likely to meet with any other distractions before we enter the dense growth of spruce which defends the time-honoured encampment. He must indeed have reached the acme of stolidity who can regard without some thrill of sentiment the simple but eloquent grass-grown remains of the ancient earth-work. The imagination cannot but conjure up a scene contrasting strangely with the peace that now reigns so smilingly around us. Time was when this fair eminence must have witnessed the struggle of the rude Celt against the slowly but surely advancing legions of imperial Rome ; a hopeless struggle, which reached its most pathetic point perhaps on the very spot where our feet now press the short sweet turf or the luxuriant bracken. In these days the woods lament no worse slaughter than that of the pheasants which meet us at every turn, and scarcely deign, any more than the Celts of old, to abandon their rights of ownership.

Even apart from their antiquarian interest, the Bury Ditches have much which recommends them to our favourable notice. The great fir-trees are in themselves a remunerative study, and the student of dendrology will look with admiration on the fine specimens of mountain-ash, which, thus favourably circumstanced, becomes almost a timber tree, and, with its brilliant clusters and vivid foliage, can barely be recognised as belonging to the same family with its stunted and dingy namesake—a too familiar object in our suburban gardens. The “solemn stillness,” broken only by the gentle sough in the fir-tops and the soft murmur of the cushat, is eminently favourable to the close observation of our friends in fur and feather. Indeed, the whole district is a perfect paradise to the naturalist. The clamour of the jay, ear-piercing yet not unmelodious, and, at the worst, always indicative of the true country, occasionally cleaves even this upper air, though belonging of right to the lower woods, where it mingles harmoniously enough with the busy cackle of the pie and the wild laughter of the yaffingale, or woodchuck, as they call the green woodpecker in these parts. Rabbits abound, and it seems to be their

mission to get the South Shropshire yokel into trouble. You can scarcely glance at a local print without being immediately aware that a Pugh or a Sayce has been haled before the Great Unpaid on the charge of "trespassing in pursuit of coneys." He usually tries to exculpate himself by stoutly maintaining that he was "only after quice," which in his nomenclature stands for wood-pigeons. He will even stick to his text when the furry evidence of the real object of his pursuit has been found by the gamekeeper thick upon him. *Humanum est errare*. He eventually comes in for one of those Draconic sentences which are peculiar to the sense of justice entertained by the average rural bench. Had he but confined himself to the pastime of half-murdering his wife, all would have been well, or at least a small fine would have adequately expiated the offence. But to have stalked the unsuspecting coney, or possibly to have laid violent hands on the sacred ibis of England, the partridge itself—*ach Gott!* what penalty can be too severe for such a miscreant? Far better were it had he felled his next neighbour to the earth or passed whole days in a condition of royal inebriety.

But we must not leave the Bury Ditches without noticing the view, which on the Bishop's Castle side is, as the novelists would say, "a dream of peaceful beauty," or, as the modern painters, "a symphony in green," unless, indeed, we visit the spot in late autumn, when it becomes a brown study. In the Domesday Survey there is frequent mention of the excellent condition of the Shropshire woods. Oaks were pre-eminent in those days, and the expression *benè custoditus de quercu* is constantly recurring. The ancient forests, of which in Gilpin's time the vestiges of at least four were to be seen, have long since gone the way of all timber, but the umbrageous character of the county, in this southern division at any rate, is still well maintained. Very pleasant is it to look upon the well-wooded undulations and fir-capt eminences which lie between us and the Welsh frontier, far away by Offa's Dyke. Very pleasant and provocative of meditation withal, for we are surveying the outermost acres of England in this direction, which, we may depend upon it, were not won without the spilling of much good blood. It is hard to associate fire and sword with so tranquil a scene, but consolatory to realise that nothing more sanguinary than a tithe war is now being waged within the range of our vision.

There is a choice of various descending routes from the Bury Ditches to what, failing a better term, we must call the plain. Where all is, in popular parlance, so "banky," expressions significant of the dead level become merely relative. This is perhaps why cricket has

never flourished on this side the Longmynd ; the game cannot be practised to advantage on the flank of a hill. We may return, by way of Brockton, or of Acton Pool and the *faubourg* of Colebatch, to the metropolis, entering it at the foot of the main street, hard by the handsomely restored but as yet spireless church. Or a *facilis descensus* may be made on the Clun side, through upland meadows, which in September yield an abundant harvest of mushrooms, and in any and all months are full of interest to the lover of bird, beast, or flower. It is this latter path that we will now take, leaving behind us the noble crown of firs, which we can never forget, and gradually make our way over the Down Hill to the little stream which gives its name to, or takes its name from—for opinions differ—the second and last city of the quadrilateral.

Clone, Colune, Clune, Clonne, Clunne, Clon, Clunn, or Clun—it has spelt itself in as many different ways as the hero of the Hegira—is in some respects the converse of Bishop's Castle. Both are built on a hill-side, but the hills slope in opposite directions. Both have a fine church without a steeple, but in Clun it is at the very top of the town, in Bishop's Castle at the very bottom. In the matter of church attendance let us not pretend to say which carries off the palm. Nevertheless, from a purely physical point of view, there can be no question in which of the two the devout parishioners are entitled to the greater credit. Clun Church, elaborately rebuilt according to the straitest sect of the Normans—for excellent Norman it was in the beginning, as portions of the massive tower still testify—were it anywhere else, would command attention and admiration. Being where it is, however, far from populous resorts and railways, it has necessarily been seen and admired of very few. Indeed, one is almost tempted to doubt whether the handsome sum which must have been produced in this case to pay the architect and builder might not have secured the greater happiness of a greater number had it been diverted into other channels. So magnificent a temple in such a poor little town is, to say the least, somewhat incongruous. But it is an age of incongruities, and white elephants are multiplying daily.

By far the most interesting feature of Clun, not even the quasi-cathedral itself excepted, is the hospital. This word, like so many others in our language, has lost a good deal of its original significance, and has come to be applied to only one branch of its etymological programme. Anyone who has a taste for words and their meanings may make a long list of terms whose true scope has, in the course of generations, been narrowed down to very rigorous limits. There is nothing, for example, in the etymology of a stationer to confine him

to exclusive dealings in pens, ink, and paper, and their offshoots ; or in that of an undertaker to connect him with the profession which in these days alone claims the title ; or in that of the doctor to associate him specially with physic and the adjustment of broken bones, with which indeed etymologically he has no concern whatever. We may add almost indefinitely to the catalogue of similarly restricted nouns. For our present purpose, however, it is enough to mention that "hospital" is a case in point, and in the Clun connection means rather "hospice" or "almshouse." It was founded early in the seventeenth century by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, and maintains some twelve or fourteen bedesmen and a warden. The former are selected from the parishes of Clun, Bishop's Castle, and Churchstoke. Each man has two rooms to himself, and is provided with a garden, fuel, clothing, and ten shillings a week—no mean subsidy for the evening of a peasant's life. Some few have in their time been small farmers, but the majority have laboured in a humbler capacity, and must feel it rather a promotion than a confession of poverty to be elected on so comfortable a foundation. Naturally enough they are apt to live to a great age. A year or two ago a patriarch of ninety-six might be seen there, who bore this terrible weight of years not only with equanimity but with absolute cheerfulness, and, as they have it in the vernacular, was "peart" and "heart-well" to the last. A little gossip with such veterans, whose hands are horny with the toil of a life-time, is always entertaining. They are inclined, no doubt, like their so-called betters, to enlarge each on his own pet grievance, but in exchange for a little sympathy they are mostly able and willing to yield a store of local knowledge. Few of them have ever ranged further afield than "Sose-bury," as the capital becomes on their tongues ; many not beyond the Hundred. But they can tell you the history of almost every acre that has passed under their ken, the rise and fall of many a "proud Salopian," and the manners and customs prevailing when the century was in its teens. And Shropshire being especially rich in folk-lore, their reminiscences are not without value—at any rate in the eyes of those who have a fondness for the light, or the darkness, according to the point of view, of other days. The aged foundationer already alluded to had a green memory for the old times, which, in his case, were almost ancient history. He indeed, with his pleasant babble of green fields, and what within his own phenomenal recollection had come to pass in them, has now taken his place with the other "rude forefathers of the hamlet"—*abijt ad plures*—but his mantle has doubtless fallen on some other venerable shoulders.

Those who are familiar with the chronicles of Barsetshire must needs be struck by the family likeness subsisting between this Clun foundation and Hiram's Hospital. There is the same trim garden and lawn, the same number of bedesmen, the same quadrangle, the same warden. By a trifling stretch of imagination we can conjure up the plaintive echo of Mr. Harding's violoncello, or picture Archdeacon Grantly haranguing the pensioners. But here the resemblance comes to an end. The warden's income is very far from approaching the handsome figure which caused so much embarrassment to Trollope's hero, and the question of its extravagant amount is never likely to be canvassed in the columns of the "Daily Jupiter." The bedesmen may have their grievances, but they can scarcely be on the score of misappropriation of the hospital funds.

If Trollope ever did visit Clun and transfer this particular feature to Barchester, he must have been greatly edified, in his capacity of P.O. Inspector, by the arrangements here prevailing for the delivery of letters. The correspondence of the town may not be heavy or of extraordinary importance, but even so it is what the Germans would call a little *auffallend* to witness the daily distribution of it from door to door by an ancient dame, whose sole receptacle for her Majesty's mails is a butter-and-eggs basket carried featly on the left arm in the approved market fashion.

The antiquary may possibly derive some pleasure from the ruins of Clun Castle ; the landscape-painter, however, will derive more, for it makes a striking foreground albeit its architectural features are nearly obliterated. The mere lover of a pleasant spot, where he may recline *sub tegmine fagi*, and listen to the babbling brook or watch the manœuvres of the daws and tree-creepers, will probably derive most of all. To examine a dilapidated stronghold, even though it date from Norman times, and laboriously rebuild it in the mind's eye, is to the general run of holiday-making mankind a weariness and vexation. To attempt to reproduce its outward charm by means of pencil and pigment is a sorry jest save for those who are pretty sure of their hold on colour and perspective. But to be content to take it as we find it, without prying into its antecedents, of which we can never hope to formulate an infallible record, or reducing it to the requirements of a drawing-block—this is the true recipe for enjoying its manifold beauties. It may be admitted at once that the castle at Clun is not a show-place like that at Ludlow, Raglan, or Chepstow. Perhaps the most that can be said of the ruin as it now stands is that it exhibits the potentialities of a castle, and the county chronicles place beyond all doubt the fact of its existence when all the world,

or at least all the English world, was young, in respectable if not in splendid circumstances. The details of its history, as of the history of many far more pretentious wrecks, have long since passed away beyond the possibility of recovery. Each of us may supply them as best suits his temperament, but we must do it for ourselves. Yet while we sit on the rude bridge, where, as we trudge from Bishop's Castle Clun-ward, it first breaks upon our view, we must surely be compact of strangely Bæotian stuff if we cannot see in its crumbling walls and buttresses something more than a mere collection of Shropshire stones—stones indeed, but with a sermon in every one of them.

This same castle is said by the chroniclers to have been originally built by the noble family of Fitz-Alan, whence it descended by marriage in the fulness of time to the no less noble house of Howard, and the Duke of Norfolk is Baron of Clun unto this day.

"Clune Forest," writes Gilpin, "deserves ever to be remembered in British annals as the scene where Caractacus is supposed to have made his last noble stand against the Romans. Having resisted them nine years with various success, and being now pushed to extremity, he fortified himself on a hill in this forest. Tacitus (Ann. xii. 33 sqq.) tells the story at length. Ostorius led his legions against him. The British camp was forced, and, through treachery, the gallant chief was delivered to his conqueror. At Rome, says the historian, the senate considered the triumph over Caractacus as splendid as those over Syphax and Perses." The passage in Tacitus, which extends over half a dozen chapters, is highly eulogistic of the bearing of the unfortunate British chief on his arrival, it may be supposed, in chains at Rome. His dignified speech (in excellent Latin, and reported *verbatim*) induced the emperor Claudius to pardon both him and his wife and his brothers. What measure of liberty they afterwards enjoyed we do not gather from the text very clearly, but, at least, they are spoken of as *vinclis absoluti*. The daughter of the brave Briton likewise took part in the triumph of Ostorius, and it is to be hoped that she was allowed to share the subsequent amnesty. But, although her presence on the occasion is expressly mentioned, the catalogue of those who profited by the emperor's clemency does not record her name as included in the list.

The actual spot in Clun Forest designated as the scene of the treacherous capture of Caradoc is a hill a little to the south of the village. It is still known as *Caer Caradoc*, and the learned in such matters maintain that it bears the traces of a large fortified camp.

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common to other counties and omit a good many that are certainly peculiar to her own. She has contrived, however, to fill no less than three octavo volumes with her provincialisms, authentic and other-
 Eyton's "Antiquities," the standard work on the subject, is one of the very best of county histories, much sought after by collectors, yet difficult to come by at anything like a moderate price. Minor chronicles are to be counted by the score. A favourite theme is the history of the old families, of which there are many, whose annals may be traced back to times almost antediluvian. "Not all the blood of all the Howards" is ichor blue enough for the "proud Salopian" when he bethinks him of the hyper-cerulean fluid that courses through the veins of some of his own neighbours. *Stem-mata quid faciunt?* is no motto for him. In short, the local literature would form a respectable library in itself, for almost every district has had its historian and scarcely a topic has been left uninked.

Nevertheless no one has yet arisen to do justice to the Hundred of Clun; nor Gilbert White has hitherto been found to write its history, whether natural or artificial. But it offers many Selbornes, and its parishes are all of them at least as interesting as that which was fortunate enough to possess the prince of village historians. In these pages we have noticed but a few of the more prominent places. We have revealed nothing of many which are nevertheless each deserving of notice. Yet enough, perhaps, has been said to show that, given a love of the open air, an average capacity of locomotion on ten toes, eyes to see, and a heart to be thankful, a holiday-maker may do worse than explore the region here briefly indicated. Some years ago a book was published for the benefit of those who were supposed to have exhausted all the recognised playgrounds of Europe. It was called "Try Lapland." Lapland has been tried and found not altogether satisfactory. It might be worth while to look nearer home, and after investigating with due diligence the charms of South Shropshire to indite yet another volume bearing the amended title "Try the Hundred of Clun."

ARTHUR GAYE.

ANTHONY À WOOD.

CONTEMPORANEOUS with garrulous Master Samuel Pepys and gentle John Evelyn, there lived at Oxford a certain Master of Arts of Merton College, who appears to have been as diligent a diarist in his way as either of them, but whose pages are as little known to the general reader as theirs are familiar to even Macaulay's "every schoolboy"—which youngster, it may be parenthetically observed, appears to exist only to embody the opposite extremity of information to that possessed by Dickens's "oldest inhabitant," who, "never remembered anything," whereas the great historian's schoolboy is assumed to have known and remembered everything. Born, bred, and buried by the banks of the Isis, Anthony à Wood's sphere of life was naturally limited, as compared with that of either Pepys or Evelyn, and we can only hope to derive from him some glimpses of life and character in the University city and its colleges ; yet, indeed, from the dry husks of his pages may be winnowed many goodly grains of quaint social detail, and many curious scraps of information respecting personages who have become historical. Born in 1630, and living until 1695, our diarist's were stirring times. The wars of the Cavaliers and Roundheads, the execution of Charles I., the Commonwealth, the "Glorious Restoration," the accession and subsequent flight of James II., the reign of William and Mary—this was the panorama of events which unfolded itself to his view, and it would have been strange, indeed, if Wood had found himself at a loss for materials to fill his daily page. A devoted and laborious antiquarian, and a most painstaking, if somewhat acrimonious biographer, his name survives only through his "Historia et Antiquitates Oxonienses" and the "Athenæ Oxonienses." Of the man himself but little outside testimony exists, and what does, certainly tends to present him in the light of an eccentric, censorious, and sour-minded recluse. Indeed, his own nephew speaks of him as "a wonderful pryer," who "wore his hat over his eyes, seemed to take notice of nothing, and to know nothing, and yet he took notice of everything and knew every-

thing ;" while Wood himself more than once complains of having been called "a listener at key-holes," and it is regrettable to find him "expelled the common room, and his company avoyded as an observing person, and not fit to be present where matters of moment were discussed." These characteristics agree but ill with the dignity proper to the carriage of the historian of Oxford University ; though they are qualities not altogether unserviceable in the case of a diarist.

With these personal matters, however, we have no present concern, as this article only proposes to furnish a few gossiping extracts from his journals, picked out at random, and given in Wood's own words. A staunch Royalist in riper years, he had several opportunities, when a schoolboy at Thame, of witnessing skirmishes between the King's troops and the "rebells." Under the year 1645, he gives a graphic description of how the latter were surprised in that village by the cavaliers from Oxford, winding up with an incident which naturally impressed itself upon the juvenile mind. After telling us how the victors "seized on the cloaks and goods of the rebels, while some of the said rebels (who had locked themselves up in the church) were beholding out of the church windows what they were doing," he proceeds : "On the day before (Saturday) some of the said rebels that lodg'd in the school-house had been progging for venison—in Thame Park, I think—and one or two pasties of it were made and newly put into the oven before the cavaliers entered the house. But so it was, that none of the said rebels were left at eleven of the clock to eat the said pasties, so their share fell among the school boyes that were sojournors in the said house." A little later on we read that the boys were allowed "free libertie" to witness the defeated Royalists march out of Borstall, having first been strictly admonished that "not one of them should either tast any liquor or eat any provision in the garrison ; and the reason was for feare the royal partie . . . should mix poyson among the liquor or provision that they should leave there." The ensuing midsummer Wood sees the garrison of Oxford surrender, as did most of the royal garrisons "this yeare, occasioned by the fatal battle of Naseby, wherein," as he laments, "the King and his partie were in a woful manner worsted." He, in the same place, draws a pitiful picture of the effect of the Civil War upon the seat of learning in which he dwelt. Although many of the inhabitants had amassed wealth during the sojourn of the court in Oxford for several years, the students and young men of the city he found to have been sadly "debauch'd by bearing -armes and doing the duties belonging to

soldiers, as watching, warding, and sitting in tipling-houses for whole nights together." And as he mentions the execution for highway robbery of two disbanded Royalist officers, we may well believe that the cavaliers were reduced to sore straits during the earlier years of the Commonwealth.

While an undergraduate of Merton, in 1647, our diarist assisted at a singular Shrove-Tuesday celebration. After supper, the Fellows having withdrawn from the common hall, every freshman was caused to "plucke off his gowne and band" and, "if possible, to make himself look like a scoundrell." Having obligingly complied thus far, he was placed upon a form "in order to speake some pretty apothegme, or make a jest or bull, or speake some eloquent nonsense." If the Verdant Green of the period "came off dull, or not cleverly," he was visited with the penalty of "tucking" by one of the "forward or pragmatistical seniors," which operation, we will permit Master Wood to explain, was performed by "setting the nail of their thumb to his chin, just under the lipp, and by the help of their other fingers under the chin they would give him a mark which sometimes would produce blood." After this agreeable stimulant to wit the hapless "undergrad" was given to drink of "some cawdel and some salted drink," or "salt put in college beere," according as his essay had been adjudged "indifferent" or dead "dull." Wood himself "came off" well, having been regaled with "a good dish of cawdel" and promoted to a place among the seniors, who "gave him sack" at the conclusion of his speech. Our readers may be interested to learn what manner of oration was thus rewarded. We believe that the opening sentence will suffice to appease their curiosity. It runs as follows: "Most reverend seniors,—May it please your gravities to admit into your presence a kitten of the muses, and a meer frog of Helicon, to croak the cataracts of his plumbeous cerebrosity before your sagacious ingenuities," &c., &c. Wood evidently regarded this composition with pride, for he bewails his inability to reproduce it *in extenso* on the ground that the manuscript was "borrowed of him by several of the seniors," who "imbezel'd" it. The custom referred to had, he says, "been used in the college time out of mind to initiate the freshmen," but was neglected and forgotten in his later years. Social entertainment of quite another description was to be obtained by the collegians at the abode of one "Jacob, a Jew, who (1650) opened a coffey house at the Angel in the parish of S. Peter in the east, Oxon, and there it [coffee] was by some, who delighted in noveltie, drunk." Of this apostle of the gospel according to chicory we are further told that "when he left Oxon he sold it in

old Southampton Buildings in Holborne, neare London," and Wood speaks of Wren as one of his regular customers.

Turning from the humours of University life to the terrors of war, our author hands down a grimly realistic glimpse of the measures taken to "pacificate" Ireland in 1649. His eldest brother, Captain Thomas Wood, took part in the storming of Tredagh, and through him we hear how the victorious soldiery burst into the vaults of the churches "where all the flower and choicest of the women and ladies had hid themselves." One of these ill-fated females, "a most handsome virgin, arrai'd in costly and gorgeous apparel, kneeled downe to Tho. Wood, with teares and prayers to save her life; and, being stricken with a deep remorse, [he] tooke her under his arme . . . with intentions to put her over the works to shift for herself; but a soldier, perceiving his intentions, ran his sword" through her. At which piece of savagery the gallant captain's remorse appears to have given way to a more practical feeling, for the narrative proceeds: "whereupon Mr. Wood, seeing her gasping, took away her money, jewells, &c., and flung her downe over the works," &c. Another change of scene discovers Anthony à Wood endeavouring to "drink his ague away," upon the suggestion of his host, a merry though ignorant rustic. They proceed to the alehouse, "set hand to fist and drink very desperately"; but all to no purpose. The young Oxonian's stomach suddenly relieves itself of its unwonted load, and he is forced, "after he had spent three shillings," as he ruefully chronicles, "to lead his landlord home, notwithstanding he had put into Mr. Wood's cup tobacco." The honest rustic "who thought that the ague was a little spirit or devil that had got within" Wood, subsequently recommended the patient "to go into the water and drowne it, . . . or row hastily from it and leave it to shark for itself." Embracing the opportunity of airing his classical attainments, Master Wood replied that this was a Pythagorean opinion; "at which hard word being startled, he [the rustic] thought it was none of his [Wood's], but the little devil within him that sent it out of his mouth." In these times superstition seems to have been as blind as public charity was cold, if we may judge from an instance given where, in Oxford, a poor man died in the streets of frost and hunger. "He began to die," says Wood, "in St. Clement's parish, but the parishioners discovering it . . . carried him to the tower of St. Peter in the East, and so save the parish 2 or 3 shillings to bury him." This was in the winter of 1679. Is such brutal insensibility altogether unheard of in the present year of grace?

Human nature, indeed, is much the same now as it was a couple

of centuries back. It is certain, at any rate, that Cupid is no blinder than he was then, for our author relates the sad tragedy of "a handsome maid" living in Cat Street, who, being deeply in love with a Junior Fellow of New College, "poisoned herself with ratsbane." He goes on to explain that "this is mentioned because it made a great wonder that a maid should be in love with such a person as he." Wood obliges us with some details of this gallant's appearance, and, amongst other things, sets him down as having "a curl'd shag pate, was squint-ey'd and purblind," and, most curious of all, "much deformed with the smal pox." The "handsome maid's" conduct was evidently altogether beyond Wood's comprehension; but then we must remember that he timorously avoided all feminine society, "and regarded celibacy as a virtue"; so that he was clearly not entitled to an opinion on the matter.

In connection with one James Quin, who was fortunate in the possession of a fine bass voice, and unfortunate in having been expelled his college by the "Visitors" of the Commonwealth, it is pleasantly recorded that, having the good fortune to sing before Cromwell, "who loved a good voice," the Protector "liquor'd him with sack," and said, "Mr. Quin, you have done very well; what shall I doe for you?" To which the chorister replied, begging "that your Highness would be pleased to restore me to my student's place at Ch. Church"; and we have Wood's authority for saying that this "his Highness" accordingly did. There is small room for doubting the authenticity of this story, and Wood must have been writing considerably against the grain in handing it down to us, for he elsewhere never loses an opportunity of having a fling at Cromwell. Among the illustrious men with whom our diarist was at Oxford was the author of the "Essay on the Human Understanding." His portrait is sketched off with a very hard and unsympathetic quill in the following lines: "This Jno. Locke was a man of turbulent spirit, clamorous, and never contented. The class wrote and took notes from the mouth of their master . . . but the said J. Locke scorned to do it; so that while every man besides was writing he would be prating and troblesome." We have all read of the drunken frolic of Sir Charles Sedley, Lord Buckhurst, and other young bloods of the Restoration, who wound up their orgie in Bow Street by Sedley's stripping himself naked, and "with eloquence preaching blasphemy to the people"; but the sequel to the story is not so generally known. The mad-brained baronet was fined five hundred pounds, "and (we are quoting Wood) desired Mr. Hen. Killigrew and another gent. to apply themselves to his Majestie to get

it off." Instead of doing this the "gents." begged and obtained the money for themselves; and—alas for human faith and friendship!—when the time for payment came, "would not abate S^r Charles two pence of the money." After this, it is gratifying, though by no means surprising, to find that Sir Charles Sedley "grew very serious." Apropos of noblemen in their cups, we find in the diary a paragraph referring to the youthful excesses of Charles, Duke of Richmond, natural son of Charles II. This young gentleman, Wood, with his usual plain-speaking, describes as "a most rude and debauched person, who kept sordid company, and having employed a little crook'd backed taylor named Herne, he would often drink with him and quarrel." A discreditable pastime, indeed! and one which might have been expected to bring about its own cure, for the account goes on to say that "the taylor, being too hard for him, would get him downe and bite his eare." As, however, this appears under a date at which it is certain that the young duke was not at Oxford, let us hope that there may be some mistake about the matter.

Quite another sort of acquaintance was "Master Will Prynne," the worthy who lost his ears under the Star Chamber rule of the first Charles, and who could have told Wood some stories worth hearing about Hampden, "The Five Members," and the Ship-money battle between the Commons and the Crown. Coming to London in 1667 to examine some documents amongst the State Papers in the Tower, the Oxford historian called on Prynne "at his lodging in Lincoln's Inn." The sturdy old Parliamentarian was at that time Keeper of the Records, and appears to have received Wood very graciously, though the latter—generally, it must be conceded, difficult to please—finds fault with his "old fashion compliments, such as were used in the raigne of K. Jam. I." ; nor does Prynne's "old fashion" attire, comprising a "black taffaty-cloak, edg'd with black lace at the bottom," appear to have been to his taste. Prynne obligingly conducted our diarist to the Tower on the following morning, and a notable walk it was that they had through the City, "then lying in ruins" from the Great Fire of the preceding year. Wood's antiquarian eagerness to bury himself amongst the papers of which he was in quest seems to have been sorely tried that morning, for he petulantly complains of his ancient companion's "meeting with several citizens, and prating with them," to the great loss of time and patience on the part of the Oxonian. On his next visit to London he rode in "the flying coach," which, as he records with wonderment, "left Oxford at six in the morning, and at 7 at night they were all set downe in their inn at London." Ten shillings was the fare, and

considering the condition of the roads in those days, the "flying coach's" performance was by no means a despicable one. Wood certainly thought it worth chronicling, and we will not question his judgment. Many more noteworthy extracts might be made from Anthony à Wood's pages, but failing space warns us to close the book, which we shall accordingly do after reproducing his account of a remarkable incident, given under the date 1693. It relates to the appearance at "the King's Bench in Westminster Hall" of a certain "young woman in man's apparel . . . who was found guilty of marrying a young maid, whose portion she had obtained, and was very nigh being contracted to a second wife : divers of her love letters were read in court," which, as we may well believe, "occasioned much laughter." This daring deceiver did not escape the penalty of her misdeeds, for the entry closes with the statement that "upon the whole, she was ordered to Bridewell, to be whipped and kept to hard labour till further orders."

Wood died in 1695, after having had his later days greatly embittered by a prosecution instituted against him by the Earl of Clarendon on the score of libels upon that nobleman's father contained in the "*Athenæ Oxonienses*." Wood, in his biographies, mentioned one or two instances of men who were unable to obtain preferment under Clarendon through "not having given money to the then Lord Chancellor"; and alleged that Sir John Glynne was made eldest serjeant-at-law "by the corrupt dealing" of the same high functionary. There is good reason for supposing that these charges rested upon hard facts ; but the historian was heavily fined, "banished" his college, and his book publicly burnt. He bequeathed his valuable and numerous manuscripts, pedigrees, diaries, and papers to the Ashmolean Museum, where much of his autobiographical materials seem to have escaped the attention of the general student until some forty years since, when the Ecclesiastical History Society of Oxford printed his "*Life*," founded upon his diaries, and most exhaustively edited. It is from the text of this volume that our extracts have been derived, and to it we must refer any reader who may desire to improve upon the introduction afforded by this article to the gossiping society of the old diarist.

T. L. CLAY.

SOME STAGE EFFECTS: THEIR GROWTH AND HISTORY.

THOSE who are in anyway prone to look at things in their superficial aspect will at once be sorely tempted to rank the present subject among the many quietly tabooed as too trivial for serious scientific consideration. In reality, however, an exhaustive treatment of the matter is justified by the wide bearing it possesses on a question of interest to all who desire the welfare of the drama.

Old playgoers, with retentive memories, will readily call to mind the great critical outburst evoked some thirty years or so ago by the growing managerial tendency to emulate the example of Charles Kean in regard to a lavish and scrupulously complete *mise-en-scène*. It was not unjustly thought that the new system would prove inimical to the interests of living authors, or at best would only lead to the creation of "a breed of spurious pieces in which the whole function of the dramatist should be to act as showman to the tailors and the scene-painters." Unfortunately, when the remonstrants found that not a single manager deviated a hair's-breadth from his course, they changed their tactics and adopted the disastrous principle of systematically disallowing the potency and usefulness of scene-painter and carpenter. Such effeminate spitefulness could only have one result. It recoiled severely upon the honest cause it was championing. Literary men of eminence soon began to hug the delusion that it was no longer necessary to examine the conventionalities, restrictions, and general mechanism of the theatre in order to write a good play. Then failure trod upon the heels of failure, until the temporary separation which the rise of spectacle certainly *had* occasioned between literature and the drama became complete divorcement.

Even those who take it upon them to record the literary history of the drama cannot afford to walk in complete ignorance of the progress made in minor theatrical detail. Why? Because, ever since the days of the Restoration, dramatic authorship and stage carpentry have had a marked and, on the whole, beneficial influence on one another. Authors from time to time have found themselves

terribly hampered by the limits of stage mechanism, and this has led to efforts on the parts of theatrical directors towards smoothing over the difficulties attendant upon the playwright's craft. Thanks to this reciprocity a double action has been going on, which has improved *mise-en-scène* and methods of scene-shifting on the one hand, and simplified dramatic construction on the other. By way of illustrating some of the trivial discomforts under which the playwright suffered in the palmy days, and of outlining the progress made during the present century, I would draw attention to one of the charges which Colman brought against John Kemble in his celebrated suppressed preface to "The Iron Chest." The play had proved a failure when first performed at Drury Lane in 1796, owing to extraordinary carelessness on the part of the manager. Colman was naturally indignant, and wrote as follows in the course of his preface: "My doubts, too, of this boasted care were not a little increased by a note which I received from the prompter, written by the manager's orders, *three hours* only before the first representation of the play; wherein at this late period my consent was abruptly requested to a transposition of two of the most material scenes in the second act; and the reason given for this curious proposal was that the present stage of Drury, where the architect and machinist, with the judgment and ingenuity of a Politician and a Wit to assist them, had combined to outdo all former theatrical outdoings, was so bunglingly constructed that there was not time for the carpenters to place the lumbering framework, on which an abbey was painted, behind the representation of a library, without having a chasm, of ten minutes in the action of the play, and that in the middle of an act."

Look again at the old-fashioned melodramatic system of writing front, or what are technically known as carpenters' scenes—mere halting-places, filled up with irrelevant buffoonery to fritter away time on behalf of the scene-shifters. No author in his senses would ever have delayed the telling of his story so ridiculously unless he had been compelled so to do by the limits of the theatre. But modern scenic principles have changed all that. No longer does the author find it necessary to pose as an apologist for the deficiencies of the scene-painter. To see the vast progress made in this way it is only necessary that one should call to mind some popular melodrama of thirty years ago, and compare its lumbering evolution with the admirable and rapid sequence of events in the last two acts of "In the Ranks," where the story is hastened to an end almost panoramically. On these grounds it will not, therefore, prove a useless task to consider the progress made in certain stage effects during the present century,

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with the idea of tracing, where possible, the probable influence of these improvements on dramatic construction and stage work in general.

Suppose we begin with the theatrical career of the panorama. Between twenty and thirty years previous to the time when panoramas and dioramas became popular as distinctive features of London amusements, scenic devices of a similar nature had been effectively introduced in the annual Drury Lane pantomimes by Stanfield and Roberts. The two great painters began their work in this way as early as the year 1822, and were succeeded in this particular branch of scene-painting about the year 1839 by Charles Marshall and the Grieves. Little time elapsed before some crude attempts were made elsewhere to utilise panoramic scenery in more pretentious forms of theatrical art than mere holiday entertainments. Fitzball's dramatisation of "The Epicurean," produced at the Adelphi early in December 1828, is a noteworthy case in point. In this stirring version of Moore's weird story the voyage up the Nile to Antinoe was admirably presented before the eyes of the spectators by a skilfully painted panorama, the work of two clever artists named Tomkins and Pitt. As typical of the widespread influence of Stanfield and Roberts's innovation, it may be mentioned that an effect similar in many respects to the one just described was introduced in a dramatisation of "The Red Rover," produced at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, late in February 1828. The many clever nautical illusions in this play, given by means of a panoramic background, were so new to America that the audience was frequently cajoled into believing that the ship was actually in motion. Perhaps, however, the boldest use of this device was that made by Stanfield when Macready revived "Henry V." at Covent Garden in the spring of 1839. For the opening of each act the great scene-painter supplied dioramic illustrations of the storming of Harfleur, the Battle of Agincourt, and the view of Southampton, with the departure of the fleet, and thus set a precedent which has largely been taken advantage of by subsequent Shakespearean revivalists. The day had come at last, whether for better or worse, when the trumpet-tongued Chorus was no longer needed to play the rôle of apologist and pray the audience to

Still be kind

And eke out our performance with your mind.

Phelps, in his Sadler's Wells revival of "Timon of Athens," in September 1851, made excellent use of a series of panoramic views painted by Fenton, illustrative of the March of the General's army. And in "Pericles," at the same house, under the same management,

in October 1854, a similar method was employed to great advantage in portraying the Voyage to the Temple of Ephesus. It may be doubtful policy this putting of old wine into new bottles, but it is certainly singular that no dramatist of repute lends himself so admirably to panoramic illustration on the stage as Shakespeare. But we have now arrived at a period when the diorama was coming into vogue as a separate form of metropolitan entertainment, and by virtue of its popularity was giving an impetus to kindred forms of scenic art in the theatre. Thus, Planché's Lyceum Easter piece of 1854 presented a diorama after the manner of Grieve and Telbin's famous "Overland Route"; and an Adelphi burlesque produced at the same time had a similar scenic parody. Considering the tenor of the times, little wonder need be expressed that Charles Kean, in giving his splendid revival of "Henry VIII." at the Princess's Theatre in May 1855, saw fit to include among his many scenic achievements a panorama of London as it appeared at the period of the christening of the Princess Elizabeth.

The use of a panoramic background to give the illusion of motion in a railway train was, I believe, first made by Mr. Sefton Parry in a sensational drama written by him for the Holborn Theatre some thirteen years ago. One very important detail was, however, overlooked in this scene—the revolution of the wheels. Perhaps the most complete scene of the kind was that shown by the Hanlon Lees in "Le Voyage en Suisse," where the illusion would have been perfect had it not been for the extremely farcical nature of the accompanying action. Indeed, during the last seven or eight years (but more especially in 1881 and 1882) the panorama has been turned to excellent advantage on the boards. As an instance of the sensitiveness of the stage to outer forces it may be noted that Mr. William Beverley's picturesque arrangement of dummy horses and dead bodies in the battle scene of "Michael Strogoff," at the Adelphi in March 1881, was suggested by the ultra-realistic system adopted by the French painters in the panorama of "The Charge of Balaklava," as exhibited about the same time in Leicester Square. But this is a digression. In turning to ingenious applications on the stage of ordinary panoramic devices, our attention is first arrested by Mr. Henry Emden's novel effect in the Drury Lane pantomime of 1881-82—"Robinson Crusoe." The impression intended to be conveyed by this moving scene was that of Crusoe's voyage and shipwreck, and the spectator was clearly given to understand that he was gazing along the decks of the vessel from amidships towards the bow. The banks of the river Thames were painted on two panoramas

arranged in the form of the letter V, and the ill-fated vessel lay in the intervening space with her stem close up to the converging-point. The simultaneous movement of each panorama backwards satisfactorily gave the illusion of navigation to the spectator. Apart from this, great interest was centred in the picturesque beauty of the panoramas, which were skilfully graduated in the painting. Very soon the smiling river developed into one broad expanse of ocean with appalling billows and a frowning sky; anon a series of tremendous cliffs loomed ahead, and then, before one could say "Jack Robinson," the vessel struck on the rocks and went slowly to the bottom.

Among the many wonderful illusions which have been given on the boards by means of the panorama, not the least noteworthy was that presented at Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A., in a new play produced there in May 1882, called "Josiah Allen's Wife." Unfortunately the plot afforded but feeble excuse for this sensation, which was after all the one redeeming feature of the piece. The story of "Josiah Allen's Wife" was purely one of rural American life. Samantha Allen, heroine of the play (the part was performed by a starring low comedian), undertakes to carry an important letter a great distance in a very short time. At the beginning of the scene she is seen to leave her homestead and mount into an old country waggon. She takes the reins, starts the horse, and performs the entire journey at a breakneck pace, without horse or waggon ever leaving the sight of the audience. This novel scene was contrived in the following manner. Running from wing to wing before and behind the horse and waggon were two panoramas representing respectively a kind of low wall and the open country. In the intervening space an ingeniously contrived treadmill lay unseen of the audience on account of the wall in front. The two panoramas were connected with this by smoothly working machinery, and the whole was so well balanced that the trotting of the horse set everything in motion, and caused country houses, farms, forests, rivers, and ravines to fly by with an artistic realism seldom attained within the walls of a theatre. Strange to say the play failed to draw, and soon dropped out of sight.

No one who has studied the Wagnerian system of mounting and scene-shifting can fail to be impressed with the admirable use made of the panorama at the Bayreuth Theatre. In great measure it seems to have been adopted there to obviate the necessity of changing scenery in full view of the audience, or of dropping the curtain to make the necessary alterations. A characteristic illustration of Wagner's use of the panorama is afforded by "Parsifal," as performed at Bayreuth on July 30, 1882. The scene referred to

opens in the third act with a view of a pleasant meadow, from which the mind of the spectator is carried, as the scene becomes darker, to a tangled wood. Then ravines show themselves and impress the spectator with a marked sense of desolation. Soon the rocks, much to the spectator's relief, begin to bear signs of human hands, and little elapses ere he becomes aware that he is gazing into a vast cavity cut out of the barren mountain's side. The mind finds itself saturated with the idea that humanity lurks somewhere within this vast recess, so that no surprise is experienced when the scene finally exhibits the Sanctuary of the Grail in all its weird architectural splendour. It is difficult to give an exact impression of the effect produced in so many words, aided as it was by the gradual darkening of the scene and the remarkable appropriateness of the orchestral accompaniment. One thing is certain, however: the feeling conveyed could not possibly have been evoked by any other means.

As a further instance of the gratefulness of the panorama as a stage auxiliary, reference may be made to the Irish melodrama called "The Donagh," produced at the Grand Theatre, Islington, early in 1884, and afterwards played with success in the provinces. William Beverley's fine panorama of the Lakes of Killarney, naturally supposed to form one of the principal attractions of the piece, but its introduction was most artistically effected; and, indeed, by means of its use the journey performed by three of the *dramatic personæ* in a small boat was vividly portrayed, and the general interest in the play considerably heightened. But it is curiously illustrative of the conflicting nature of the scenic and purely human attractions in a stirring drama, and of the relative value of each, that one found oneself paying more attention to the conversation in the boat than to the picturesque beauties of the Old Weir Bridge, the Eagle's Nest, and O'Donoghue's Horse as depicted on the panorama.

More recently still frequent resort has been made here, there, and everywhere to panoramic devices on the stage. In the second act of a dramatisation of "Allan Quatermain," produced at San Francisco, November 7, 1887, a moving panorama was presented showing the perilous voyage of Quatermain's party through the subterranean canal to the land of the Sun Worshipers. Again, an effect almost similar to that which Phelps achieved, as we have seen, in "Pericles," was shown in the charming revival of "The Midsummer Night's Dream" at Daly's Theatre, New York, in February of the present year of grace. So admirably was the journey to Athens in the fourth act depicted by means of Mr. Henry E. Hoyt's ingeniously contrived

the first night made unmistakable appearance before the curtain.

application of the panorama to stage in the Asphaleian system now in Pesth Opera House. By this clever use of sky borders is completely done stage made to present an unbroken "horizon" is simply a semicircular panorama hoped by its means to be able to do anything that has yet been attempted in

comes up for our consideration is the modern melodrama—the double scene. The art, in condemning this device as it is purely the outgrowth of recent times, the double scene may or may not be the flavour of antiquity. Two hundred years in their worst form were very owing to the difficulty found in making and the consequent desire to crowd as at one and the same time. A scene with such a strangely incongruous one side of the stage, a bedchamber, on the other, and a magnificent palace that, so far as the English stage is concerned, is in vogue quite as early as the year 1776, by the text of Sir Samuel Tuke's *performances* at the Duke's Theatre pre-early inferred that the first scene of the present similar to that at present under the *mise-en-scène*, however, the custom to desuetude, and was well-nigh forgotten; or, the Novice of St. Mark's," December 1, 1808. A quaint arrangement of two characters in a double scene of this play, went so far towards effect-

scene presented—
ing its condemnation on the *première* that very considerable alterations had to be made offhand by the author. The scene exhibited a couple of cells in a castle dungeon separated in the middle of the stage by a massive wall. Josepha was incarcerated in the one and Venoni in the other. Each was supposed to be in perfect ignorance of the contiguity of the other, and yet both were so attentive to the

accommodation of the audience that when one spoke the other remained silent. This would have been all very well in its way had not the author seen fit to suspend all action until about thirty alternate soliloquies had been given off. The audience, thinking this sort of thing was never going to end, began to guy the actors, and the whole concluded in lamentable confusion. Happily for Lewis, the play was hailed with satisfaction when performed on the second night with several important alterations. After that its run was only interrupted by the burning of the theatre.

The foregoing stage set might well be called, for distinction, a double scene with perpendicular division. One of the earliest examples of the horizontal double scene was that which formed the entire mounting required in a trifle produced at the Haymarket towards the middle of August 1817, called "The Actor of all Work ; or, First and Second Floor." The sub-title of the piece is in itself a description of the setting of the scene. It was written to give scope to the versatile talents of Charles Mathews, who represented Multiple, an itinerant actor of all work. An engagement is in process of ratification between this worthy and Velinspeck, a theatrical manager. The latter, who is stationed in the first floor throughout, is much mystified at Multiple's swift changes of costume, mistaking him for the people he impersonates until enlightened. The audience, however, are in the secret throughout, as they can see Multiple disguising himself from time to time on the second floor.

But that the double scene in any shape or form was not popularised on the stage until fully twenty years after this date, is shown by an incident which transpired at the Surrey Theatre in 1833. Fitzball, in superintending the production of his hybrid play, called "Jonathan Bradford," had arranged that the murder scene in the inn (Act I. Sc. 5) should transpire in a double set. Such systems of mounting, however, were then so slightly known that it was only after considerable trouble that the actors could be taught their business. Even then they did not exactly comprehend what they were doing, and pronounced the whole affair so much arrant nonsense. Away and apart from this, the utility of the device as a help to the dramatist is shown by the success of Nestroy's "Die erste und die zweite Steigen," which, after meeting with a very popular reception at Vienna, found its way to Paris, and from thence to London. Its first appearance in English dress was made at the Lyceum in July 1846, as a comic drama entitled "Above and Below." The whole humour of the play hung upon the arrangement of the scene, which was similar to that adopted in "The Actor of all Work." In

this particular instance each floor was occupied by a separate family the upper being the *salon* of a wealthy Parisian banker, and the lower the unpretentious habitation of a poverty-stricken dealer in old clo'. With the two families in juxtaposition great mirth was aroused in the audience by the *équivoque* arising out of the natural conversation going on "above and below." Irrespective of this, the interest was retained from start to finish by numerous antithetical episodes in the action, of which perhaps the most noteworthy was the sudden reversal of fortune in the two families as shown by their exchange of floors. It must, of course, be apparent that only one thoroughly conversant with the limits of theatrical art on the one hand and the possibilities of stage-mounting on the other, could work out the idea here embodied to a successful issue. This is exactly where the knowledge of minor detail comes in handy.

It is curious how soon some stage effects become associated with one particular class of drama to which they are bound hard and fast. When Rachel appeared at the St. James's Theatre in July 1851, in MM. Auguste Magnet and Jules Lacroix's classical drama "*Valeria*," a double scene presented during the course of the performance was said by the critics to have lowered the play to the dull level of melodrama. Although bias, arising from the association of ideas, was at the bottom of this stricture, it cannot be gainsaid that melodrama is now the only legitimate domain of the double scene. In that popular phase of the drama it has always shown to best advantage, but never more so than when "*The Courier of Lyons*" first appeared in English dress at the Princess's Theatre in June 1854. Those who remember the episode of the raid on the Mail Coach may possibly call to mind that the stage set exhibited the inside as well as the outside of old Lesurgues' Inn, and so permitted of a double action being shown to the spectator when circumstances required.

During recent years seekers after novelty have pushed the system of divided scenery to the verge of scenic propriety. Playgoers are weary of the ordinary double scene, and managers must needs fall back on the four-room scene to tickle their jaded appetites. But they are treading on very dangerous ground. Stirring action may take place simultaneously in four different rooms, and the eye absorb most of the details without fatigue. Speech, however, must of necessity be limited, and the dialogue will halt in proportion to the number of subdivisions in the scene. In short, the grave defect of all such scenes is that they are liable to destroy stage illusion, and to give the spectator a hurtful insight into the mechanism of play-writing.

Happily only a very small proportion of the improvements effected in *mise-en-scène* during the last half century have had the same disastrous tendency. Remark, for instance, the artistic advancement made in the representation of mist or cloud scenes. When the spectacular afterpiece of "Almorán and Hamet" was produced at Drury Lane on April 8, 1822, the management could conceive of no better way to imitate a fog than by the fumes arising from brimstone. This *might* have conveyed the necessary illusion had the minds of the audience not been thoroughly engrossed with the idea that the prime intention of the spectacle-monger was to stifle one and all. The use of gauze curtains, however, as a means of producing cloud effects was by no means unknown at this period. When Pocock's musical version of "The Legend of Montrose" was brought out at Covent Garden on February 14, 1822, a beautiful scene was shown, without much rhyme or reason, depicting the region from whence the Children of the Mist took their name. On April 17 following another dramatisation of Sir Walter Scott's novel was produced at Bath, and proved a failure, although adorned with some very fine scenery. In announcing "Macbeth" for revival on February 3, 1823, the management of this historic old playhouse gave it to be understood that much of the scenery painted for "The Legend of Montrose" would be made use of in the tragedy, more particularly "that very celebrated scene 'The Dispersion of the Mist.'" The effect here spoken of was probably procured by means of gauzes. It was utilised in the third and fourth acts of "Macbeth," to give the witches a supernatural appearance by partially obscuring them while they indulged in Locke's music.

The employment of steam in the theatre as a means of representing cloud matter in motion was first made some ten or twelve years ago at the Munich Opera House. All that is required is an ordinary generator behind the scenes or underneath the stage, working in connection with a series of perforated pipes running below the boards. By turning on the steam-cocks a well-filled scene can at once be completely obscured from the vision of the audience. The device is simple enough in all conscience, and would be in every way perfect were it not that the hissing noise made by the escaping vapour has a tendency to destroy the illusion. Wagner included it in his eclectic scenic system, not so much from its mere gratefulness as a stage effect as from its usefulness in facilitating his endeavours to abolish the old-fashioned methods of shifting scenery in full sight of the audience. Thus many of the changes in "Das Rheingold," "Siegfried," and "Götterdämmerung" were made under cover

of a cloud created by the combined aid of steam and a series of fine gauze curtains. The vapour effect was first made use of in England at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1880. Owing probably to the trouble of fitting up the apparatus, and the few occasions arising for its legitimate introduction in the course of a performance, it has only been adopted in a few of our theatres. One provincial house, however, the Birmingham Theatre Royal, has laid the services of the steam curtain under contribution with considerable effect in all its pantomimes since the season of 1885-86. America, always in the van of enterprise where ingenuity is concerned, has lent herself more readily to the adoption of this device. Indeed, one or two great spectacular combinations touring the States and visiting small towns as well as large, actually travel with all the apparatus necessary for the production of the effect as part and parcel of their regular baggage.

As mention has been made from time to time of gauze effects, it may not be inadvisable, in concluding, to take into consideration some of the uses to which that material has been put in the theatre since De Louthembourg discovered its value as a stage adjunct. In a ballet entitled "Almaviva," produced at Paris about the year 1797, a dancing lesson was given on the stage, which, to all appearances had its reflection in a great mirror at the back of the scene. The real fact, however, was that the lady and her teacher were provided with "doubles," who had been thoroughly rehearsed in a reversed arrangement of the same steps. The dancers and their counterparts went through their evolutions back to back, with some considerable space between, in which a gauze curtain completed the illusion. When the audience came to learn how neatly they had been deceived, the mirror dance had great vogue, and has never really disappeared from the boards since.

Mr. F. C. Wemyss, an English actor, who resided for many years in America, relates a quaint incident in his Memoirs as having happened under his management at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. When everything was ready for the production of "The Red Rover," early in February of the year 1828, Mr. Chapman, the stage director, and another British importation to boot, desired the manager to expend fifty dollars on three gauze curtains, by means of which he engaged to create a rain effect that would make the audience look around instinctively for umbrellas. This suggestion was only offered at the rehearsal of the scenery on the night previous to the production, and it was not without considerable hesitation that Wemyss acceded to the demand. Now Chapman's idea was sensible enough in its way, but, owing to the lateness of the hour, the effect,

which was arranged to take place in a sea scene, could not be tried, and so proved a complete *fiasco*. The play had gone well until the juncture when Wilder and the women were rescued from their peril by a small boat. This was the cue for the downpour of rain, which, in the shape of gauzes, enshrouded everything in a fog. Unfortunately, however, Chapman had quite forgotten to arrange how the rain was to clear up, and the result was that the gauze curtains, after remaining stationary for some little time, had to go back from whence they came. This *contretemps* so far imperilled the success of the play that, had not several stirring incidents immediately followed, and changed the mood of the audience, its damnation would have been at once assured. The author's wrath, however, had to be appeased on the second night by the excision of poor Chapman's pet effect.

The frequent use of gauze curtains in modern Shakespearean revivals is well worthy of our attention, if only because it goes to show that the English stage had originated and popularised most of those clever devices which combine to make up the Wagnerian scenic system. The first noteworthy effect of this kind occurred at Sadler's Wells in May 1844, when Phelps inaugurated his memorable *régime* with a sound revival of "Macbeth." In the third scene of the opening act, where the venom, which is afterwards to rankle with fateful purpose in Macbeth's mind, is first instilled, the observant spectator might have noticed what appeared to be a long narrow strip of dark sand lying before the three witches. This was in reality a carefully folded gauze curtain made in gradually increasing thicknesses and drawn slowly upwards towards the close of the scene by fine cords which were rendered invisible by the dimness of the light. The movement at first was barely perceptible, but soon the figures of the witches seemed to be gradually melting into thin air, until at last they vanished altogether from sight without stirring hand or foot. Shakespeare's plays do not in every instance lend themselves equally well to modern methods of stage-mounting ; but, in this case, the imagination received material assistance from what was really nothing better than a sort of primitive conjuring trick. Charles Kean, in reviving the same tragedy at the Princess's Theatre in February 1853, took a leaf out of Phelps's book by enveloping the witches in gauze every time they appeared. Nay, he went further than this, and paved the way for Wagner, by making all his changes of scenery behind curtains of the diaphanous material and imparting to each transition the dreamlike effect of a dissolving view. Indeed, the partly contemporaneous *régimes* of Phelps and Charles Kean

were reciprocally influenced by one another in a manner which has proved very salutary for stage art. Thus, when Phelps revived "The Midsummer Night's Dream" in October 1853, he, too, indulged greatly in these harmonious changes of scene in which the scene-shifter's personality was not, as of old, obtruded upon the spectator. But the Sadler's Wells manager went beyond that, and achieved an effect too poetical in its nature for the eminently realistic mind of Charles Kean. The better to distinguish between the portions of the play which passed in the regions of fact on the one hand and of fancy on the other, the fairy scenes were shown through a curtain of green gauze, which shed its misty tone over everything, and subdued, as Professor Morley has well said, "the flesh and blood of the actors into something more nearly resembling dream figures." It was a feather in Phelps's cap that the lights were so admirably arranged that old theatrical hands could barely succeed in divining how the effect was produced. An inversion of the old Sadler's Wells vanishing trick, as introduced by Phelps into his revival of "Macbeth," was shown by Mr. Irving when the revised edition of "Faust" was first performed at the Lyceum, on Monday, November 15, 1886. Playgoers will readily call to mind that the transition from the newly added scene of the Witches' Kitchen to the heavy set of the Lorenz Platz occurred under cover of a series of gauzes, representing skyey vapour which floated down in front and passed through the stage. The immediate source of this effect was undoubtedly the Wagnerian music dramas. Here, too, the mere scenic adjuncts of the theatre play their part in showing that art is of no country. The Wagnerian scenic system owes much of its completeness to the improvements effected on our stage about the middle of the present century. It is not surprising that Wagner, having collected these scattered devices and systematised them, should now be possessing an influence on the precise source from which his inspiration was mainly derived.

In viewing the relationship of the goods and chattels of the playhouse to its literary externals one thing at least is well assured: Shakespeare himself would not have derided the aids to the imagination which many of our stage appliances now afford.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

ST. WINIFRED'S WELL AND HOLYWELL.

A FINER summer day never shone than that on which I started from my head-quarters at Chester on a pilgrimage to the fair town of Holywell, so named on account of the well of pure water which springs out of the freestone rocks, and which has been associated for centuries with the name of St. Winifred, "saint and martyr." Holywell lies, or rather stands, for it is fairly perched aloft, somewhat less than twenty miles from Chester on the way to Bangor and Holyhead, and the well itself is about two miles from the railway station. There is a brake or two awaiting every train; but if I don the pilgrim's shoon, I like to travel on foot; so I engage Shanks' mare and trudge up the dusty hill leisurely and quietly. I pass by some dozen mills and manufactories, which, I am told, are devoted to the bleaching of cotton and the rolling of copper; and I wonder what these profane structures have to do with a place of such holy and saintly memories. The connecting link, however, I find in the fountain and the stream which issues from it, and which turns a mill before it has gone twenty yards on its course between the hills into the valley below.

The story of St. Winifred is known to most readers of legends and ecclesiastical histories; but, though it is told at length by Alban Butler in his "Lives of the Saints," I will briefly repeat it here, leaving each of my readers to accept it as true or not as he or she listeth.

Winifred, then, was born of noble parentage, and brought up under the guidance of St. Beuno, who had built a church, near the present site of Holywell, for the religious instruction of others at the same time. The damsel seems to have possessed uncommon beauty; and a neighbouring chieftain, named Cradocus, having become smitten with her charms, made bold to woo her, but was repulsed. The maiden, having fled from her suitor, was pursued by Cradocus, who, disgusted with her affectation of horror, drew out his sword and with one blow severed her head from her body, which rolled down

the hill into the valley below. On the spot where it rested a copious spring of water instantly burst forth and irrigated the valley, which previously had been remarkable for its dryness. Nor was this all, for St. Beuno, "with a surgical skill not possessed by the faculty of the present day," took up the head, readapted it to the body, and after a few prayers the parts spontaneously reunited. The assassin is reported to have suffered the retaliating vengeance of Heaven; for, being struck dead by lightning, "the earth opened her jaws and swallowed at one mouthful the impious corpse."

Such is the story, told with much greater minuteness by Alban Butler than perhaps may suit the realism of the present day. When, however, a large deduction has been made on account of the superstition which prevailed when the story was first told, it seems to be historically true that some such tragic scene was enacted on this spot as that which sent the holy virgin St. Osyth out of this world into a better one, and led to the foundation of St. Osyth's Priory on the Essex coast, not very far from Colchester, some twelve centuries ago.¹

For centuries after the martyrdom of St. Winifred the spot to which I have led my readers continued to be regarded as holy, and was made the object of constant pilgrimages.

It was not until nearly the close of the fifteenth century that Queen Elizabeth, consort of Henry VII., erected the present exquisite bath, and the chapel above it, adorning it with the rich and elaborate tracery which marks the Perpendicular style. During the summer of 1687 the spot was visited by royalty in the person of James II.

The building stands over and covers in the spring, which "wells" constantly from out of the rocks below as pure and transparent as crystal. The water is very cold, and preserves nearly the same temperature in winter and in summer, showing that it has its birthplace deep down among the storehouses of Nature. Just below the spring are a couple of plunge-baths, about ten or twelve feet long, and from four to five feet deep. Here the believing and faithful pilgrims all through the summer months, and occasionally even when the days are colder and shorter, will be seen endeavouring to wash away their sins and to purify their skins with a fervour which really ought to bring down upon them some reward. And so it is; they come—at least many of them come—"in faith," and "according to their faith" it is "done unto them." *Possunt quia posse videntur*. Some of them, I am assured, come hither lame, and they walk away cured. In token of this I may add that the ceiling and the walls of the bath are

¹ See *Once a Week*, vol. ii. N.S. pp. 485-490.

hung on almost every side with crutches and models of legs and arms, and other visible signs of the gratitude of those who have here received, or, what is much the same, have fancied that they have here received, a cure, or at all events a benefit.

Far be it from me to suggest that all such pilgrims were foolish and deluded souls. I only wished the day that I was here that my faith had led me to take a plunge into the pure stream ; but the fact is that the water was too cold, and I am afraid that my faith was not much warmer.

The building which contains the well is of two storeys, and the upper chamber forms a small and beautiful chapel. It once consisted of a chancel as well as a nave, but the former is now boarded off and used for parochial purposes. Where the altar once stood I saw a clothing club being held, and a score of poor women paying their subscriptions to (I believe) the clergyman's wife. The windows, roof, and pillars of the chapel are very elaborately carved and ornamented.

The water, which boils up with great force, is received into a well of a polygonal shape, covered by a sort of colonnaded cupola, the groined roof of which is richly decorated with imagery. Some portion consists of grotesque figures ; others are parts of animals, allusive to the armorial bearings of the Stanley family ; and a ton with a hop plant issuing out of it, being the rebus of Elizabeth *Hopton*, wife of Sir William Stanley, indicates that this building must have been erected some time prior to 1495, her husband having been beheaded in that year. Some writers assert that it was built by Margaret, mother of Henry VII., but Grove, in his "Antiquities," from the style of the building, confutes that opinion. The chapel is in the Pointed style, and of a much older date, for it seems that in the reign of Richard III. "the abbot and convent of Basingwerk received from the crown ten marks yerely for the sustentacione and salarie of a prieste at the chappelle of St. Wynefride." ¹

Close to the eastern end of St. Winifred's Chapel stands the parish church. A century ago it was a small Early English building, as proved by the dwarf pillars which divided the nave from the side aisles, but which are now used to support modern galleries. The edifice having been enlarged and "beautified" in the eighteenth century, the reader may form his own estimate of its probable appearance.

The church and well are beautifully placed in the centre of a churchyard, which seems scooped out of the side of the hill, and reminds the travelled visitor of St. David's Cathedral, but of course on a smaller scale. Outside the gates are little shops where photo-

¹ *Harleian MSS.* Nos. 433 and 338.

graphs, rosaries, and other trinkets may be bought, reminding one of the scenes to be witnessed at Lourdes, at Paray-le-Monial, and Pontigny. The pilgrim mind is the same in all ages and in all countries, and it always seeks such mementoes of a visit in order to enable its possessor to realise the past and its tender associations.

A very beautiful walk down a shady valley of dwarf oaks and beeches, on the right hand of the sacred stream which turns the aforesaid mills, brings us along the line of Offa's Dyke to the ruins of Basingwerk Abbey, once a great Cistercian monastery, whose abbots were lords of the lands around Chatsworth. The refectory and a few fragments of the chapel and cloisters are still standing, and the mounds in the turf show pretty well how far the religious buildings extended before Henry VIII. laid his sacrilegious hands upon them. The monastic barns and outhouses are still there, but in a ruinous state of decay. On the green turf near the refectory I found lying among the nettles and uncared for a tombstone to the memory of one of the Lords Petre of "Ingerstone," Essex, dated in the seventeenth century ; but of all the other monuments scarce a fragment remains. Yet this is the house in which King Edward I. stayed for weeks, perhaps for months, while he was building his proud castles of Flint, Ruddlan, and Harlech to keep in awe the brave people whose prince, Llewellyn, he had conquered in battle, and to incorporate their country into his English dominions.

EDWARD WALFORD.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE SENSES AND THE INTELLECT.

THE axiom of Aristotle, that all ideas enter the mind by means of the external senses, has been exaggerated into the assumption that intellectual power is proportionate to the perfection of the external senses, and there was a time when this doctrine was seriously discussed. The case of Laura Bridgman, who was deaf and dumb and blind, and yet developed considerable intelligence, strikingly refuted this, and should be carefully considered by some of our modern philologists, who, like Prof. Max Müller, derive reason from language, or say "language = reason," language is equal to reason. Laura Bridgman could reason, and the reasoning was there in her dark, solitary, and silent state before her teachers enabled her to express it by tactile signs.

There is now living in America a girl named Helen Keller, who, like Laura Bridgman, has no communication with the outer world through the senses of sight or hearing. Nevertheless she is making good progress in the three "R's." Her education in these commenced at six years of age. In less than a month she learned to spell 400 words, and in three months could write a letter. She has mastered addition, multiplication, and subtraction, and knows something of geography. Her teacher is Miss Annie Sullivan, of the Perkins Institute, Boston. She is trained, of course, through the sense of touch alone.

As an example of the possible development of this sense, Dr. Carpenter in his "Mental Physiology" tells us that Laura Bridgman unhesitatingly recognised his brother after the lapse of a year from his previous interview with her by the "feel" of his hand.

There are some problems connected with the physiology of sensation which Miss Keller may help to solve, such as those concerning the evolution of vision and hearing by specialisation of the ordinary nerves of the skin. I witnessed some experiments on a blind man at the Hunterian Museum many years ago. He was able to estimate the size of the room and the varying distances of the different walls from the spot on which he stood; he evidently

obtained a mental picture somehow. He was known as "the Blind Traveller." His name, if I remember rightly, was Davidson. He had travelled on foot over a large part of England, walked freely through streets which he never traversed before, knowing the distance of the houses on each side, and could avoid large objects ; but when I asked him whether he was conscious of approaching a lamp-post, he replied that to his sorrow he was not.

He could not tell us how he obtained these mental impressions, and was doubtful whether the reflection of sound assisted him. Miss Keller will probably be able to settle this question, and tell us whether the sound waves or light waves from distant objects make any sensible impression on the skin.

ALUM IN BREAD.

CONSIDERABLE exaggeration has been perpetrated in reference to the adulteration of bread with alum. The quantity actually used is very small, and the question whether the term adulteration is fairly applicable to such addition is a debateable one. From the baker's point of view it is not an adulteration but an improvement. He is fairly justified in maintaining that, if the alum which he adds is an adulteration, so also is the salt and the baking powder which are added to home-baked bread.

According to Tomlinson the proportion of alum commonly used is but two ounces to a sack of flour, weighing 280 lbs. As one sack of flour is—with water—made into eighty 4-lb. loaves, the quantity of alum to each pound of bread is but $\frac{1}{160}$ th of an ounce, or $\frac{1}{2560}$ th part.

Oddly enough in this case the baker supposes himself to be more guilty than he really is. He purchases what is called "stuff," or "rocky," in packets, supposing it to be ground alum. Tomlinson finds that it consists of three parts of common salt to one of alum. Half a pound of this is added to the sack of flour.

The mode of action of this minute quantity of alum is a chemical conundrum not yet answered, but it actually does improve the appearance of the bread. Batch bread made of ordinary flour without alum has a lumpy fracture when the loaves are pulled apart, or the bread otherwise broken ; the alum renders the fracture more silky. I have recently observed that the batch, or household, loaves commonly sold in Edinburgh show a more silky and flat fracture than London loaves, and attribute this to the use of more alum. It

may be that the Scotch bakers prepare their own "rocky," omitting the common salt.

In Belgium and Northern France sulphate of copper is added to improve the appearance of bread; $\frac{1}{1500}$ th to $\frac{1}{3000}$ th part has a perceptible effect. It is said that the base of this and of alum combines with the gluten and renders it insoluble, but this theory does not explain the mystery of the efficacy of so small a quantity.

Pure flour contains alumina. Mr. A. H. Allen, comparing the results of his own analysis with those of other chemists, estimates the average quantity of natural alumina to correspond to about eight grains of alum in the 4-lb. loaf, which nearly corresponds to Tomlinson's allowance for the baker.

INDIA AND THE WORLD'S CURRENCY.

THE enormous importation of the precious metals to India, and their mysterious absorption there, have excited considerable anxiety among economists. During twenty-eight years ending April 1887, the amount of gold thus swallowed was £107,436,836, and of silver £208,805,342. This is sufficient to disturb the currency of the whole world, to lower prices in all countries, whether their value standards are gold, silver, or bi-metallic.

But why should India be so exceptionally absorbent of the precious metals? It is, doubtless, due to the inherited habits forced upon the low-caste millions by the military chieftains and brigand princes who ruled and looted with insatiable rapacity previously to the establishment of British rule. The wretched people could hold no wealth that could not be concealed, and, consequently, cemented precious stones, and coins of gold and silver, into balls of pitch and buried them in the ground. Secret hoarding of such material thus became a national institution, but it is already breaking up, as confidence in the honesty of the ruling power slowly grows.

The next stage of the natural evolution of such confidence will be that of investment in Government and other stocks. This will bring forth the hoarding of generations, and thus, if I am not mistaken, we shall ultimately find that the action of India on the supply of precious metals will be exactly the opposite to that which it has been heretofore. It will increase instead of diminishing the active supply, will raise instead of lowering general prices.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

"THE DEEMSTER" AND "BEN-MY-CHREE."

A STORY stronger in interest, more powerful in characterisation, and I am willing to believe more exact in archæological information and in local colour than "The Deemster" of Mr. Hall Caine does not often see the light. Altogether different are, however, the conditions of narrative and of dramatic art. When accordingly I heard that the author had turned his story into a drama, I was not sanguine as to the result. In the event my anticipations were realised. The central figure was sentimentalised, until his crime became shadowy and his punishment excessive. The psychology disappeared and the work became a melodrama, powerful, original, enthralling, but still a melodrama. Since its production the termination has had to be altered, the criminal goes unpunished, and the whole ends with a carillon of marriage bells. With this change the claim of the play to represent Mr. Hall Caine's novel disappears.

WHAT IS A TRAGEDY?

MR. HALL CAINE meanwhile, though accepting the required transformation of his work, disagrees with his critics as to the classification of his work. As originally produced, it was, he holds, a tragedy; only under the new disposition does it become a melodrama. The view that it was entitled to rank as a tragedy is with more ingenuity than accuracy extracted from Fletcher, the dramatist. Here are Mr. Hall Caine's own words: "The definition of the various forms of dramatic composition that is clearest, simplest, and of highest authority is, no doubt, that of John Fletcher, in his 'Apologetical Preface' to 'The Faithful Shepherdess.' There is a list nearly as long as that of Polonius in his description of the powers of the players that came to Elsinore. We gather that tragedy is a species of play which leads by a natural sequence of events to the death of the principal character." Accepting this definition, "Ben-my-Chree" would be entitled to rank as a tragedy. This, however, I cannot do. Fletcher gives no such definition, nor can any such be accepted. I will take any common authority on the subject. Putting on one side the customary references to *τράγος* and

ῥῥῥ, the Encyclopædic Dictionary defines tragedy as "a dramatic poem representing an important event . . . in the life of some person . . . in which the diction is elevated, and which has generally a tragic or fatal catastrophe." Professor Skeat calls it "a species of drama of a lofty and mournful cast." Latham's Johnson is content with "dramatic representation of a serious action." The last definition may include "Ben-my-Chree." "Lofty," however, in Professor Skeat, excludes it as definitely as the words "poem" and "elevated diction" in the Encyclopædic Dictionary. I do not seek to oppose formal pedantry to Mr. Hall Caine's ingenious pleading. Tragedy, however, still belongs to the "great houses." It is "Gorgeous Tragedy in sceptred pall," and presents "Thebes or Pelops' line." This has been the acceptation of tragedy throughout Europe. "Faust" is not, thus, a tragedy; it is "a dramatic mystery." Marlowe, it is true, calls the poem "a tragicall historie," Faustus's new position raising him to a species of kingship among men. This rendering is implied in the words lofty and elevated, which are customarily used in regard to tragedy, as it is in Milton's use of "sceptred pall," and it is in regard to this that I oppose Mr. Hall Caine's argument.

NOODLEDOM.

MORE people have heard of the Wise Men of Gotham than have read of their exploits. These have been chronicled in the form of chap-books, which, after being sown broadcast over the land, yield to that mysterious law of destruction which contrives that the things at one time the most plentiful shall in another be the rarest. The stories of the luminaries who built hedges to confine the cuckoo, and so forth, and of other fools and noodles, have found their laureate in Mr. W. A. Clouston, a well-known collector of folk-lore. "The Book of Noodles" has been added to the Book-Lover's Library, published by Mr. Elliot Stock. In this interesting work the stories of fools, preserved in well-known compilations, are illustrated by parallel stories from the literature of all nations. The value of comparative folk-lore is now granted, and a work dealing with a subject such as this appeals to a large public. Among the contents may be found a record of the people who in different countries—Bœotians, the Kabail, Scheldburgers, &c.—have incurred a reputation for excessive dulness of comprehension. Among these "Essex calves" are surely entitled to a place, as are the inhabitants of the fertile valleys of Champagne. "Quatre-vingt-dix-neuf brebis et un Champenois font cent bêtes," says a French proverb. Mr. Clouston's work is not more scholarly than entertaining.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

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THE HUNDREDTH VICTIM.

BY LUKE LOVART.

MANY years ago, when I was a young and unknown artist, as rich in health and hope as I was poor in purse, I was on my way—on foot, as usual—to that city which, alone of cities, has learnt the art of combining its thousand evil smells into one delicious odour—I mean, of course, Cologne. I had meant to sleep there for the night, but I had timed myself badly, and, in consequence, I found myself overtaken by nightfall while still some miles distant from the city. Not only so, but the roll of thunder in the Siebengebirge and the falling of huge drops of rain around me, warned me that a storm was approaching. It would never do to go on, so I looked round for shelter.

I had just entered that huge plain, which, lying like a shield, turns Cologne as its boss towards the sky; but in the gathering gloom the distant city was quite invisible. Nor was there in front of me any house or cottage in sight. So I determined to retrace my steps a little way. Behind me was a forest, through which I had tramped for several hours that afternoon, and near the outskirts of this forest I had noticed a house as I passed—a somewhat superior kind of cottage, tidy and well-kept, and therefore, no doubt, inhabited. To this cottage I now went back. There was a light in a lower window. I knocked gently at the door.

“Pass on in peace,” said a voice from within—a melancholy voice, at once musical and thrilling.

“Will you not allow a traveller to come in and take shelter until the storm is over?” I asked.

There was no immediate reply. But, after a short delay, the

door was unbarred and cautiously opened half-way ; a face, hardly visible in the uncertain light, looked out, and the same voice said :

“This is not an inn, sir. No one seeks shelter here.”

“Is there an inn anywhere near ?” I asked, “or any other place where I can rest awhile ?”

“The nearest house is three-quarters of an hour from here. However, if you like to come in here, you may.”

This last sentence was uttered in a very hesitating manner, which did not convey the idea of a welcome. However, the woman opened the door and I stepped into the house. Then she fastened the door behind us and led the way into the kitchen.

It was an ordinary German kitchen, lighted only by one melancholy tallow candle. Sitting near this candle was the figure of an old woman who was spinning. She did not look up or utter a word as we entered. By her side was a cat, which arched its back as it saw me. Now, I am a friend of animals, and animals, as a rule, are fond of me. It occurred to me at once that this cat never saw a stranger. Hence her unfriendliness.

I turned to look at the woman who had opened the door, and was struck with astonishment at her appearance. She was quite young—not more than two- or three-and-twenty—tall and well-made, except that she was very thin. But it was her face that riveted me. I am an artist, and it has been my business to seek out and study remarkable faces, but I have never seen one so remarkable as hers. There were contrasts such as could only be due to some freak of nature. Her complexion was exquisitely fine and delicate, but ghastly pale—not with the olive pallor of the Italian, but with the whiteness of wax. In this white face, the eyes, overarched with dark eyebrows, seemed to glow rather than to sparkle. Exactly what their colour was, I could not tell you, but they were certainly very dark. Perhaps the light of the one candle, falling on them sideways and lighting them up, as it were, from within, helped to give them this strange, glowing appearance. And now, as a frame for this singular countenance, imagine a profusion of thick, short hair of a colour such as no other human being, I should think, has ever had. To say that it was red is to say nothing. Thousands of people have red hair, some dark red, some light red, but not the red of this girl's hair. Contrasting so strikingly as it did with the deathly pallor of her face, it even gave me a little shock to see it ; for there was something about it which reminded me for the first moment of the colour of dark venous blood. Of course it was not this colour, and I do not suppose that the idea would ever have occurred to me, but for the peculiar way

in which it contrasted with her complexion. And the next moment I was forced to allow that it was really very beautiful. It was fine and silky, and glistened even in the dim light of that one candle, with all manner of soft and subtle reflections. And, as it did so, I was driven to the conclusion, at which till then from sheer astonishment I had not arrived, that the girl in her peculiar way was lovely—very lovely, in fact—not with the trite loveliness of a mere ball-room belle, but with a loveliness of her own, unique and piquant, and capable of inspiring a unique affection. And the air of settled, hopeless melancholy that brooded over the pallid features gave them their final fascination. Who could see it without cherishing the hope that he might be permitted to chase it away? And who would not be happy himself, if he could be the means of restoring happiness to such a face?

Could that be her mother, sitting with head bent down over her spinning-wheel? Hardly. True, the old woman's features were good, but her hair, now streaked with grey, had been an honest brown, and showed no trace of red.

The thought had hardly passed through my mind when the girl said in a low voice to me:

"That is my mother, sir. She is not quite right. Sometimes she notices people and sometimes she does not."

This then was the cause, or one of the causes, of the poor girl's melancholy. From the bottom of my heart I pitied her. What a life to lead! Shut up in this lonely house with no other companion than the mother bereft of her reason.

"And when she does talk," continued the girl, "it often makes me shudder to hear her. I am always glad when she is in her silent mood."

Worse and worse! I did my best to express my sympathy with the girl, and, as I did so, she flashed her eyes upon me.

"I believe you mean it, sir," she said. "It is not often I get any sympathy. But then you are a stranger; you don't belong to these parts; perhaps you are not even a German at all."

"No; I am not," I said, rather pleased to think that my German passed muster so fairly; "but why should that make any difference?"

"The country people do not like us," she answered.

"I should have thought it was difficult for any one to dislike you," I said, not out of empty gallantry but as really feeling it.

There was something more and more fascinating to me in this lonely and beautiful creature with the melancholy voice and aspect.

At my words the blood seemed to warm her pale cheek for a moment.

"Ah," she said, "you do not know who I am."

"Won't you tell me?" I asked. "I am sure it will make no difference in my feelings towards you."

At this moment the old woman looked up for the first time from her spinning-wheel. I then saw how glassy and expressionless her eyes were.

"It is not worth while," answered the girl. "You will be going now, I suppose. The storm seems to be passing off."

"Of course, if you insist upon it, I will go," I answered, "but not otherwise. I am hungry and tired. Could you not let me sleep here to-night?"

The girl hesitated.

"You would not like it, I am sure," she said at length. "The house is *nicht geheuer*."

I knew as well as any German the world of meaning that clusters round this untranslatable phrase. But it only piqued my curiosity. I did not believe there was danger of any kind ; but, if there were, I was quite ready to face it. Nothing comes amiss to youth. Riper manhood, as far as it is able, picks and chooses its experiences ; youth rushes blindly at all, and finds in all at least the charm of novelty.

"Well," said the girl, seeing that I was determined, "I cannot ask you to go out into the night, if you really wish to stay. It is not often we are asked to exercise hospitality, so you must excuse our homely are."

"Anything will do," I said. "I always carry with me the best sauce—hunger."

For the first time the girl smiled and added yet another to the many contrasts of her look. To me there was something inexpressibly touching in this flicker of something like mirth suddenly lighting up the settled sadness of her look. It seemed like the struggle of nature against fate.

We exchanged a few other remarks while she busied herself in preparing the supper. It was a simple meal, but not so very frugal. Indeed there were some delicacies such as can only be got at expensive shops in a large town. And the spoons and forks were of silver.

Perhaps my face betrayed the surprise I felt. At any rate the girl remarked :

"We are not poor. I only wish we were."

As she spoke her face grew even paler than before ; the expression of wretchedness which it bore grew deeper and more hopeless. There

was some mystery here—a mystery not to be explained by the mere fact of the old woman's insanity. All at once, as the glitter of the silver on the table caught my eye, an idea struck me. Was it possible that this was the abode of crime?—the retreat of some robber and murderer who might even now be engaged in a deed of darkness? The idea was not a pleasant one for a solitary traveller like myself. But it was dispelled almost as soon as it was conceived.

I was not then—I am not even now—a diplomatist. It was said that, if Talleyrand had been kicked behind, the expression of his face would only have grown a little blander. But I am differently constituted. My face is always the index of my thoughts and feelings. This is in some respects a nuisance, as I cannot keep my own secrets—much less those of other people. On the other hand, people readily trust me ; they know so exactly what they have to expect from me.

I do not doubt that the sudden suspicion of which I have spoken was plainly visible on my face as I asked the question :

“ Do you two live here quite by yourselves ? ”

“ No, sir ; my father lives with us. We are honest people, I assure you.”

Here was the answer to the suspicion which I had expressed only on my face and perhaps in the tone of my voice. I felt a little confused. The answer was given with such earnestness and sincerity of manner, that I even felt somewhat ashamed of myself for having harboured such a suspicion for a moment. How could that pale, pure face belong to a companion and accomplice of thieves and murderers ?

“ May I ask where your father is now ? ”

“ He is in Cologne, on business,” answered the girl, and it seemed to me that she blushed as she spoke. “ He will not be back before the morning. You can occupy his room, if you don't mind.”

“ Why should I mind ? I dare say the bed is a good deal softer than many I have slept in.”

“ It is not that, sir. The bed is well enough.”

“ What is it, then ? ” I asked almost petulantly. “ There is some secret—some mystery—here. Why not tell me what it is ? You may be sure of my sympathy.”

The girl sighed and hesitated. At last she said :

“ If you are really going to sleep here—in my father's room——”

“ I am certainly going to sleep here,” I exclaimed, “ unless you turn me out.”

“ Well, sir, if you do, perhaps I ought to tell you. You ought to be prepared. There is blood upon this house ! ”

"Blood upon the house!" I exclaimed.

The girl bowed her head in melancholy acquiescence.

"Not on your mother?"

"Yes."

"But surely not on you?—it cannot be."

"Yes; on me too."

I sat silent with surprise and horror. For a moment only the whirr of the spinning-wheel broke the unnatural stillness. Then, all at once, the rain came pattering down outside, and the long branches of the trees beat against the window-panes.

"You cannot mean it," I said at length. "There is no crime upon your face."

"Who spoke of crime?" asked the girl. "I have committed none; neither has that poor creature there. But the penalty of bloodshed is none the less upon us."

"Explain," I said—"this mystery is torturing me. But, first of all, tell me your name."

"My name is Johanna. I am called 'Red Johanna'; you can see for yourself why. My father's hair is iron-grey now, but it was once black; my mother's was dark brown; but mine is red—and such a red! Those who know us all say it is the sign of the curse, and I believe it. You will understand it and shrink from me in horror when I tell you who my father is. He is the executioner of Cologne."

I did, indeed, give a little start. The girl's manner had wrought me up to a curious state of nervous tension, and the revelation she now made gave me a shock for which I was unprepared. But, though I started, I did not shrink from her. On the contrary, the interest I had already conceived for her was now intensified by the profoundest pity. Here was, indeed, a sufficient explanation of her melancholy. The daughter of a public executioner could have no friends, no companions. If she showed herself, she became at once the object of scorn and contumely. She was doomed to a life of solitude and hopelessness through no fault of her own, but as the helpless victim of an unhappy fate. Here was a tragedy slowly working itself out on the lines of an inexorable necessity, and it had fallen to my lot as a mere casual wayfarer to catch a glimpse of a heart that had bled for years in silence.

I was profoundly moved. I dare say the tears stood in my eyes. There was that in her voice which thrilled me with its patient melancholy. Obeying an irresistible impulse, I got up, and, putting out my hands, grasped hers as a brother might grasp those of a sister,

and said: "Why should I shrink from you, Johanna? You are sweet and innocent; and if your lot is hard, men should love you all the more to make amends for it."

As I spoke, at first she turned pale, and her breath came and went convulsively; then she blushed, and finally she burst into tears.

"Forgive me for being so foolish," she said, when she had recovered a little, "but it is so seldom, so very seldom, that anyone speaks a kind word to me. My poor mother cannot do so, and my father is stern and silent. He does not like his profession, and that has soured him."

"Why does he not give it up, then?" I asked, without reflection.

Johanna opened her beautiful eyes. "How can he?" she asked. "What else could he do? Who would employ him? He never had any choice in the matter. His father was executioner before him. The office always runs in families with us. And an executioner can only marry the daughter of another executioner. No one else would listen to him for a moment."

It was a terrible thought. There was, then, a distinct race of human beings, sundered from all association with their kind, marked out from their cradle for a career of bloodshed, whether they wished it or not, and imbibing ghastly instincts with their mothers' milk. And the girl—so beautiful, and, to all appearance, so innocent and gentle—was the ultimate product of a long line of sanguinary ancestors.

I suppose she read my sympathy upon my face, for she said: "It is so pleasant to have someone to talk to who does not turn from one in horror. Do you know, I feel as if I had known you a long time already, and could tell you everything. You do not mind my talking to you?"

"What you have told me interests me very much," I answered. "I only wish I could be of any help or comfort to you."

"Oh, that is impossible. You will go on your way to-morrow, and we shall never meet again. And every now and then, in years to come, you will say to yourself: 'That was a strange girl with the blood-red hair. I wonder if she is dead yet, for that would be the best thing that could happen to her.'"

At the moment, at any rate, I was not thinking this at all. On the contrary, with the weird spell of that strange loveliness upon me, and with that touching voice thrilling through me, I was thinking what a sweet and noble thing it would be to break the cruel bonds of this girl's destiny—to win her love, and carry her off in triumph as my bride. In England, none would know her history,

and her beauty would be a sufficient introduction. True, we should at first be poor, but I could bear poverty better with her at my side to share it ; whilst, to her, poverty was as nothing compared with the barren hopelessness of her present lot. You will say the idea was preposterous. Perhaps it was, but then it was romantic, and I was very young. Ah, me ! the dreams of twenty-five are better than the realities of sixty.

"Do you know why my hair is this colour?" she asked, after a pause.

"I suppose it is a freak of nature," I answered; "and a very pretty freak, too."

"I do not think it pretty," she said, "for it is the sign of the curse. Whenever an executioner in the third generation has an only child, the child's hair is of this colour."

"That is a mere superstition," I exclaimed; "I cannot believe it." And yet even as I spoke I half believed it—the colour was so strange, so unnatural in itself, though, on her, I liked it. There must be some reason for it, and what could that reason be?

"Has your mother been long in this state?" I asked.

"Oh yes, a long time now. My father took her to an execution—every executioner's wife must see one, you know, or it is unlucky—but my mother was in a weak state of health at the time, and it gave her a shock; she has never been the same since."

"And have you ever seen one?"

Johanna put her hands before her eyes.

"Oh, no," she said, "I could not bear it. The mere thought of it is horrible. Even as it is, it is terrible here at night, especially when there is a storm. There is a horse-shoe over every door and window, but it is of no use; they will look in. If you were not here I should see them now—those awful, blanched faces, peering in at the windows, and sometimes tapping on the panes with their cold fingers. Listen ! you can hear them now."

She shuddered, and I shuddered, too, in sympathy. Something certainly was beating at the windows, and the sound was as of fingers. No doubt it was only the branches of the neighbouring trees, driven by the wind against the panes; but, none the less, the sound was awful, heard thus in the stillness and the darkness of the night.

"They have all a right to come here," continued Johanna, "and they do come; and to-morrow there will be a fresh one."

For the moment I did not grasp her meaning. Then it flashed on me that it was not for nothing that the father was away from

home on this occasion. There was, no doubt, to be an execution in the morning, and he was sleeping in Cologne to be in readiness for it.

"No wonder they come," said Johanna, pursuing her train of thought, "especially to-night. I know it will be an awful night. Perhaps to-morrow, if we live to see it, things may be a little better."

"How so?"

"The old sword is to be buried."

"What old sword?"

"Ah, you do not understand. The old sword has now been the death of exactly one hundred persons."

"But your father can never have used it a hundred times?"

"Oh, no; it belonged to his father and grandfather before him. There is a notch near the hilt for every execution. You may count them for yourself if you like. It is upstairs, hanging on the wall in the father's room, where you will sleep. Well, when a sword has been used in this way a hundred times it is never used again."

"It is worn out, I suppose?"

"Oh, no; these swords never wear out, but they become dangerous. They are so used to blood that they cannot do without it; they won't hang quietly any longer on the wall; they fall down of themselves. That is nothing; but, when they fall, there is always some one wounded or killed. The only thing to do then is to bury them; and people do say that when you bury one of these old swords it draws after it the spirits of those it has killed, and the house is free from them for a time: but this is not certain; I only hope it is true."

I listened to all this with the strangest feelings. I am as little superstitious as any Englishman; but the dimly-lighted room, the moaning of the wind outside, the lashing of the window panes, the bent figure of the old woman ever silent; above all, the thrilling, melancholy voice of Johanna, combined to weave around me a kind of spell too strong for reason to break; and for the moment I seemed to believe all she told me. Nor did all this repel me from her. On the contrary, it lent her a strange, indescribable charm. It seemed as if the horror in the midst of which she lived threw a glamour of its own over her pure, pale beauty.

"You do not mind sleeping in the room with the old sword?" asked Johanna, after a pause.

I did mind it, but it would never do to say this. What would Johanna have thought of my manhood? And I was already eager to stand high in her opinion. So I tried to smile, not very success-

fully, I fear, and left her to infer that the old sword was nothing to me.

"There is no other room for you," she said, "and the sword must not be moved; it has always hung there, and it must remain there until it is buried. After all, it cannot hurt you if you do not go near it."

"Nor if I do," I said lightly.

But Johanna was very earnest on the subject.

"Pray do not meddle with it; you do not understand how dangerous it is. Do you hear the storm coming on again? It will be an evil night—an evil night."

She left the room for a while in order to see that all was prepared for my comfort in the one I was to occupy. Then she returned and offered to conduct me to it. I took the hint and followed her. The room was upstairs and looked clean and comfortable. Nailed to the wall at the head of the bed was a crucifix; on the opposite wall, some eight feet from the foot of the bed, was the fateful sword, supported horizontally by two rusty-looking iron hooks fastened in the plaster. It was a grim-looking weapon even at a distance, quite straight, very long, and evidently meant to be wielded with both hands. Dark in colour, it had on both sides of the blade a narrow border of brightness. This was the polish of the edge.

I had fully intended to take Johanna's advice and to give the uncanny thing a wide berth, but somehow I seemed to be drawn towards it involuntarily. Perhaps it was only natural curiosity, perhaps there was a little bravado; at any rate, I went up to it and laid my hand upon the hilt.

"Pray leave it alone," exclaimed Johanna, who was still at the door; "it is an evil thing."

But I was already lifting the sword out of the hooks. At the sound of her voice I turned round and, not being prepared for the want of balance in the sword, which was purposely overweighted in the blade, I felt the latter suddenly sweeping downwards, in spite of my effort to hold it up, and, before I could recover myself, it had made a gash in my left foot.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Johanna, who saw that something had happened. "Has it hurt you? I hope not."

"It's a mere trifle," I said; "at least I hope so. It was all my own carelessness. I should have taken both hands to it. I had no idea it was so top-heavy."

I had by this time laid it down very gingerly on the floor, and was examining the mischief it had done. There was a cut on the out-

side of my left boot from which blood was oozing on to the white boards. Johanna noticed it and shuddered.

"It will have blood," she said. "I told you so."

"Oh, nonsense!" I exclaimed; "any sword will cut, if you are careless with it, especially one with an edge like this. It must be as sharp as a razor."

Johanna now wanted to bandage my foot, but I would not let her take the trouble. I had already taken off my boot and could see that the cut was in no way serious. So she fetched me a strip of linen and wished me good-night, and when she was gone I bound up my foot myself, and was glad to find that the wound was not likely to interfere much with my comfort.

All this time the sword was lying where I had laid it down. Somehow, I did not like to leave it there. The proper, and no doubt the safest, place for it was on the wall. It occurred to me that, if I should for once walk in my sleep, I might tread on it and injure myself much more severely than I had already done, so I determined to restore it to its place.

You may be sure I did this very cautiously. It was impossible for me, as a sane Englishman, to share Johanna's superstition about the ill-omened weapon now that Johanna herself was no longer present. Still, I had already proved in my own person that this sword was a dangerous weapon to handle; and something like a sense of relief came over me when I had restored it to its original place. At the same time, it struck me that the supports on which it rested were not so secure as they might have been.

Then I got into bed, meaning to go to sleep. But though I was very tired, sleep would not come to me. I could hear the distant rumbling of the storm, which was apparently taking a circular course around the locality in which I was. Meanwhile, however, the moon, though sometimes overclouded, shone into the room at other times with that peculiar, cold, steely light which makes even the most familiar objects look more or less unnatural.

This light kept playing upon the sword, flashing round it on the polished surface of its double edge, and just sufficiently illuminating the dark breadth of the blade to suggest all sorts of horrors to the imagination. It seemed to me that I distinctly saw black blots upon it—blots that, no doubt, had once been red. Whether it was all imagination, or whether the extreme tension of my nerves really lent me a preternatural keenness of vision, I do not know; but I certainly thought I could discern the notches on each side of the blade which represented the tale of lives this cruel instrument had cut short in

their career—only I could not make out more than ninety-nine. Then it seemed to me, lying, as I probably was, half-wakeful and half dreaming, that Johanna, after all, was right—that this sword had a personality—that if it had ever been a mere passive instrument in the hands of another, it was so no longer; that, steeped for perhaps a century in human blood and potent over human lives, it had drawn to itself the essentials of conscious existence; that, malignant and unrelenting, and haunted by the spirits of despairing victims, it was ever athirst for blood, and plotting, in its dumb and apparently haphazard way, fresh deeds of cruelty——

Hark! what was that sound? The tapping, as of a dead man's fingers against the window-pane, and the long low wail, that makes the blood curdle in the veins. Pshaw! it is only the wind sighing amongst the trees and beating their branches once more against the glass. And yet there is something very like a face at the window—a face horribly blanched and death-like——

I could stand it no longer. I jumped out of bed with a bound and broke the spell, at least for the moment. But it is no joke, I can tell you, sleeping in the same room with a sword like that.

I went to bed again, and again the ghastliest nightmares tormented me. Now, in the flickering moonshine, this sword seemed to move—to swing backwards and forwards upon the wall, gradually working itself outwards, so as to get nearer to me, until at last I actually put out my hands to keep it from my throat, when it seemed to retreat into its former position. Then, as I got a little nearer to the stage of actual sleep, I thought I saw a long procession pass through the room, from the window to the door, in front of the sword. Men and women, and even children, all unutterably ghastly to look at. All victims of the cruel sword, at which each cast a despairing look in passing. I seemed compelled to count them; and the number was again ninety-nine. Then behind them came a figure veiled and draped; the figure of a tall, thin woman, whose face I could not see, but who seemed bowed and crushed with grief; and, as she passed the sword, there came a voice from it, which said, "Yet one more!" and, at the word, the sword leapt forward, and, circling through the air, shore off the woman's head.

This is the last I remember. Then, worn out with the fatigues and the emotions of the day, I fell into a sleep, from which I did not wake until roused the next morning by a knock at the door. I got up, feeling very little refreshed, and with a dull sense of some vague oppressive weight upon me. I looked at my watch—it was seven o'clock. Then I made my toilet, and, as I was making it, I tried to

satisfy my curiosity on one point. Were there really a hundred notches in the blade of the sword, or, as it had seemed to me in the night, only ninety-nine? I was surprised to find that, as far as I could make out, there were only ninety-nine. True, there was another imperfect notch, but this looked to me more like an accidental dent than a mark made by a file. During this investigation I took care not to touch the sword, nor was there any occasion to do so.

When I went downstairs, the old woman was already there, sitting at the spinning-wheel, as if she had not moved since the night before. She took no notice of me. Johanna was looking even paler than she had looked the night before, but this made her in my eyes all the more interesting. I was more than ever struck by the nobility of her features, and the extreme delicacy of her complexion. It seemed as if a life of sorrow had purified and transfigured her. Her eyes, too, had lost something of the unnatural glow that I had noticed in them the night before. Their light was now soft and tender, like moonlight upon dewy grass. I had expected that the peculiar colour of her hair would have pleased me less when seen by daylight; but it was not so. Its colour seemed subdued; there were no reflections that were glaring. Altogether, my artist eyes rested upon her with much satisfaction; and if the artist in me was satisfied, the man was touched. I felt for her a tender pity not remote from love.

"It is a dark morning," I said, by way of saying something.

"It is not yet eight o'clock," she answered, in a dreamy sort of way, as if she were following a train of independent thought.

Why did she give this answer in this way? For a moment I was puzzled. Then I understood it. She was thinking of the scene in which her father was to play such a terrible part that morning. Doubtless it would take place at eight.

The idea took away all my appetite for breakfast. I sat there toying with my coffee and eating nothing, whilst the aspect of the day, as if to match our mood, grew gradually darker and darker.

"I think the storm is coming back again," said Judith.

I could not but agree with her. The dark clouds were evidently thunderclouds.

"I hope you slept well?" she asked.

"No; I cannot say I did, but the bed was comfortable enough."

"I was afraid you wouldn't with that thing before you."

"That reminds me," I said. "I counted the notches this morning and could make out only ninety-nine."

"Ah, there is a dispute about that," answered Johanna. "I say there are only ninety-nine ; but the father thinks there are a hundred, and in any case, as he says, it is better to be on the safe side."

"And the horrid thing is to be buried to-day?"

"Certainly—I shall be glad when it is gone. And I have asked the father not to bring the new one here, but to keep it at Cologne. But you have lost your ring."

I looked at my hand. There was no ring on it. I had dressed in a hurry and had not noticed that it was missing.

"It must be in your room," said Johanna. "I will fetch it for you."

"Pray don't trouble," I said. "I will get it myself presently."

But she had already started on the errand.

I think she knew it was just on the stroke of eight, and wished to be alone with her overwrought feelings. I looked at my watch as she left the room. Yes ; it wanted but a minute to the fatal hour. As the watch was still in my hand, I heard her overhead, and noticed the growing darkness of the day. The next moment the lightning flashed, and there burst upon us, so unexpectedly that I started from my chair, an appalling peal of thunder which made the cottage rock. Simultaneously I heard a shriek, and the sound of a body falling on the floor overhead. Wild with terror, I rushed upstairs. The door of my room was open. There on the floor, just beneath the place where the sword had hung, was the prostrate form of Johanna, her head close to the wall, her feet stretched out towards the middle of the room, whilst the sword, which had fallen from the wall, was lying lengthwise across the nape of her neck. Even in that first instant the truth was clear to me—she was dead.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings. I rushed from the house to seek assistance, as the mother, of course, was useless. Some persons were passing and I persuaded the women, not without difficulty, to take care of the corpse until the father should return. Of course, there was an official inquiry later on, and the post-mortem examination showed that Johanna's death was really caused by heart disease. The peculiar waxen nature of her complexion was probably, in a measure at least, due to this.

It is true that the sword as it fell had made a cruel gash in her neck with its razor edge, and caused a considerable effusion of blood; but the wound thus made was not a mortal one. As my ring was clasped in her hand, it was supposed that it must have rolled just under the sword ; that Judith had found it there, and was in the act of picking it up when she was startled by that terrible thunder-clap and fell forward in a fatal syncope. At the same instant the shaking of the

house (which I distinctly felt) must have dislodged the sword, which then fell upon her. The hooks by which it had been suspended were both found on the floor.

The explanation seems natural enough. The doctor who performed the post-mortem told me that the poor girl's life must have been hanging on a thread for years. "She must have had a great deal of worry of some kind or other," he said, "and it was just as well that she died when she did." But I could not help thinking of my dream. And would the thunder alone have startled her sufficiently to kill her? May it not rather have been the terror of that murderous sword falling upon her? And when it came to be known amongst the peasants that there was a doubt whether there were really more than ninety-nine notches on the sword, they had no difficulty in drawing their own conclusion. There had been an attempt to defraud the sword of its due and it had righted itself in this way. It was certainly curious that the sad event should have happened at the very moment when the execution was taking place at Cologne.

Ah, well ! these are things that can never be cleared up in this world. We have to be content with so-called facts, which, I fancy, are sometimes little better than falsehoods. I only know I have never forgotten Johanna. Had she lived, she might have become my wife, and I might have remained a romantic fool to this day. As it is, I attend vestry-meetings and have a nice balance at my bankers.

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.

LITERATURE is the confession of society, and La Bruyère's remark at the beginning of his "Caractères," that he gave back to his century what it had given him, applies to all other authors whose notoriety is due to the fact that they first spoke the word that was on everybody's lips, that they first gave form to what was mutely felt by their generation. There must be some reason for the long-continued prevalence of the so-called realistic doctrine in literature and art in France ; and its sources are not one but many, the concurrence of which has made it so all-absorbing. It is partly due, no doubt, to the mere desire of novelty ; as romanticism drove classicism from the field, so when romanticism died from exhaustion realism seized upon the vacant place. Democracy has something to do with it ; in a democratic age it was but natural that attention should be drawn to the study of the obscure lives of the nameless masses ; in short, there is a natural affinity between realism and democracy. But the greatest fact to be considered is the enormous growth of natural science in recent years, its popularisation and predominance. Literature became jealous of a vigorous and aggressive rival ; it would meet its rival half-way, or even come over to its side ; it would strive to be as accurate in its methods as science itself. In criticism, Sainte-Beuve had already treated the masters of literature as products of their age and circumstances, and it was not long before the scientific doctrine of the *milieu*, the doctrine of the influence of the environment, the evolutionary theory that imperfection, unhappiness, and suffering are due to the fact that as yet the equilibrium between man and his surroundings is not complete, was eagerly accepted as a new criterion and basis for literature. By Taine and his followers—for Zola may be regarded as the logical outcome of Taine's essay on Balzac—the doctrine is carried to excess ; virtue and vice are found to be but physical products, and the environment is dwelt on till the other half of life—the heart, the will—is either denied or at least utterly neglected. Previous poets and novelists had been content with studying the psychology of their heroes ; but Zola now admonishes us that

in future physiology, and not psychology, must be our study—that henceforth we must concern ourselves not with the head but with the whole body, that is, with the animal part of us in its animality only. And this physiology is a study of sensations, chiefly degraded ones, to the exclusion of sentiments—is pathology rather than physiology. As the invisible and mystic part of man's life is shunned or denied, so Beauty is dethroned, and revolting Ugliness set up in its place. The spirit of revolt that injured the Romantic movement so much sought by a perverted idealism to discover its heroes among the criminal classes, and the new theory still does the same. To produce a novel of the prevalent type, it is but necessary to study the life of some poor creature under the ban of society or belonging to the degraded classes; banish all beauty; depict the surroundings with the most wearisome precision of ugly details; regard all vice as due to such surroundings—to fatality of temperament and hereditary tendencies—all crime as unblamable as chemical products; deny all free-agency or power of the spirit to battle with circumstances; finally, view the whole with an eye of utter indifference. As life, for the majority, is dull and slow, and the events in it are few and far between, so the realist, true to nature, must make no choice or selection as an artist would do, but rather strive to make his book as uninteresting and slow as life itself, of which it has to be the copy. But, above all, no sympathy must be displayed by the author; and it is this utter indifference, this lack of sympathy, which above all else renders the theory and its results so hateful and disgusting, and will prove its death-blow. It is this neglect of sympathy and charity which makes the French realists appear so poor in comparison with their English brethren, and even with the pessimistic Russian novelists. Finally, Caricature is the inevitable goal of such realism; and even our English novelists, to whom all honour is due, have not entirely escaped this grievous fault.

What was the origin of the doctrine, and by whom it was first brought into prominence, have long been among the favourite questions of the French critics. The question at first seems very simple; all novelists since Fielding have declared more or less definitely their intention to represent nature as it is, the only point left to criticism being as to with what eyes and what temperament they have viewed nature. Diderot is praised as being the forerunner of realism (Diderot, who, by the way, is altogether English); but Stendhal is generally fixed upon by the critics as the father of realism, and the true genealogical tree is said to be from Stendhal through Balzac to Flaubert. But there is room for much dispute in this; for Stendhal really belongs

to the eighteenth century, and he has far more affinity wit Voltaire than with Flaubert. Stendhal is "spiritual," full of Voltairean persiflage, and wit is altogether unknown to realism. On Balzac there is a better claim. The revolution he brought about in novel-writing was due to the stress he laid on the material preoccupations and economical questions of life, on the ways in which money or the want of it influences the character—a subject utterly neglected by previous novelists, whose heroes are unaffected by such questions. In fact, as has been well said, Balzac was the first to "*dégager de l'argent tout le pathétique terrible qu'il contient.*" Realist he is also in his pitiless accumulation of detail, his endless descriptions, his pretence of accuracy in technical matters, his inventory of the environment and demonstration of its influence on character, and his recognition of the law of hereditary temperament. But Balzac is a true romanticist also ; his characters are but the mouthpieces of his opinions ; he has ideas—and the true realist scorns ideas ; he dwells on the illusions of life, and, above all, is a thorough dreamer, haunted by visions of boundless wealth, or love, and the like. It is curious that the realists are so shy of mentioning Prosper Mérimée ; they would at least find in him that utter indifference to his heroes which they practise. But I suppose he is too much of an aristocrat in art and theory for them, and in the true romantic spirit he extends his geographical horizon beyond the outskirts of Paris, which they cannot be persuaded to do on any account.

With one consent, all the French critics agree that Flaubert is the head of the realistic school. The influence that Flaubert had on succeeding literature is, indeed, far greater than the actual merits of his work would lead us to expect ; for on reading his books we are disappointed, except perhaps in the case of "*Madame Bovary.*" "*Madame Bovary*" is regarded as the *chef-d'œuvre* of the realistic school, the book which will represent in the future to the general mind the passing phase of literature which goes under the name of realism. Flaubert is a man of one book ; for it is fairly certain that the rest of his works will live in remembrance only because they were written by the author of "*Madame Bovary.*" Most curious it is that it should be the first of the series. Indeed, if it had been published at the end of his career, the critics would infallibly have demonstrated how all the rest of the works gradually led up to and prepared the way for "*Madame Bovary,*" which is the crown and consummation of the whole method of procedure. But if we wish to gain a due appreciation of Flaubert's character, we must especially remember that he was irritated beyond endurance if he heard

himself named as the "author of 'Madame Bovary.'" He used to read aloud to his friends those passages which had received undoubted praise, mercilessly dissect them, satirise them, criticise them savagely. He would write "Salammbô" to prove that he was more than the author of "Madame Bovary," that his famous work was not the true expression of his character and genius. "They accuse me of being a realist—that is to say, that I only copy what I see, and that I am incapable of invention." Consequently "Salammbô" was written, and by "Salammbô" he wished to be judged. And, in truth, it seems as if the writing of "Madame Bovary" was a mere accident, due to the suggestion of his friend Bouilhet that he should write out in detail the story of one of his father's medical pupils. Flaubert was essentially an artist, an artist of the school of Théophile Gautier, a zealous adherent of the "art for art's sake" school. He was sure that the most harmonious word was always the right word, and had even reached and accepted the theory that "what you say is of little consequence ; the way in which you say it is everything." It was the form and not the matter that he cared for. In a letter to Georges Sand he writes : "I remember having felt my heart beat strongly, having experienced a violent pleasure, in contemplating a wall of the Acropolis—a wall quite bare—the one on the left as you look at the Propylæa. Well, cannot a book, independently of what it says, produce the same effect ?" Mere words had the same effect on him as sounds have for a musician or colours for a painter. His manner was to get hold of some sonorous phrase and repeat it again and again, till he utterly wearied his friends, who could see nothing remarkable in it. If they did not share his enthusiasm, he used to call them "*bourgeois*," as we would say Philistines, which he considered the direst insult he could pay them. In accordance with his theory he was convinced that a work of art should be quite impersonal, and that no trace of the author should be discovered in the work. It is amusing to read the correspondence between him and Georges Sand on the subject. The pair were so utterly different in frame of mind that it was useless for them to argue with one another, though Georges Sand took some time to see the folly of a continuation of the debate. She attacked his theory again and again with powerful arguments, to which he only replied by re-stating his theory in other words. Take a sample : "I feel an unconquerable aversion to set down on paper any of my own feelings ; I even consider a novelist has no right to express his opinions on any subject whatever." To which Georges Sand replies : "As far as I am concerned, it seems to me an author can do nothing else. Can he separate his

intellect from his heart? Are his intellect and heart indeed two separate things? In short, to avoid expressing oneself completely in one's works seems to me to be as impossible as it would be to weep with anything but one's eyes or to write with anything but one's brains."

Flaubert was an artist, seeing all things with the eyes of a painter; though not so warmly and imaginatively as Théophile Gautier, whom he acknowledged as his master. He declared that an artist was one who regarded the world as made for art, and not art for the world. His style was founded on Chateaubriand, another painter in feeling, though Quinet's "Ahasvérus" also had made a deep impression on him, as may be seen in the "Tentation de Saint Antoine." The history of this work is most characteristic of the author. The first idea of it came to him when looking at a picture on the subject in Genoa. He worked at it for three years, not showing it even to his constant adviser Bouilhet. Though longing to travel in the East with a friend who was going there, he would wait till it was finished. At length the great day came; the book was completed. He would read it aloud to his friends, absolute silence being demanded till the end was reached. It took four days, and the last page was finished in a dead silence. "Well? If you don't utter howls [*sic*] of enthusiasm nothing is capable of moving you." They would give him the verdict next day, and it was—to burn it! Judge of the feelings of Flaubert; but he took the advice and laid the work aside. Still he loved it, and in 1848 introduced fragments of it into a paper which Gautier then edited. When Bouilhet died the check on Flaubert was removed, and the book reappeared in its third form. But there are still the same faults as in the old one: it is a mixture of lyrism and misplaced erudition—action is altogether absent, the philosophy of history and religion is not touched upon in the slightest, and the whole is nothing but a long series of dissolving views of the seven sins, chimeras, heresiarchs, Eastern potentates and dead deities, one of whom is the great god Crepitus! The whole book seems but written with the purpose of expressing the author's utter scorn of wretched humanity and the miserable religious beliefs to which it clings in its despair.

Here, indeed, we touch the very kernel and centre of Flaubert's temperament. The artist in him is killed by the misanthropist. Despite his determination to let nothing of himself appear in his works, they are, after all, nothing but a long homily on the *bêtise*, the stupidity of mankind. His was an arrested development. At the age of twenty-two he was struck down by a nervous malady and rendered a life-long invalid. Years were spent indoors secluded

from the world, and his mind seems to have remained stationary at the point reached before the attack. He declared himself that he was a victim of physiology ; every effort and every action was a pain to him. At times he complained that the acts of dressing or eating were intolerable. He did, indeed, travel in the intervals of his malady, but his was one of those natures which cannot endure the real and desire nothing less than the impossible. He was never weary of talking of the mediocrity of life, and used to repeat again and again Michelet's words, "Il n'y a rien de tentant que l'impossible" ; but as soon as ever the apparently impossible was realised he was disgusted with it and longed for something else. His travels in the East were a burden and a weariness to him ; all was stale and poor and far below expectation till he had got home again, when, of course, he longed to be back in the East. One day the friend who accompanied him said to him, "At last we are sailing up the Nile !" to which Flaubert replied dreamily, "Yes, but we shall never lave ourselves in the waters of the Ganges, and shall not see that Ceylon whose name of old was Taprobana. O Taprobana ! Taprobana ! what a delicious word !" with his usual delight in a melodious word. With such a temperament, irritated by his malady and enforced solitude, his fellow-men were naturally hateful to him. He would willingly have exclaimed with Danton "L'humanité m'ennuie." In one of his letters he breaks out, "When quite young I had already a complete presentiment of life. It was like the sickening odour of a cook's shop." All, except the few friends whom he admitted to his solitude, were "*bourgeois*" and stupid. He would write for those only who were capable of understanding him, and for a long time his audience consisted of one friend only, the letters to whom were prefaced "*Solus ad solum*." At length he found his *alter ego* in Bouilhet, a poet of the school of Leconte de Lisle, who had deserted medicine for letters, and supported himself by tuition. Till 1869, when Bouilhet died, the two were inseparable, Bouilhet acting as Flaubert's literary Mentor, checking him in his usually uncritical admirations, and restraining his lyric extravagances. But a companionship so close that they even copied each other's gestures and tricks of speech was not altogether without its drawbacks ; it led to too much mutual admiration. Flaubert and Bouilhet were by turns the priest and the divinity. They were so content with each other's society that they forgot or scorned the outside world, which, indeed, they only regarded through the medium of art ; and the artist, as Flaubert said, need recognise nothing around him which would not serve to further his own personal consummation.

This misanthropism proved too strong for Flaubert to be a true artist like Théophile Gautier ; every page of "L'Education Sentimentale," "Bouvard et Pécuchet," and "Un Simple Cœur" is instinct with it. He intended "L'Education Sentimentale" to be a *résumé* of the social and political science of the century; but it is really nothing but a series of portraits of people whose acquaintance in real life we should have the greatest objection to make. He could vent his spleen by depicting such people; but we cannot see in what way the study of these characters could "serve to further his personal consummation." The germ of his last and, happily, incomplete novel, "Bouvard et Pécuchet," may be seen in the fact that before his first nervous attack he had begun a collection of commonplace remarks, *prudhomismes*, and the ready-made stock of society conversation. He would have been delighted with Swift's "Polite Conversations," if he had known it. "Bouvard et Pécuchet" is the history of two clerks who, on retiring into the country, finding time hang heavily on their hands, in sheer despair returned to their former occupation of sitting at desk and copying; this time, however, from books of general information. The second volume of the novel was to be a collection of all the stupid remarks Flaubert had found in his reading, and, to increase the collection, he had purposely pushed his researches into such subjects as botany, agriculture, geology, political economy, and the like. The whole was to be an encyclopædia of the *bêtise* of mankind, and its aim was, in his own words, "to produce such an impression of weariness and ennui that the reader would be led to believe that it had been written by an idiot!" Might we not with justice object that Flaubert must have been a Philistine himself to take a pleasure in searching out and noting down such social and literary crudities? But, indeed, after a remark like this, it is hardly worth while to make mention of the "Candidate," Flaubert's solitary attempt at the drama, withdrawn after the first performance; of "Herodias," a study in the manner of "Salammbô," full of the bric-à-brac of which Sainte-Beuve complained; or of "The Legend," an excursion into mediæval story. Flaubert should have remembered his own words, "Disillusion is the foible of the weak. Distrust men who are disgusted with the world; they are almost always useless and powerless."

This mutilated realism is at present the accepted doctrine of French novelists, and meets with little opposition. A young writer here and there is seeking his way out of the dreary labyrinth. There are a few idealists, with Octave Feuillet at their head; the rest are but fervent followers of the popular school, striving to outbid each other

in exaggeration. In order to see the full consequences of any theory, we must turn away from the master, who made it acceptable by his genius, and see what are the results produced by the clever disciples who work out the theory to its limits. An original genius is not satisfied with the principles laid down by his predecessors, which principles have been formulated and fossilised by a continuous succession of disciples till all their value has disappeared ; he breaks with his predecessors, and returns to nature for his inspiration. After the first surprise and revolt which he excites by the new way in which he expresses the old facts, his principles are in their turn narrowed and reduced to academic formulæ. That unconsciously working faculty of his which really constituted his genius naturally escapes the disciples ; his defects, or, above all, the faults of his qualities, are as often as not copied instead of his merits ; the master and not the master's inspirer, nature, is followed, and the system carried out to its extreme, and exaggerated, feebly drags on till a new genius appears who dares to look at nature with his own eyes, and the same cycle is gone through. In this way realism is carried to the extreme by the disciples of Flaubert, and, the system being the narrow one characterised above, namely, the unsympathetic portrayal of the stupidity and animality of man regarded as without free-will or religion, utterly dominated by his environment, all that is left for them is to rival each other as to who can shock us the most and represent a one-sided view of nature in the most hideous way. The sterility of the system is well shown by the fact that the imitators, if they have any ideas at all, forget their principles on the first opportunity. Thus Zola, the noisiest of them all, who regards Stendhal, Balzac, and Flaubert as but prototypes of himself, is really one of those romanticists against whom he rails so bitterly and uselessly, as if romanticism had not died out long ago ; a romanticist because he takes for his heroes some *monstre* out of those classes left untouched by the old classicism. His epical qualities do not belong to his theory, however much he strives to carry out the latter by dwelling on the animal side of man, to the exclusion or denial of any intellectual one, by his love of the nauseous detail of diseased life accumulated with photographic accuracy in all its hideousness. The only good purpose which the books can serve is to excite our horror at the surroundings of the poor, and to keep before our eyes the necessity of an amelioration of their hopeless condition.

The brothers Goncourt, whom Zola praises so loudly, are strange disciples of realism. They, indeed, have the same hatred and contempt for antiquity, and regard literature as in a state of chaos before

Diderot ; but they deny their principle in studying as they do the eighteenth century, finding in it material for bric-à-brac and anecdotage. They are stylists and painters like Flaubert, though Zola declares that the only style needed is the art of making oneself heard—are stylists seeking the quintessence of things, and euphuists, followers of both Théophile Gautier and Flaubert in their substitution of painting for prose, in their absorption of the idea by the image. In their “*Idées et Sensations*,” the ideas are few and, at best, paradoxes : when present at all they always appear under the form of sensations. Zola laughs at novels of adventure in which “princes go about incognito with their pockets full of diamonds,” at idealistic novels in which “tempestuous love sweeps away the lovers into a wonderful world of dreams,” and at descriptive novels, “où l’on entasse tout ce qu’on peut imaginer de plus fou et de plus riche, toute la fantaisie d’or des poètes.” But the brothers Goncourt commit every one of these sins again and again; they revive the old notion of romanticism that inspiration must be sought in libertinage and the debauchery of the heart. But in their love of medical pathology and microscopical detail they are true to their system, and Zola either does not realise their violations of the true doctrine, or winks at them because they are the work of fellow-disciples. Feydeau, thoroughly unhealthy in tone, is also a painter or sculptor of words, calls himself *plastique*, adding to this the usual philosophy of disgust, and a lyrical irritation against the insufficiency of life. Hector Malot is altogether true to the doctrine, but the consequence is that he shows perfectly how wearisome it is. With endless detail and utter lack of sympathy for his puppet-like personages, who are destitute of all character, he wilfully blinds himself and plunges headlong into caricature, the Nirvana of realism.

This realism is so useless and so tiresome, this naturalism has really so little to do with nature, this view of life is merely due to the temperament of the exponents, whether this temperament be inborn or superinduced, in conformation to a false but fashionable theory. Pascal somewhere finds fault with painting on the ground that it is a vanity which attracts admiration by the cunning portrayal of things the originals of which you do not admire. This sounds a little puritanic and *saugrenu* ; but it well applies to realism both in literature and art, for it is certain that the closer the resemblance to actual nature, the less interesting. Indeed, the French might take a lesson, both in literature and art, from the results of realism in the Italian and Flemish schools of painting. In Italy, the artists were versatile men of aristocratic tendencies ; their realism was always

closely attached to the study of the antique—that is, to the study of ideal beauty. The consequence was, that crude realism is only to be seen in pioneers like Masaccio, Andrea del Castagno, Pisanello. But under the influence of tradition each school gradually built up its canon of the beautiful, till those works were produced which are the wonder of the world. Notice the contrast in Flanders (I am not speaking of the school of Rubens). Art there is narrow and democratic ; the masters are specialists ; and instead of a continued progress towards the ideal, it is the early masters, like Jan van Eyck, who are the best ; no subsequent improvements are made ; the later disciples either search deliberately for the ugly or, at most, for the trivial ; they only escape exciting disgust by the splendour of their colouring. In fact, the Flemish realists depicted man as so uninteresting, so degraded, so fear-ridden, that, from very repulsion, the painters found their way into the open air : realism, as far as man was concerned, was flung aside, and the painting of nature, of landscape, sprang into existence.

A novel may be either ideal or real. If ideal, its purpose is to delight and console : to delight, by intricacy of plot, by wealth of wit and colour ; to console, by giving an artistically concentrated picture of the life which we should like to live, but which we are debarred from living by the pressure of circumstances and the cares of material existence, the mechanical drudgery of everyday life. In such ideal novels the art is essentially aristocratic ; for, democratic as we are compelled to be, we often feel that the idea of life is the Aristotelian one of the full development of all our faculties. And such full development can only be obtained when we are free from material cares, always surrounded by beautiful objects, able to enjoy the pleasures of travel, scenery, books, the society of cultured people. The lives of those whose lot it is to learn life's education amid such fair surroundings are interesting to study ; there is wide room for the analysis of motive. Their trials, errors, and conflicts are the same in essence, indeed, as those of the poor, but finer, more complicated ; their education leads them to consider longer the consequences of the wrong they meditate, and if they fall their remorse is all the greater. But there is another education, perhaps a truer one, wherein there is no scope for such free development, in which the development is one almost entirely of the heart and the emotions ; and this is the true theme for a naturalism that is sympathetic. Here the heroes are the poor and the oppressed—are those who are prevented by their position from playing any great or noticeable part in the world—who can but guess at the deep problems of life and learn

life's lessons by stern experience, dreaming of a fuller and a higher life not theirs; in the leisure moments snatched from toil. But there is the danger that the sadness and apparent hopelessness of such existences may produce a corresponding sadness in the writer who depicts them ; and it is no far step to despair. Thus the Russian realistic novelists, with their innate melancholy and dreaminess, and their openness to every wave of doctrine, seem to preach such a gospel of despair. But at least this despair of theirs is a compassionate one, not due to the self-complacent study of degraded life ; and the invisible and mystic elements of life are not denied as they are by the French.

Room, indeed, there is for a realism such as this—for the sympathetic representation of the lives of the poor and simple ; and well has this been done by English novelists, by whom the due limits of realism have been observed. Indeed, if a true æsthetic of naturalism were wanted, such might be found by an examination of our best English novelists ; and the French critics acknowledge this, confessing at the same time the utter failure and mistake of their own unsympathetic realists, and finding the key to the mystery of our success in the fact of the deep latent religious feeling which is always to be found at the bottom of the English mind, which colours the whole tone of the mind, and is ineradicable even if no definite religious belief is expressed, or any ground for such religion is sorrowfully denied. Realism need not depend on a materialistic view of life, on the disregard or denial of a heart which can struggle with, and even overcome, the cruel pressure of outward necessity. If there is no free-will there is at least the illusion of free-will ; the drama of life is the representation of erring man struggling against a self-invoked fate, or the good man fighting against circumstances. If religion even be but the category of the ideal, a *résumé* of our super-sensible needs, yet such stretching out of hands towards the invisible, such mysticism, would still be well worth depicting by a true artist. Art is ever a selection—selection of the beautiful ; the ugly and depraved but seem to enhance the contrast and to point out that the beautiful is the true. If our persons and lives are not beautiful, yet we would that that they were so ; and plainness of person at least we can redeem by beauty of character, which is founded on self-sacrifice. If the beautiful is rare and an exception, still the exception points to a higher law, but too often traversed. Nature is no longer viewed with optimistic eyes as in the days of Leibnitz and Pope ; nay, to Renan, Nature is absolutely insensible, transcendently immoral. Our will is free, our character is beautiful, in proportion as they rise

above nature. Nature is the material which must pass through the alembic of man's mind ; a series of symbols whereby to express the workings of the human soul ; the brute matter which owes all its form to art. Yet art, Antæus-like, is ever re-invigorated by touching mother-earth ; and both elements are truly requisite. If art wanders too far from nature, it loses itself in mysticism ; if art embraces nature too closely, it becomes degraded. Realism, naturalism, is indeed necessary—is the unavoidable basis of art and life ; but let us recognise that it is but the means and not the end, an essential part, not the whole, of art and life.

GARNET SMITH.

ON GARDENING.

IF I have any claim at all to speak on this subject, it is derived less from experience than from observation. What little practical knowledge of gardening I possess was acquired in early youth, under compulsion ; and even then it was restricted to the weeding of paths and the watering of plants. Neither of these operations, useful as they both undoubtedly are, can be said to foster a taste for the art or an acquaintance with the science of gardening. They are mechanical and unattractive ; anybody can do them, and nobody would do them if he could help it. This is especially true of weeding. To be set to weed a number of grass-grown gravel paths on a Saturday afternoon in July has been the unhappy fate of many a schoolboy from time immemorial ; and I believe there are few instances on record in which the schoolboy has not either openly or secretly rebelled. Many causes urge him to do so. The sun dries up the marrow in his bones, the wind is so still as to induce the belief that it will never blow again, his back aches, his knees are cramped, his eyes are dazzled by the yellow glare of the gravel. Nor is this all. The minute green pests are so wonderfully productive that they seem to increase and multiply before his eyes ; and, paradox as it may appear, the more he pulls up the more there are left. He is quick to notice this discouraging circumstance, and the discovery too often leads him to the adoption of certain devices, not over honest. For instance, he will gather from the surface of the path quantities of loose gravel, which he will dispose in so judicious a manner as to conceal many growing weeds from the stern eye of the inspecting parent. Or he will content himself with nipping off the heads of the weeds, while he leaves their roots intact in the ground, there to bring forth and bud anew before many days. By such unsatisfactory methods he strives after economy of labour ; and indeed he does accomplish one weeding with almost startling celerity—but then, how short is the period that intervenes before he must undertake another ! It will be seen that weeding is the parent of sin as well as of sorrow ; and it is therefore, except on the score of absolute necessity, entirely

to be deprecated. The watering of plants is an innocent recreation compared to it. Generally speaking, plants are watered in the cool of the morning or evening, and the operator is not compelled to suffer intolerable heat in addition to performing distasteful toil. Even watering, however, has many drawbacks. Carrying a heavy can to and fro, and holding it a long time suspended over the beds, is apt to tire the arm. Then the watering-can may leak—as a rule, it does. Before long, the young Aquarius finds one leg of his trousers growing soppy, and one foot getting clammy and cold. Ought we to be surprised if in proportion as his temperature falls his temper rises? Besides, he would much rather be playing marbles.

I have been betrayed into too long a digression upon the sorrows of the youthful apprentice to gardening. Amateur he cannot with propriety be called, for it is years before he can even look at a garden without a pang of remembered pain. Such, at least, was the case with me. I vowed that if I ever came to own a plot of ground I would turn it into a shrubbery and let it run wild. Nature, I argued, is better than art; and at all events an art achieved at the expense of so much misery is not worth practising. But from the time when I outgrew this morbid feeling I have always admired and envied all gardeners, from Adam downward. And more especially Adam; for there were no weeds in the Garden of Eden. Yet, even since the Fall, the gardener himself has been free from the ignoble toil of weeding, which is always left to boys, and is, perhaps, a judgment upon them for their original sin.

The gardener is busied in grander operations. He delves, he hoes, he plants, he sows, and, above all, he plans. His is no mere handicraft. He works with his hands, it is true, but he is also for ever working with his head. Arrangement and order do not cease to shape themselves within his busy brain. If you told him so, the chances are ten to one that he would scratch his head and deny it, not knowing what you meant. It is true, nevertheless, and members of the craft have not been wanting who were fully alive to its truth and importance. There still flourishes somewhere in the West of England an old man with curved legs and sandy whiskers, who is accustomed to work by the day in the gardens of those who can afford to hire him. Sometimes he will be employed by the week together in one garden. On one such occasion his temporary master observed that Joe never came to his work until the morning was well advanced. So on the third or fourth day he waited in the garden, and by-and-by Joe came sauntering leisurely in. "Good morning, Joe." "Marnin', zur; nice marnin' 'smarnin'." "It seems

to me you always come rather late to work, Joe." "Ees, zur," was the ready answer, "but oi d' loi in bed and plannee vor ee." In this way he considered that he was fulfilling his engagement ; and so, perhaps, he was. Yet it must be admitted that it requires faith, more than a grain of mustard seed, to enable one to pay cheerfully for such invisible service : the invisible service of a hireling being always more or less doubtful.

But with your true gardener, who is not paid by the day, but whose labour pays him after many days, there can be no question of the planning. He is a skilled general, and disposes his forces in the best methods at his command—methods gathered from the traditions of his predecessors, the experience of himself and his contemporaries, and his own anxious thought. He has nothing to gain by pretending to plan : he has everything to lose by not planning. Nor is his interest in his work of a merely utilitarian kind. He is in a certain sense an artist, and, like other artists, he takes pride and pleasure in his work for its own sake. He has the same delight in good workmanship, the same or a similar love of broad conception. Like the painter, he plans with his brain and executes with his hand. His work, like the painter's, is his own, bringing him pleasure as well as profit. He looks round his garden and says to himself, "All this is mine, the labour is mine, and the fruit of it is mine." With what honest self-gratulation he gazes on the trimly-pruned trees, on the well-ordered beds ; how great is his satisfaction in a fine potato-crop or a splendid yield of parsnips ! He is bound to acknowledge that sun and rain have done their part in producing the good results ; but then, on the other hand, sun and rain have done just as much for Williams's garden, and *his* potatoes are not worth the trouble of digging.

Of course it is not to be supposed that a gardener's lot is one of uninterrupted pleasure or undisturbed peace. Lord Tennyson has told us that

The very source and fount of day
Is dashed with wandering isles of night,

and so even a gardener's life has its annoyances and difficulties. His crops will occasionally fail, in spite of wise planning and careful labour. The slugs will eat his strawberries, the green fly will make havoc among his rose-trees, the wire-worm and the frost are his sworn foes. He has many things against him. But then, what a glorious constitution he has with which to withstand and overcome them ! He has no dyspepsia to darken his spirit or enfeeble his will. All day he breathes pure air, and smells fresh, healthy scents ; all night he sleeps the sleep of the just, unbroken by evil dreams. He is early

to bed and early to rise, and he is consequently healthy, wealthy, and wise. His troubles are not engendered within, but come to him from without. There are no traitors in his camp to fear, but only open foes in the field to face and fight. Strong in himself, he need not fear what they can do to him.

It is an ideal life, the gardener's, and a noble profession. You cannot call it a trade. The trading element only comes in when he parts with his produce to the greengrocer, who keeps a fusty little shop in a back street. The gardener is no more a tradesman than the artist. The one sells his pictures to a dealer, who makes his living by selling them again at a higher price; the other does the same with his potatoes. The picture-dealer and the greengrocer are tradesmen, but the gardener and the artist are professional men.

Thus far, I have looked at gardening only in the light of a profession. But for the amateur there is no finer hobby. Antiquarian research is not to be compared with it, scientific dabbling is barren beside it, and, if politics be laid in the balance, they are altogether lighter than vanity. Who has not known and envied the country clergyman with a passion for gardening? It is such a peaceful passion; not a fierce and intermittent flame, but a steady glow, imparting light and warmth to life. The clergyman's pleasure in his garden is, of course, unalloyed by the pecuniary cares which must beset the professional gardener; while his pride in it is infinitely greater than the other's can possibly be. Is he not pursuing the art for the pure love of it, without hope or desire of gain? He can sit down to dinner with his guest, and when the latter praises the cauliflower or avers that he never tasted finer green peas in his life, he can beam with satisfaction and say, "I grew them." He can tell little anecdotes concerning the potatoes on the table; he is the biographer of the carrots. And when, after dinner, on a fine evening in early autumn, he takes his guest out and shows him over the garden, he has no lack of topics for conversation. He could talk for a week. If the guest should happen also to be a country clergyman and amateur gardener, the dialogue is something wonderful to hear. They grow more excited over the merits of a favourite plum-tree than two Cabinet Ministers over a dissolution. The host exhausts his powers of eloquence in dilating upon the colour, size, and flavour of his plums; the guest is equally fervid in eulogising a tree of his own at home. "These are very fine," he says, condescendingly; "but come over to my place if you want to taste plums." And so the two honest old souls go on, each praising the other's produce, but maintaining the superiority of

his own. As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth a man's fruit make sweeter that of his friend.

In addition to these dialogical delights, the clergyman can take prizes at the local horticultural shows, and so gratify the feeling of ambition that lurks in the breast of every man, even of the country clergyman. Best of all, his rooms are lighted up and sweetened with flowers, whose sweetness and light are doubled by the knowledge that they are to a certain extent his own creations—perhaps even more so than his sermons are. He is a blessing to others and to himself. There is not

A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral,

for which his flowers are not in request. The festival he enriches with glowing colour, the mourning he beautifies with pure and saintly white. For himself, he gathers joy and health and heart's ease in his garden. By his labour there, he lengthens his life and makes it more worth living. And when at length his hand forgets to pluck the flowers that have carried hope and inspiration into many a weary sick-room, their place is taken in grateful hearts by flowers of remembrance, surely not less fragrant.

R. F. MURRAY.

GREAT MEN: THEIR TASTES AND HABITS.

THE shepherd said to De Rancé that he was happy as a king, and that his idea of heaven was to live in a large plain with large flocks to watch. Philip of Macedon counted a horse-race won at Olympia among his three greatest felicities ; with some men, nowadays, it is their only one. The late Lord Derby, it is said, would rather have won "the blue ribbon of the turf than worn that of the Garter." To Fontenelle the secret of happiness was summed up in keeping the heart cold and the stomach warm. *De gustibus non est disputandum.* The tastes of men are as various as their habits and characters, but it by no means follows that a large and liberal taste will always accompany a large and liberal intellect. On the contrary, great men have very often had small tastes. The diversity is, indeed, so surprising and unaccountable, that it is impossible to formulate any leading principles or deduce any distinct rules ; we can do no more than give examples, some of which will serve to show, perhaps, how very human great men are after all. These heroes and demi-gods of ours are invariably linked to ordinary humanity by weaknesses the existence of which has, very probably, been unknown to their worshippers ; like those deities in the temples of old which seemed to respond to the petitions of their votaries, but, in reality, conveyed only the answers of their priests, dexterously concealed within the hollow image or its pedestal.

Not a few illustrious men have evinced a strong predilection for a certain day of the year. The 3rd of September was Cromwell's fortunate day ; it was the day of Dunbar, the day of Worcester, and, happiest of all for his weary heart and brain, the day of his death. Napoleon laid special stress on the 20th of March. According to Brantôme, Charles V. was partial to St. Matthias's Day (February 24), because on that day he was elected Emperor, on that day crowned and on that day King Francis I. was taken prisoner (at the Battle of Pavia). We may add that it was also the day of his birth, and the

day on which he abdicated his imperial throne. The reader will remember Mr. Lothrop Motley's vivid picture of that remarkable scene.

For Francis I., whose star paled before that of the great Emperor, the 1st of January was a marked anniversary. It was his birthday, the day on which he became king, the marriage-day of his daughter, and the day of Charles V.'s entry into Paris. Pope Sixtus V. was born on a Wednesday (the 13th of December, 1521), made his profession with the Cordeliers on a Wednesday, received the cardinal's hat on a Wednesday, was elected Pope on a Wednesday, and on a Wednesday assumed the Papal tiara.

Dubois, in his "*Mémoire Fidèle*," relates that Louis XIII., a few hours before his death (Thursday, the 14th of May, 1643), summoned his physicians, and asked them if they thought he would live until the following day, saying that Friday had always been for him a fortunate day ; that all the undertakings he had begun on that day had proved successful ; that in all the battles fought on that day he had been victorious ; that it was his fortunate day, and on that day he would wish to die.

In this matter of lucky and unlucky days the little men have their superstitions also. The supposed maleficent character of Friday may, perhaps, be derived from the character of the Scandinavian goddess Freya, after whom it is named. The Anglo-Saxons—we beg Mr. Freeman's pardon, the Old English—esteemed three days in the year as specially dangerous : the last Monday in April, the first Monday in August, and the last Monday but one in December. "He who on these three days lets blood, be it of man, be it of beast, speedily, on the first or seventh day, his life he will end. Or if his life be longer, so that he come not to the seventh day, if he drink some time in these three days, he will end his life ; and he that tastes of goose flesh, within forty days' space his life he will end." At a later date the astrologers intervened, and increased the three fatal days to six, namely, January 3, July 1, October 2, April 30, August 1, and December 31. St. Paul's Day was supposed to determine the weather for the rest of the year, according to the old rhymes :

If St. Paul's Day be fair and clear,
It doth betide a happy year ;
If blustering winds do blow aloft,
Then wars will trouble our realm full oft ;
And if it chance to snow or rain,
Then will be dear all sorts of grain.

Returning to our subject, we note that Augustus, the Roman

Emperor, was terribly afraid of lightning, and always carried about him a seal's skin as a protection against its perils. On the approach of a storm he hastened to take shelter in an underground apartment. He was not without excuse for his alarms ; since on a night march, during his campaign against the Cantabri, a thunderbolt had split in twain his litter, and killed the slave who preceded it torch in hand.

The Emperor Heraclius, at the age of fifty-nine, was seized with an unconquerable terror at the sight of the sea. On his return from his Syrian expedition he sojourned in the palace of Herea, on the Asiatic shore of the Hellespont. "The princes of Constantinople," says Nicephorus, "compelled the prefect to span the strait with a bridge of boats, and protect it on both sides with planks and branches of trees, so that one could pass over it without seeing the water." This structure having been very rapidly put together, the Emperor rode across it as if he had been on *terra firma*.

The Emperor found his equal, or rather his superior, in timidity or nervousness in the celebrated moralist, Pierre Nicole, who wrote, in conjunction with Arnauld, "L'Art de Penser." He shrank from journeyings by land or water, never walked in the streets without trembling lest a tile should fall on his head, and for a long time resided in the Faubourg Saint-Marcel, because, he said, the enemies who threaten Paris would be sure to enter it by the Porte Saint-Martin, and consequently would be compelled to traverse the whole city before they reached his house.

Many celebrated personages have been remarkable for their attachment to certain animals. Everybody knows how Sir Walter Scott delighted in his dog "Maida," and in dumb animals generally. There is a delightful picture by Lockhart of the Master of Abbotsford, with his children and friends, setting out, one fine September morning, for a grand coursing match. "The order of march had been all settled, and the sociable was just getting under weigh, when *the Lady Anne* [Scott's favourite daughter] broke from the line, screaming with laughter, and exclaimed, 'Papa ! papa ! I know you could never think of going without your pet.' Scott looked round, and I rather think there was a blush as well as a smile upon his face, when he perceived a little black pig frisking about his pony, and evidently a self-elected addition to the party of the day. He tried to look stern, and cracked his whip at the creature, but was in a moment obliged to join in the general cheers. Poor piggy now found a strap round his neck, and was dragged into the background. Scott, watching the retreat,

repeated with much pathos the first verse of an old pastoral song :

What will I do gin my hoggie die?
My joy, my pride, my hoggie!
My only beast, I hae nae mae,
And now! but I was vogie!

The cheers were redoubled, and the squadron moved on. This pig had taken, nobody could tell how, a most sentimental attachment to Scott, and was constantly urging its pretension to be admitted a regular member of his *tail*, along with the greyhounds and terriers; but indeed, I remember him suffering another summer under the same sort of pertinacity on the part of an affectionate *hen*." This reminds us of the Emperor Honorius, who conceived a strange partiality towards one of these creatures. He was at Ravenna in 410, having taken good care to put between himself and the Goths the lagoons of the Adriatic, when, after the capture and sack of Rome by Alaric, the slave charged with the care of the imperial poultry-yard came to inform him that the capital of the world was lost. "What!" exclaimed the Emperor, in alarm. "What! Rome lost! why, 'tis but a minute ago that she was eating from my hand." He was not thinking of his ruined capital, but of his feathered favourite, which was also called *Rome*. It is to Procopius that we are indebted for this anecdote.

The eminent French financier, Samuel Bernard, who died in 1739, fancied that his existence depended on the life of a black hen, which, I need hardly say, was most carefully fed and nursed. The two died, at last, almost at the same hour. Bernard, however, was then in the eighty-ninth year of his age. The Italian poet, Passerini, who died in 1802, frequently alludes in his poems to a favourite cock.

Cowper, as everybody knows, brightened his obscure life for many years by studying the habits and characters of his three pet hares, Puss, Tiny, and Bess. He had quite a catholicity of affection, however, for dumb animals, and at one time his stock of household pets included (besides the hares) five rabbits, two guinea-pigs, many pigeons, a magpie, a jay and a starling, two goldfinches, two canary birds, two dogs and a squirrel.

Henry IV. of France, when King of Navarre, was found one day in his cabinet by his great minister, Sully, with his sword by his side, his cloak on his shoulders, and a little cap on his head, carrying, in a basket suspended from his neck, two or three little pugs, *pas plus gros que poing*. Dogs are general favourites, however, and few homes can be considered complete without them. Who does not

remember the faithful hound of Odusseus, who recognised his master in his beggar's disguise, when, after long wanderings, he returned to his Ithacan home? And King Arthur's favourite "hound of deepest mouth," "Cavall"? And Fingal's famous "Bran"? But how shall I hope to enumerate the famous men (and women) who have had their canine friends and familiars—Lipsius, Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, Charles I., Hogarth, Churchill, Fielding, Lord Byron (whose epitaph on his dog "Boscawen" everybody will recollect), Charles Dickens, Landseer (his favourite was called "Brutus"), Emily Brontë ("Keeper"), Tennyson, and many others?

James I. had a miscellaneous taste for pet animals—Virginian squirrels, a cream-coloured fawn, the splendid white gyrfalcon of Ireland, an elephant, five camels, and of course dogs of every kind. Saint Evremond, the wit, and Claude de Crébillon, the poet, were constantly surrounded by cats and dogs, which, under the firm supervision of their master, lived together on terms of unity.

Godefroid Mind, the Swiss painter, who died in 1814, was sur-named "the Raphael of Cats," in allusion to the skill with which he painted his favourites. They frequented every room in his house, and, of course, were admitted into his studio. During his work his pet cat was always by his side, and he carried on a kind of conversation with it: sometimes it was perched on his knees, while two or three kittens occupied his shoulders, and the painter would retain this attitude for hours without moving, rather than disturb the companions of his solitude.

Sir Edwin Landseer had a heart open to all animals, and an eye quick to observe their characters and habits. He painted them with a felicity, a truthfulness, and an insight which have never been equalled; yet was he never more successful than when he painted dogs, for whom he undoubtedly reserved his warmest affection. In "The Shepherd's Chief Mourner," "Laying down the Law," "Alexander and Diogenes," "Dignity and Impudence," "High Life and Low Life," he has painted dogs as dogs were never painted before; and this because he loved them, and through his love was able to detect and appreciate their traits of character.

May I recall the memory of the favourite lapdog of Mary Queen of Scots, and of the incident in the last tragic scene at Fotheringay, where, after the headsman had done his work, it appeared that the dog had followed its mistress unperceived, and was concealed under her clothes? "When discovered it gave a short cry, and seated itself between the head and the neck, from which the blood was still flowing."

A Mr. Dennis Rolle, of whom I know nothing more than that he flourished in the eighteenth century, was a member of Parliament, and so far in advance of his age that he "agitated" for the abolition of bull-baiting and cock-fighting, was a great lover of animals, and he assures us, in one of his pamphlets, that they fully returned his affection. He declares himself unable to account for the fact that horses immediately became tractable without any management or manœuvring, that he could thrust his hand into the jaws of dogs without sustaining any injury, or the mouth of serpents, which, he says, never inspired in him the slightest dread. For years he wandered in dense forests, without ever being attacked ; he had slept in swampy places, infested by reptiles and venomous insects ; serpents had served as his pillow, and yet he had never been bitten. He tells of a crane which followed him everywhere ; of a strange dog which, whenever he visited Waltham, hastened to his side as if to act as his protector, and moaned most pitifully when compelled to quit him ; and gives many other instances of the curious kind of magnetic attraction which he exercised upon animals.

But Mr. Rolle has no pretensions to be considered a great man, and I must apologise for introducing him among his superiors. I turn to Maximilien Robespierre, who is popularly supposed to have been deficient in all human sympathies and affections, and yet was partial to his little dog, fondling it in his bosom while he wrote the death warrants of his enemies. Henry III. of France was never happy unless a whole kennel of puppies yelped at his heels, but then he was unable to remain in the same room with a cat. This physical or nervous antipathy is one of the secrets which the professors of the healing art are unable to explain. Shakespeare alludes to it in a well-known passage :

Some men there are love not a gaping pig ;
Some there are mad if they behold a cat ;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine : for affection,
Master of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes.

Ladislas, King of Poland, was greatly agitated at the sight of apples. Erasmus could not smell fish without suffering from a feverish attack. Scaliger trembled in every limb if watercress were placed before him. The astronomer, Tycho Brahé, was similarly affected at meeting with a hare or a fox. The sage-browed Verulam fell into a fainting fit at an eclipse of the moon. Boyle went into convulsions on hearing the sound which water makes on issuing from

a tap or valve. La Mothe le Vayer, the French philosophical writer, preceptor to Louis XIV., could not endure the sound of any musical instrument. Favoriti, the Italian poet, who died in 1682, sickened at the smell of the rose.

We shall deal with the dress of great men in another article, but it will be appropriate here to allude to the weaknesses or peculiarities they have displayed in this direction. I have already introduced the name of Robespierre. No man had in him less of the *sans culotte* disposition. He was fastidious, even finical, in his attire, with a scrupulous neatness worthy of a gentlewoman, and a shaven smoothness that contrasted strongly with the hirsute roughness of the faces of most of his colleagues. A velvet coat, white silk waistcoat embroidered with silver, nankeen breeches, silk stockings, shining shoes with buckles of silver, decorated his insignificant person.

In this respect, and in this respect only, did the dread French Dictator resemble the famous orator of Athens, of whom Aulus Gellius relates that he affected an extreme neatness in his attire, bestowing upon it as much care and research as a fashionable beauty, an Aspasia or a Phryne, might do. Thence arose the jests of his rivals and adversaries upon his elegant mantle and soft luxurious tunic. Thence, too, the calumnies which accused him of effeminacy, and imputed to him the most shameful vices. Much the same things were said of Hortensius, the most famous orator of his time after Cicero, who was himself, I may observe, by no means indifferent in the matter of dress. A carefully studied deportment, a toga arranged in artful folds, graceful gestures, and a theatrical pose, drew upon him a storm of gibes and flouts, and led to his being frequently denounced as an actor and a mime in open court by pleaders envious of his extensive practice.

Suetonius informs us that the Roman Emperor Otho was almost as particular "as a woman" about his toilet, that he applied a depilatory process to the whole of his body, and wore upon his head, which was nearly bald, false hair, fixed and arranged so artfully that no one could detect the imposition. He shaved daily with the utmost exactness, and rubbed his face all over with soaked bread—a habit which he had contracted from the age of puberty in order to prevent the growth of a beard.

Among ourselves the rage for rich and handsome dress reached a climax, I think, in Elizabeth's reign, when it was stimulated and fostered by the great Queen herself; and Leicester and Raleigh, Essex and Sir Christopher Hatton outvied each other in bravery of costume. As for Raleigh, one wonders that so great a man, who at

heart was profoundly contemptuous of the world's shams and follies, should have been so solicitous, as his letters show him to have been, about jewels, velvets, and embroidered damasks. His clothes were at all times noticeably gorgeous, says Mr. Gosse, and to the end of his life he was commonly bedizened with precious stones to his very shoes. When he was arrested in 1603, he was carrying £4,000 in jewels on his bosom, and when he was arrested for the last time, in 1618, his pockets were found full of the diamonds and jacinths which he had hastily removed from various parts of his person. Even on the scaffold his taste in dress was conspicuous. He wore a black embroidered velvet nightgown over a hare-coloured satin doublet, and a black embroidered waistcoat, a ruff-band, a pair of black cut taffetas breeches, and ash-coloured silk stockings.

He was outrivalled in the next reign by George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham "of that ilk," the splendour and costliness of whose attire are mentioned by several writers. His jewels alone were reckoned at a total of £300,000 at the then value of money, which we must multiply by five or six to bring up to the present standard. "It was common with him at an ordinary dancing," says an authority, "to have his clothes trimmed with great diamond buttons, and to have diamond hat-bands, cockades, and earrings; to be yoked with great and manifold ropes and knots of pearl; in short, to be manacled, fettered, and imprisoned in jewels, insomuch that at his going over to Paris, in 1625, he had twenty-seven suits of clothes made, the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, gold, and gems could contribute; one of which was a white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds valued at £80,000, besides a great feather stuck all over with diamonds; as well also his sword and spurs." This magnificence, it must be added, well became his handsome features and well-proportioned figure, of which, with something more than episcopal unction, Bishop Goodman says: "He had a very lovely complexion; he was the *handsomest bodied* man of England; *his limbs were so well compacted*, and his conversation so pleasing, and of so sweet a disposition." Even the grave Clarendon kindles into fervour when speaking of "the daintiness of his leg and foot, his well-proportioned body, and gracefulness of movement."

The poet Gray, in spite of his chronic invalidism and general debility, had a nice taste in dress, and bestowed great attention on his toilet. This weakness of his was germane to the fastidiousness and even effeminacy of which his friends sometimes complained. "Coarse manners and vulgar or unrefined sentiments," we are told, "overset him." The famous chemist, Henry Cavendish, who

demonstrated the composition of water, and was so admirable a mathematician, astronomer, geologist, and meteorologist, carried his fancy in dress in an opposite direction. It was his choice always to go attired in grey cloth, and the fashion popular in the days of his youth he retained to the very last. The modes might come and go, but Cavendish's costume went on for ever! He showed the same love of uniformity in the arrangements of the table; his guests, whoever they were, he treated all to the same dish—a leg of mutton. One day he had invited scientific friends to dine with him, and ordered his housekeeper to prepare the customary joint. "But, sir," she demurred, "that will not be enough for five." "Well, then, get two," was the laconic reply.

Sir Humphry Davy dressed himself in green, like one of Robin Hood's merry men, when he went a-fishing, but for hunting he wore red. His idea was that in this way he gave less alarm to the fish and the game. Lockhart has a lively sketch of his appearance when, one day at Abbotsford, he joined Scott in a coursing match. "His fisherman's costume—a brown hat with flexible brim, surrounded with line upon line, and innumerable fly-hooks, jack boots worthy of a Dutch smuggler, and a (green) fustian surtout dabbled with the blood of salmon—made a fine contrast with the smart jackets, white cord breeches, and well-polished jockey boots of the less distinguished cavaliers about him." On the same occasion Henry Mackenzie wore "a white hat turned up with green, green spectacles, green jacket, and long brown leather gaiters."

All sensible men who respect themselves and society will dress as well as they can afford. Gibbon, the historian, acted upon this rational principle; but though he dressed well he did not dress ostentatiously. George Colman introduces him, in one of his lively sketches, as a kind of foil to the author of "Rasselas." "On the day I first sat down with Johnson in his rusty-brown suit and his black worsted stockings, Gibbon," he says, "was placed opposite to me in a suit of flowered velvet, with a bag and sword." But Gibbon was born a gentleman, and necessarily dressed in harmony with the habits of his class.

It is as impossible to keep Goldsmith's name out of this connection as it was for Mr. Dick to keep the head of Charles I. out of his daily discourse. It was the poor man of genius's pet vanity, by which, no doubt, he hoped to divert attention from the short ungainly figure and the plain pock-marked features, which vexed him a great deal more than they ought to have done. And perhaps it raised him a little in his own estimation, counteracting the depressing

effect of his squalid surroundings, and putting him more on a level with his more affluent friends. He began the extravagance in his student days at Edinburgh ; and Mr. Forster has discovered a set of tailor's bills in which appear such items as "silver hat-lace," "rich sky-blue satin," "Genoa velvet," and "best superfine high claret-coloured cloth" at 19s. a yard. When a starving man of letters in London, he still made a goodly appearance in velvet coats of Tyrian bloom, and the like, with the assistance of Mr. William Filby, tailor, of Water Lane, to whom he was constantly in debt. Sometimes he awoke to a sense of his folly in wasting money thus ostentatiously. On one occasion Reynolds found him in a reverie, kicking a bundle round about his room. When the great painter opened the bundle, out fell an expensive masquerade dress which he had been tempted to purchase, and its temporary end having been served, he was endeavouring, he said, with a bitter jest, to extract the value from it in exercise.

Thackeray alludes to this weakness of Goldsmith's very tenderly. "In his life and his writings," he says, "which are the honest expression of it, he is constantly bewailing his homely face and person ; anon he surveys them in the glass ruefully, and presently assumes the most comical dignity. He likes to deck out his little person in splendour and fine colours. He presented himself to be examined for ordination in a pair of scarlet breeches, and said himself that he did not like to go into the Church because he was fond of coloured clothes. When he tried to practise as a doctor, he got by hook or by crook a black velvet suit, and looked as big and grand as he could, and kept his hat over a patch on the old coat : in better days he bloomed out in plum-colour, in blue silk and in new velvet."

I pass on to another branch of my subject. Towards the close of the last century, several persons of more or less note adopted the diet glorified by Pythagoras, and now accepted as an article of faith by the members of the Vegetarian Society. Among the pioneers of vegetarianism we may name the antiquary Joseph Ritson, who published, in 1805, an essay "On Abstinence from Animal Food as a Moral Duty for Man." He had been preceded, however, by Dr. George Cheyne, who, having waxed enormously fat, so that he weighed thirty-two stone, adopted a milk and vegetable regimen, and reduced his size almost to a third, besides effecting a general improvement in his health. The results of his experience are recorded in his "Essay on Health and Long Life," and "The English Malady ; or, a Treatise of Nervous Disorders."

Gilbert Wakefield, the political economist and theologian, who

died in 1801, abstained from the use of wine as well as of animal food. So did the philanthropist, Antoine Benezet, who died in 1784; while the German enthusiast, Royer, was particular in the matter of fish, which he refused to eat unless it had died from "natural causes."

Very little food, either animal or vegetable, did Spinoza allow himself, since he restricted the cost of his living to five or six sous a day, on which even a Scotch student would find it difficult to support human nature. Yet was he surpassed by Buttner, a German naturalist of the eighteenth century, who lived upon one meal a day, at a cost of three sous. The astronomer Lalande professed to relish spiders and caterpillars, and always carried a supply of these dainties about with him in a bonbon box. Some of us would prefer chocolate-creams.

Borrowing again from Aulus Gellius, I observe that Caius Gracchus, when he mounted the tribune, employed a flute to regulate the intonations of his voice, just as the precentor in a Highland kirk uses a pitch-pipe to start the psalm-singing of the congregation. It is not, I think, to be supposed that a flute-player was ensconced securely behind him, and, by a dexterous management of his instrument, alternately stimulated and moderated the movements and actions of the orator. Nor can we believe that the flute dictated to him, *coram publico*, such niceties as measure and rhythm and cadence, just as it might regulate the steps of a ballet-dancer. The truth would seem to be that a man, hidden somewhere near at hand, warned the speaker when to soften his too strident tones by drawing from his flute a slow, soft, and mellow note, in the same way that a chord struck by the orchestra will keep the singer in the right "key." Cicero, however, on the authority of the orator's secretary, Licinius, insists that the flute indicated to Gracchus that he must moderate his action when it grew too impetuous and quicken it when it lagged.

The amusements of great men seem to illustrate the direction of their tastes. Cardinal Richelieu found in violent exercise a relief from the severe mental concentration in which most of his life was passed. He was once discovered jumping with his servant, to try who could reach a high mark on the wall. With ingenious flattery De Grammont entered the lists against him, but took care, after some efforts which nearly reached the mark, to allow the Cardinal to beat him. Henry IV. amused his leisure with the company of children, and Sully describes a charming incident—how he found his Sovereign astride on a stick, and playing at "horses" with two or three happy juveniles. The learned Samuel Clarke sought recreation in violent gymnastics, leaping over tables and chairs. Once, a pedantic

precisian approaching, "Now we must desist," said he, "for a fool is coming in!"

Æschylus, according to Athenæus, had always a flask of wine by his side when he was composing his tragedies. If their excellence were in any way due to the inspiration thus afforded, who will not wish that some of our later dramatists would also resort to it? But alas! we do not know what kind of wine he drank. It may have been the "nectareous drink" familiar to the Olympian gods, when (as Matthew Arnold sings)—

The loved Hebe bears
The cup about, whose draughts beguile
Pain and care, with a dark store
Of fresh-pulled violets wreathed and nodding o'er—

and the secret of this was lost long ago.

Athenæus asserts that Alcæus, the lyricist, and Aristophanes, the author of "The Clouds" and "The Birds," wrote their compositions while in a state of intoxication; but he must surely mean in a poetic frenzy, like that of the priestess of Apollo on her tripod.

In the Duke of Buckingham's "Rehearsal," Bayes is made to say that before he writes a tragedy he takes a strong purge in order to clear his brain and stimulate his energies—an allusion to Dryden's habit of dosing himself with senna when engaged in the work of composition. Buffon, before he began to write, always dressed with the greatest care—wig, ruffles, sword, not an item was omitted. On the other hand, Cujas, the celebrated lawyer, threw himself on the floor, with his books lying all about him. Bacon, Milton, Bishop Warburton, and the Italian dramatist, Alfieri, had a fancy that music should be performed while they were at the desk; and it is recorded of Bourdaloue, the great French preacher, that he always executed an air on the violin before he began to write a sermon. One could wish that certain clergymen one wots of would learn to play the violin, if it would enable them to write sermons like Bourdaloue's! Our poet Thomson spent whole days in bed, and when asked why he did not get up, replied that he saw no reason for doing so. He was seen with his hands in his pockets nibbling at a peach, where it hung against the wall; it was too much trouble for him to pick it. Gray could conceive no greater felicity than to lie on a sofa and read novels. Charles Darwin was not less partial to fiction. Mr. Gladstone cuts down trees *pour délassement*, and the Marquis of Salisbury experiments in the laboratory.

Antoine Thomas (died in 1785), the author of "Réflexions Philosophiques" and of other attacks on the teaching of Voltaire,

remained in bed, with the curtains drawn, every day until noon. There he composed, "in his head" (as the children say), the works which afterwards, on getting up, he dashed off *currente calamo*. Throughout his long career it was in this way he produced what Voltaire airily called his *galithomas*—a quip on *galimatias*, i.e. rubbish.

Giovan Battista Casti, the witty author of the "Animali Parlanti"—which Stewart Rose partly translated under the title of the "Court of Beasts"—and of the "Tre Giuli" (or "Three Groats"), which Leigh Hunt introduced to the notice of English readers—composed his gay verses in bed, while playing at cards by himself!

Corneille, the illustrious dramatist; Malebranche, the author of the "Recherche de la Vérité," and Thomas Hobbes, the so-called "philosopher of Malmesbury" and author of "The Leviathan," generally composed in darkness; whereas Mezeray, the historian, could not work, night or day, except by candle-light, and never failed to see his visitors to the door with a burning taper in his hand, even in the full blaze of noon.

Lord Palmerston did all his clerical work at a high desk, standing. The German bibliographer, Reimann (who died in 1745), spent the greater part of his life upon his feet; and that he might not be tempted to take his ease, banished chairs and couches from his cabinet for more than thirty years.

Goethe composed while walking to and fro; Descartes and Leibnitz preferred a horizontal position.

A strange story is told of an obscure French political writer, the Marquis of Antonelle, who died in 1827. When he was in the throes of composition, a pile of plates was put beside him. He took one and placed it on his bare neck until it grew warm, when he removed it and took another; and this process he repeated until he ceased to write. The credulous were informed that it relieved the boiling vapours of his brain.

It seems natural enough that Wordsworth should create his lofty verse while wandering among the mountains, and Shelley his exquisite lyrics while floating on the murmurous stream. This open-air composition may be recommended to musicians as well as poets. Gluck, the founder of dramatic opera, caused his clavecin to be carried out into a green field; and there, with the blue sky above him, the warm sunshine around him, and beside him some bottles of champagne, his genius invented the glorious strains of his "Orfeo e Euridice" and "Iphigénie en Aulide." On the other hand, Giuseppe Sarti loved an immense hall, vaulted and obscure. The

stillness of night, the funereal gleam of a single lamp suspended from the ceiling, these were indispensable conditions for the free flow of his solemn conceptions. Cimarosa, as might be inferred from the vivacity and brightness of his compositions, was delighted to hear around him the ripple of animated conversation. It was while laughing and chatting with his friends that he wrote his operas, "Gli Orazii" and "Il Matrimonio Segreto," two works in entirely different styles, the former serious, the latter comic, but both instinct with the individuality of genius. The famous aria, "Pria che spunti in ciel l'aurora," was an improvisation in the middle of a gay pleasure party, in the environs of Prague.

Sacchini could not write a note unless his fair young wife was by his side, and a litter of kittens, for which he had a special fancy, playing near him. He affirmed quite seriously that their graceful movements inspired the happiest melodies in his "Œdipus at Colonna." Traetta resorted to churches filled with a dim religious light.

Salieri, to excite his imagination, rushed with hasty steps through the most crowded streets. A tiny box of preserved fruits, an album, and a pencil constituted the whole of the baggage, or impedimenta, which he carried on these occasions. Cane in hand, he hurried in pursuit of musical ideas; and as soon as he had "started one"—to use a sportsman's phrase—he halted for a moment to seize it and transfer it to paper.

In rendering, in his "La Haydine," a well-deserved tribute to the genius of Ferdinando Paer, Caspani (died 1825) says that he wrote the scores of "Camilla," of "Agnese," and of "Sargine" while jesting with his friends, and throwing off a thousand lively inventions, and yet finding time to rail at his servants, quarrel with his wife and children, and lavish tender caresses on a much-loved dog. Paisiello's fancy was hide-bound until he was snugly lying between the sheets; and it was in this comfortable position, which most of us find fatal to activity of thought and conducive only to dreaminess and reverie, that he composed the charming motifs of "Nina," "La Molinara," and "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." Zingarelli, before taking pen in hand, transported himself, so to speak, into a high intellectual air, by reading passages from the Fathers of the Church or from the great Latin classics: thus prepared he would improvise, in less than four hours, an act of "Pyrrhus" or of "Romeo e Giulietta."

Caspani affirms that a certain Marcantonio Anfossi, brother of Pasquale Anfossi, an operatic composer of the eighteenth century, who possessed considerable ability, though destitute of real creative power, would probably have attained a great reputation as a musician if

he had not died very young. This Marcantonio was a monk, and his recipe for stimulating the inventive faculty was very curious, not to say grotesque : he did not place himself in front of a clavecin to compose, but before a table laden with seven or eight dishes of roast fowls, baked sucking-pigs, and fried sausages. In the midst of the appetizing fumes that rose from these dainty viands, he produced quite spontaneously the sweetest inspirations. Alas ! a good many hungry men of genius would have lived and died uninspired if their inspiration had depended on the same stimulus as Marcantonio's. Roast fowls, sucking-pigs, and the like, were rare dishes in Grub Street.

Haydn, grave and regular as Newton, shut himself up in his study, silent and alone : but first he shaved, and powdered, and put on clean linen, and dressed from head to foot, as if he were bent on paying his respectful homage to his patron, Prince Esterhazy, or even to the Emperor : then, seating himself before a bureau on which carefully ruled paper and pens well nibbed were arranged, he put on his finger the diamond ring given to him by his revered Sovereign, and began to write. Five or six hours glided by, and found him still unfatigued, without an erasure to mar the exquisite clearness of his notation, which was remarkable for neatness and compactness, though not very easily read.

"When I am completely master of myself," wrote Mozart in 1788, "when I am alone, with my soul tranquil and satisfied—as, for example, when I am travelling in a good conveyance, or sauntering to and fro after a good meal, or resting in bed without being inclined to sleep—then it is that my ideas throng thickly upon my brain. To say whence they come or how they come would be impossible : what is certain is, that I am not able to make them come when I wish."

Very little is known of Mendelssohn's method of composing, but he seems to have made few sketches, and to have arranged his music in his head at first, much as Mozart did. Certain volumes of his MS., now in the Berlin Library, appear to contain his first drafts, showing very few corrections, and these not so much sketches as erasures and substitutions. As for his tastes and favourite pursuits, it has been said with truth that no great composer was ever so various and versatile as Mendelssohn. Mozart drew cleverly, and was a capital letter-writer ; Berlioz and Weber also wrote good letters ; Beethoven was a famous pedestrian, and an intense lover of Nature ; Cherubini was about equally fond of botany and card-playing, but none of them (says Sir George Grove) approach Mendelssohn in the number and variety of his occupations. He excelled in chess and

billiards, and was passionately fond of both. He rode much, swam more, and danced whenever he had an opportunity. But his favourite pursuits were letter-writing and drawing. His letters are remarkable for their number, excellence, and finish ; each is a work of art ; "the lines are all straight and close, the letters perfectly and elegantly formed, with a peculiar luxuriance of tails, and an illegible word can hardly be found. To the folding and the sealing everything is perfect." His drawings exhibit the same amount of polish, and the same desire to do everything as well as he could. His taste and efficiency in such matters are well shown in the albums he made for his wife, "beautiful specimens of arrangement, the most charming things in which are the drawings and pieces of music from his own hands."

Charles Dickens was a busy letter-writer, and as neat and precise as Mendelssohn. But his special amusement was walking. He loved to start off on a ten or twelve miles' excursion through leafy lanes and over green fields, and though he was fond of "company," and as admirable a host as he was a delightful guest, he was never happier than when hurrying through the scenes he loved with one or two genial companions. He wrote his immortal fictions with great care, the manuscript being always remarkable for neatness and freedom from erasures. He liked for his composing-room an open and spacious apartment, with plenty of light, and a view of flowers and green things through the window.

Beethoven was as constant a pedestrian as the author of "Pickwick" or the composer of the "Songs without Words." His fondness for the open air was excessive ; every day, after dinner, whatever might be the weather, in spite of rain, or hail, or snow, he was out and about, never returning until he was thoroughly fatigued. Another of his peculiarities was his constant change of abode. Nearly every winter he had a fresh lodging, and in the summer he flitted from one pretty village to another, for no man ever loved the country more. As to his town quarters, sometimes he quarrelled with them because the sun did not shine into them, and he loved the light ; sometimes they were too close and hot ; sometimes too cold. Sometimes the change was at the instance of his landlord, for this man of genius had certain strange habits, which ordinary mortals did not always relish. For instance, after a long walk in the rain he would enter the living room of the house, and at once shake the water from his hat all over the furniture, indifferent to, or rather ignorant of, the damage he was doing. He was excessively fond of washing ; would pour water over his hands for a long time together,

and if at such times a happy musical thought occurred to him, and he became absorbed, would continue his lavations until the floor was flooded, and the water had found its way through the ceiling into the room beneath. Another of the weaknesses which convinced men that the great composer was mortal was his partiality to rough jokes and horse-play, as, for example, throwing books, plates, or eggs at the servants, pouring the dish of soup over the head of the waiter who had served him wrongly, sending a wisp of goat's beard to a lady who had asked him for a lock of his hair.

Of his habit of composition we may note that he first conceived and elaborated in his sketch-books or his head his musical thoughts, and then developed and completed them at the piano. In his books any idea that occurred to him was written down at the moment; he even kept one by his bedside for use in the night. Abroad or at home it was always the same, only out of doors he made his notes in pencil, inking them over on his return to the house. "These serve to distinguish him," says his biographer, "from other composers almost as much as his music does. They are perhaps the most remarkable relic that any artist or literary man has left behind him. They afford us the most precious insight into Beethoven's method of composition. They not only show—what we know from his own admission—that he was in the habit of working at three, and even four things at once, but without them we should never realise how extremely slow and tentative he was in composing. . . . There is hardly a bar in his music of which it may not be said with confidence that it has been rewritten a dozen times."

His mode of life in his later years was this: "At half-past five he was up and at his table, beating time with hands and feet, singing, humming, and writing. At half-past seven was the family breakfast, and directly after it he hurried out of doors, and would saunter about the fields, calling out, waving his hands, going now very slowly, then very fast, and then suddenly standing still and writing in a kind of pocket-book. At half-past twelve he came into the house to dinner, and after dinner he went to his own room till three or so; then again in the fields till about sunset, for later than that he might not go out. At half-past seven was supper, and then he went to his room, wrote till ten, and so to bed."

Let us glance for a moment at the professors of another branch of art. Lucas de Leyden, during the last years of his life, painted and engraved in his bed. Leonardo da Vinci, a man of many gifts, musician, poet and painter, always resorted to the inspiration of music before he took brush and palette in hand. A quaint story is told of

Godecharles, the Belgian sculptor, who died in 1835 : "On entering his house one day, at Brussels, I saw about thirty persons on their knees, and reciting the 'Litanies of the Virgin,' women, children, neighbours, workmen, all joining in the chorus. Every moment comes upon the ear the grave and devotional refrain, *Bied vor ons*, Pray for us ! I thought some one was in the agonies of death, and prepared to retire. But they said to me, 'Stop, sir, stop ! we shall finish in a moment. The master is just now beginning upon a block of marble, and we are praying God that he may not meet with any vein or flaw in it.'"

Turner was an early riser, and for several hours in the morning worked with great assiduity, after which he would amuse himself freely. He was greatly partial to fishing. He seldom paid a country visit without being accompanied by his rod, and he carried into his pursuit the indomitable perseverance which he brought to bear on his artistic work. No inclemency of weather daunted, no churlishness of fortune wearied him. An eye-witness relates how he used to sit on the lawn of a friend's house, fishing in a pond for carp. On wet days he would sit on a kitchen chair, with a piece of board under his feet and a large umbrella over his head. And the wind blew and the rain descended, but silent and immovable there he sat until the dinner-bell rang.

The diversion favoured by Tycho Brahé was polishing glasses for all kinds of spectacles, and making mathematical instruments ; but such a diversion can hardly be distinguished from work. D'Andilly, the translator of Josephus, amused himself in cultivating trees ; gardening was the favourite hobby of the learned Evelyn, just as planting was of the great Earl of Chatham ; Barclay, the author of "*Argênis*," was a florist in his hours of leisure ; Politian sang airs to his lute ; Balzac tossed over a collection of crayon portraits ; Descartes passed his afternoons in the conversation of a few friends, and in keeping up a little garden. Granville Sharp turned from the severity of his studies to enjoy the relaxation of a boat on the Thames. His little craft was well known to his friends, and his voyages to Putney, Kew, and Richmond were rendered delightful by literary and artistic discussions. Sir Henry Wotton was a famous angler, and built for himself a fishing-house by the Thames side, about half-way between Datchet and Eton, now known as Black Pots. The hours devoted to piscatorial pleasures he called his "idle time not idly spent," and he would often say that "he would rather live five May months than forty Decembers." Paley was also a brother of the rod, and caused himself to be painted, rod and line in hand. The reader

needs not to be reminded that John Bright is an enthusiast in the sport. So is the author of "Lorna Doone."

Curiosity is not one of the weaknesses ordinarily found in great men, but Monsieur de la Condamine (if we may include him among great men) was a complete Paul Pry. Like our own George Selwyn, his curiosity extended to the last moments of the condemned, and as Selwyn never missed an execution at Tyburn, so Condamine never missed one in the Place de la Grève. He was present at the death of Damiens, the would-be murderer of Louis XV., and made his way upon the platform where the criminal was bound to the wheel, and none but the executioners were allowed to stand. The guards being on the point of removing him, the chief executioner, Monsieur of Paris, as he was called, exclaimed, "Leave the gentleman alone; he is an amateur." When he went on a visit to any of his friends, he employed his time in handling everything in their apartments, and overhauling all their desks, drawers, and wardrobes. While at Chanteloup, on a visit to the Duke of Choiseul, he chanced to be in his study when the minister's letters and despatches arrived. The Duke, returning after a minute or two's absence, found M. de la Condamine seated calmly at his table, opening all the correspondence from the different embassies. "What, Monsieur!" said the Duke, "opening my private letters?" "Oh, don't hurry yourself," rejoined the Academician, "I am looking if there are any news from Paris."

"The Emperor Claudius," according to Suetonius, "was passionately fond of play, and made the art the subject of a treatise. He played even when travelling, his carriages and tables being so made that their movement did not disarrange the game."

Louis XIII. prohibited all games of chance at Court, but had so strong an affection for chess that he played it in his coach whenever he went abroad. Many great captains have been enamoured of this thoughtful game, in which the movements of the pieces remind them, perhaps, of the movements of bodies of men on the field of battle. It was the amusement of the leisure hours of Timúr, who improved (or marred) it with new refinements. Instead of thirty-two pieces and sixty-four squares, he played the game with fifty-six pieces and 130 squares. The great Mogul Emperor was generous enough to rejoice when he was beaten by one of his courtiers, an excess of generosity of which I should have thought no chess-player could be capable. Far otherwise was it with Napoleon, who, if he found his antagonist gaining upon him, would with one hasty movement sweep board and pieces off the table, and on to the ground. This reminds me of Philip II. of Spain, who, when a Spanish grandee had won

every game in which he had played against the king, could not conceal his vexation. The skilful but indiscreet player, returning home, said to his family: "My children, we have nothing more to do at Court. There we must henceforth expect no favour; the king is offended because I have won of him every game of chess." It is told of the Earl of Sunderland, minister to George I., who was a most inveterate chess-player, that he once played with the Laird of Cluny and with Cunningham, the translator of Horace. Cunningham, with much honesty and little knowledge of the world, vanquished the statesman, who was so fretted at his conqueror's superiority that he dismissed him without any reward; whereas Cluny, who allowed himself sometimes to be beaten, obtained all the favours he wanted.

Let us glance at the characteristics of a few men of science before concluding this article, and at the self-denying experiments to which they have been led by their scientific tastes. The celebrated Italian physician, Sanctories, who died in 1631, spent his days in a balance constructed for the purpose of calculating as exactly as possible the insensible transpiration given off through the human body. He placed himself in the scale, and after weighing the amount of food and drink necessary for his sustenance, remained in it for four-and-twenty hours, after which, comparing the weight of what he had taken with that of his secretions, he estimated the quantity of fluid lost through the process of transpiration—emitted, that is, through the pores of the skin. The diminution of this fluid seemed to him to be the cause of all diseases. A French physician, Dodart, who died in 1707, repeated the experiment in the same manner for a period of thirty-three years.

The astronomer La Caille had contracted the wearisome habit of using only one eye when reading and writing, the other being reserved for the telescope. He thus attained to some interesting results: as, for example, he was able to observe with facility the altitude of stars above the horizon of the sea, an observation generally very uncertain on account of the difficulty of clearly distinguishing the horizon at night. We are not aware that any other astronomer has ever accustomed himself to a practice so irksome and laborious.

J. B. Ludet, who died in 1771, employed the physical robustness with which nature had gifted him in various experiments which he thought might prove useful to science. In the midst of winter he plunged into the frozen Seine, to determine what degree of cold he could support; and on one occasion his friends had no little trouble to

prevent him from entering a burning furnace, to ascertain if he could bear the heat.

The famous physiologist, Spallanzani, for the purpose of clearing up the theory of the digestive functions, undertook some most dangerous experiments. For example, he introduced into his stomach substances wrapped up in tiny bags of linen, and swallowed tubes filled with various materials.

The habits and tastes of the professors of the healing art would furnish a fertile theme. Jerome Cardan was exceedingly fond of music; unfortunately he was also fond of the gaming-table. His habits were very irregular; but exercise, diet, and sleep were his three great recipes for the preservation of health. He liked ten hours in bed, and slept eight hours out of the ten if in good physical condition. When troubled by insomnia, he cut down his daily dietary, and sometimes had recourse to a curious external remedy—the application of bears' grease, or of an ointment of poplar, to seventeen places on the body, such as the crown of the head, the soles of the feet, the heels, thighs, elbows, jugulars, temples, regions of the heart and liver, and upper lip.

In one of his books (*“De Vitâ Propriâ”*) he sketches a kind of economy of life, half serious and perhaps half humorous. There are, he says, seven *summa genera* of things: air, sleep, exercise, food, drink, medicine, preservatives. Then he adds up fifteen species: air, sleep, exercise, bread, meat, milk, eggs, fish, oil, salt, water, figs, rice, grapes, and onions. And he proposes to enumerate fifteen preparatives: fire, ashes, the bath, water, pot, frying-pan, spit, gridiron, knife-back and knife-edge, grater, parsley, rosemary, and laurel—but, in reality, only fourteen are here named. He speaks of fifteen kinds of exercise, and forgets to specify more than ten: the grindstone, walking, riding, pestle and mortar, cart, making of cutlery, the saddle, navigation, cleaning of platters, friction. “These things,” says Jerome, “I have reduced to a compendium, after the manner of the theologians, not without exercise of profound thought and a great display of reason. There are five things that may be taken freely by all except old men; they are bread, fish, cheese, wine, and water. Two may be used as medicines—mastic and coriander; sugar is employed in many things. Two things are condiments—saffron and salt, which last also is an element. Four things are to be taken moderately: they are meat, yolk of egg, raisins, and oil; the last a latent element, answering in its properties, when burnt, to the element of the stars.”

Harvey, who discovered the twofold circulation of the blood,

was a great reader. At the battle of Edgehill, in 1642, Prince Charles and the Duke of York were put under his charge, and while the air rang with the clash and din of the fight, he retired with the two young princes under a hedge, took a volume from his pocket, and became absorbed in its perusal, until a cannon-ball striking the ground close beside him convinced him of the desirability of seeking a safer resting-place. He was a great admirer of Virgil (as, by the way, was Charles James Fox), and with the poet's "divine productions" was sometimes so transported "as to throw the book from him with exclamations of rapture." Some of us have known books thrown aside with very different sounds!

Cullen's predominant weakness was for a game of whist, which, of course, he played with considerable skill. Whist is so popular among medical men—did you ever know a whist-club to which the local practitioner did not belong?—that it ought to be called the Doctor's Game. Fothergill's hobby was his garden: he purchased five acres of ground at Upton, in Essex, where he cultivated with success a large number of exotic plants. Sir Thomas Browne, the author of the "*Religio Medici*," was a collector of curiosities, but, like Dr. Fothergill, took an immense delight in his garden. Dr. Jenner, to whom we owe the practice of vaccination, was a warm lover of music, and found in verse-making also a refined and interesting relaxation for his leisure. Music, poetry, and painting were the prevailing tastes of Dr. Parry, though he had likewise a passion for horticulture and farming. The witty Arbuthnot's chief recreation was card-playing. He had a great aversion to physical exercise, and Swift said of him that he would do everything but walk. Sir Henry Holland was an enthusiastic traveller. Among living physicians, Sir Henry Thompson may be mentioned as an accomplished musician and a successful artist; but with living great men it would be ill-mannered to deal.

Some eminent men have been distinguished by their passion, and special aptitude, for laborious work. Boyle studied for fourteen hours daily until he was forty years old. William Hunter, the great anatomist, was a very early riser, and when his professional duties were discharged, occupied himself until late at night in his dissecting-room or his museum. His illustrious brother, John Hunter, one of the greatest surgeons who ever lived, rose at half-past five; remained in the dissecting room until nine, when he breakfasted; received patients at home until noon; made his daily calls among his out-patients until four; dined, saw more patients, and then devoted his evenings to his favourite studies, or to discussions with his scientific

friends. Hume wrote thirteen hours a day while composing his "History of England." Sir Matthew Hale studied for many years at the rate of sixteen hours a day, but all great lawyers have been hard workers. As for the scientists, look at Charles Darwin, at Tyndall, at Huxley, at Richard Owen. Marshall Hall, whose discoveries and researches in connection with the nervous system smoothed the way for later physiologists, devoted, in the course of his life, to the investigation of this one subject, no fewer (it has been calculated) than twenty-five thousand hours. For forty years of his life the great naturalist, Buffon, wrote at his desk from nine till two, and again in the evening from five till nine. Turning to the lords of art, we find Titian spending seven years upon his great picture of "The Lord's Supper," and eight upon that of "Pietro Martire." Michael Angelo was an indefatigable worker. After passing the greater part of the day in his studio, he would often rise at night to resume his labours, fixing a candle on the top of his pasteboard cap, like a miner, to supply the light which guided his marvellous chisel. Haydn, Gluck, Spohr, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, enjoyed work as other men enjoy play. But, in truth, continuous and energetic labour is imperative upon the musician who would rise to fame, and command a comprehensive knowledge of the resources of his glorious art. Giardini was wont to say that if a man would learn to play the violin, he must practise twelve hours a day for twenty years. And the wonderful mastery of Paganini was gained and maintained only by assiduous efforts which helped to wear out both mind and body. The first studies which he composed were of such excessive difficulty that he would repeat a single passage for ten hours running.

In short, whatever other habits great men have formed, whatever other tastes displayed, they have always formed the habit of, and displayed a strong taste for, WORK ; and in so far as they have fallen off from this habit, so far have they fallen off from the true and full development of their genius.

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

A DEVON AND CORNWALL HOLIDAY TRIP.

THAT one half of the world does not know how the other half lives is an oft-repeated truism. And if we know little as to the general lives of people in different stations, we know less of the details of those lives. For instance, there is probably no greater mystery to the majority of holiday-makers than the method in which those whose status is much lower than their own, manage to enjoy themselves during a week or a fortnight in each year. The man who spends £40 a week, or £20, or less, must sometimes wonder how his fellow holiday-maker, who earns thirty shillings for his six days' labour, gets along whilst away with an average of a couple of pounds a week. It is, of course, done by hundreds of thousands, and done well by many ; and the amount of health secured for forty shillings would often compare favourably with the hygienic benefits derived from the outlay of £40. In the opinion of most people, the holiday of, say, the ordinary clerk, resolves itself into a stay at some equally crowded and salubrious haunt, where the pure air of the briny, the country-side, and heaven is incongruously mixed with dancing-saloons, billiard-rooms, and a round of second-rate social distractions. Too many, it may be admitted, do give way to a sort of *ennui* after a day's idleness, and sacrifice health and money in the stifling atmosphere of gas-heated rooms, and at the gaming-table, but there are others who leave their occupations with the full intention of reaping every good which nature undefiled has to offer. Their method is one worthy of every attention, and impecunious and over-worked professional men, who are for ever lamenting their inability to afford a holiday, might take a leaf out of the book of the perhaps still more impecunious. The man with a few hard-earned and saved pounds in his pocket, determined to spend them to the best advantage, does not lay himself open to the allurements of the much-frequented watering-place. Nor does he pine in loneliness in some deserted hamlet. He fixes upon a spot at which

an interesting tour may be begun ; he makes his legs carry him day by day from point to point, and he comes back to his work full of ever-changing local colour, of history, of information generally, which months of reading might not supply, and with a heart beating with happy regularity, and lungs free from the cobwebs and impedimenta of the town.

In the belief that the record of how this may be done will be interesting to the "better off" financially, and interesting and valuable as well to those whose means are not embarrassingly plentiful, I purpose here to give some account of a fortnight's holiday spent at the end of last May by a friend of mine whose income does not exceed £80 a year. He left London with about £7 in his pocket, and returned with some thirty-five shillings. Railway travelling cost him roundly a sovereign, and he stayed at night either at some respectable cottager's or at a temperance hotel. He paid sometimes a shilling, sometimes eighteenpence for his bed ; his breakfast—a substantial one—usually cost one shilling and threepence, his dinner eighteenpence, his tea and supper one shilling or a little more—his whole day amounting to an average of six shillings. He travelled to Exeter by the ordinary Saturday excursion train, and purposed walking to the Land's End and back. Various circumstances prevented him from doing this entirely, but though the elements were not in all ways in his favour, and he had to pass the larger part of his time alone, he enjoyed a holiday on the charms of which he seems to find it difficult to dilate too fully. It should perhaps be said that he is a thorough-going cockney, and seeks every year to get a fortnight in some place as nearly the reverse of London as possible. This year he was entirely successful, and to those who want to do their holiday cheaply and wisely he says : Go to Exeter, and walk to the Land's End. The best idea of his route will be acquired by the reader's turning up a map of Devon and Cornwall.

Leaving Exeter, then, by the Exe Bridge, he made for Dunsford, just past which the road goes almost round the top of a steep hill. From this point he looked down into the valley some hundreds of feet below, and got a beautiful glimpse among the trees and foliage of the East Teign, reduced at this height to a stream of ditch-like proportions. A little distance ahead there is a kind of cataract, over which the stream rushes with a noise that can be heard for miles. After listening to the suggestive music of the waters thus supplied for a while, the traveller goes forward to Moreton Hampstead, an old-fashioned, whitewashed town, and thence on to Chagford. Putting up here for the Saturday night and the Sunday, my friend visited an

interesting old mill, which has been allowed, through the perversity of the landlord, to go to ruin, and which has been painted, he understands, by a well-known artist for one of next year's exhibitions. The mill, standing between a huge rookery and a stream which gurgles over a series of small rocks, forms a charming picture. At Chagford he had his first taste of pure Devonshire cream, and at dinner made a further delectable acquaintance in the shape of junket. On the Sunday he went to church, and listened to the to him novel provincialism of the method of chanting the Psalms and singing the hymns.

On Monday my friend started by way of Way for what he calls "the grand walk" across Dartmoor, "that great, cold, granite Sahara of England," as Elihu Burritt styled it in his "Walk from London to Land's End and Back." Like the learned blacksmith, my friend crossed it alone, and he admits to certain curious sensations as he merged upon the desolate waste. Perhaps, to fully appreciate the weird charms of Dartmoor, it should be traversed in solitude. Elihu Burritt, in his graphic and poetic way, says: "I turned off in the direction of the moor with something of the feeling I once had on entering the mouth of the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, especially as I was to cross it alone. I had heard that the roads or pathways were few and faint, and that travellers were liable to many mishaps; that storms came suddenly down upon the cold waste, and that there was but little shelter upon the best-beaten track. Indeed, under the influence of these stories of hairbreadth escapes, of benighted or hail-pelted wanderers over trackless miles of wilderness, I really wished for a companion to make the crossing with me. . . . The scene from Pound Gate as you turned your face eastward was a grand picture. The great round waves of civilisation were beating up against the barbarous wilderness, lapping on and upward, further and higher, cresting one rough, heather-bearded hill after another with the verdure of husbandry. Soon this green, bright-lighted world of beauty disappeared, like the shore of a fair and well-peopled land to one outward bound on the broad sea. The great wild closed in behind with its grey rocks, and I was surrounded with its rude scenery. This embraced shapes and features which might well have set the imagination of the aborigines of this region at play in vivid vagaries. A better cultivated fancy could hardly be kept from running off into fantasies of almost equal extravagance." Though Elihu Burritt walked to Tavistock from Ashburton, and my friend made for the same town from Chagford, the spectacle presented and the feelings aroused on the verge of the moor are practically the

same. Many mines are worked on Dartmoor, and every now and then their presence is denoted by a tremendous wheel on a hill-top. A reminder of the desolate side of the human character as well as of nature is by-and-by afforded when Prince's Town is reached. Here is the great convict prison, and as my friend passed it he met three convicts exercising horses.

The scenery from Prince's Town to Tavistock is famous and beautiful. Tavistock contains a fine old church, the origin of which is lost in antiquity. Some two hundred years ago a splendid set of bells were put into it. Every hour they chime a tune, and every day a different tune. At midnight they chime the tune three times, and half the tune which is to be played next day. "I blessed 'Auld Lang Syne' that night," says my friend, quietly but significantly.

Crossing the Tamar the next morning, the traveller found himself in Cornwall. From a hill at Gunnislake a view is to be had of the famous Morwell rocks. Starting forward in the direction of Liskeard he missed his road, and for a time wandered about with little knowledge of where he was making for. Partly by the directions of a yokel who seemed light-headed, and partly by accident, he found the right road again. The entrance to Liskeard was made in a very dilapidated condition. Heavy rain was falling, and shelter was eagerly taken in the kitchen of a hospitable Cornish wife. My friend was amused here by a settle, which answers the purpose of a table, a box, and a seat. The house was a very old one, and had originally been the dwelling-place of a nobleman who has now built himself a more commodious mansion. Some Cornish delicacies were brought out, and the guest made the dreadful mistake of asking for Devonshire cream instead of Cornish.

Passing, the next day, the great Moorswater Viaduct and Western Taphouse, he reached Lostwithiel—a name which has been said to mean "Lost with all." An earthquake swallowed up the original town some centuries ago, and frequently in digging the foundation of new houses the tops of the ancient ones are met with. From Lostwithiel he went to St. Austell, where he put up at a dairy, or "a deary," as the landlady calls it, and the following morning started for Grampound. Grampound is noted as having been among the most remarkable of rotten boroughs, and having sent John Hampden to Parliament—surely a parliamentary exemplification of the axiom that out of evil cometh good. From Grampound my friend walked to Truro, and from Truro took boat down the Fal to Falmouth, the country being everywhere marked by impressive and romantic features. Resuming his pedestrian method of progress at

Falmouth, he made his way up to Penryn and on to Helstone. Elihu Burritt records a legend still holding in the neighbourhood about this place and its name : " A huge block of granite lay for centuries in the centre of the village as the subject of many a weird speculation. But the legend that carried the day over other fancies held that this stone was once placed against the mouth of hell, and was one day carried away by the devil, on issuing to make a raid into Cornwall ; that as he stalked over the country he amused himself with this pebble, gambolling with it as a cat does with a spool of thread or a child's marble on the floor. In the midst of these antics he encountered St. Michael, the guardian saint of Helstone, whereupon a combat ensued, in which he was obliged to turn tail and hoof it back to his place, dropping the *hell-stone* in his flight. It is averred that the inhabitants stood by and watched this set-to, from beginning to end, and that they instituted an annual festival or holiday in commemoration of the event, called the *Furry Day*.¹ And this is kept with almost religious observance up to the present time on the eighth of May." At Helstone my friend met with a small adventure, being closely watched and cross-questioned by an inspector of police in private clothes, on the alert lest the escaped convict Jackson should appear in the neighbourhood. Such assiduity may or may not reflect creditably on the police. There is no more likeness between the tourist and the convict than there is between either of them and the man in the moon.

From Helstone the road lies through Breage, over St. Hilary Down, from the top of which a fine view is had of Mounts Bay and St. Michael's Mount, which looked the more beautiful as the sun was shining on the chapel at the top of the Mount. From Marazion to Penzance the road runs round the Bay and makes a delightful walk. Cutting inland again, Sennen is passed and the Land's End reached. At Sennen is an inn which claims to be the first and last in England. Coming from the Land's End it is the first met, and going to the Land's End it is the last. Next door, a hotel claims to be the last. It is not so, however, because at the Land's End is the Land's End Hotel itself.

The spot is charged with traditions of all sorts, and has the wildest imaginable aspect, with its rocks, its cliffs, and its caves. We must pause here again with Burritt, whose delightful work ought to be read by every lover of travel narrative. " It would," he says, " be difficult to conceive of any battle-ground on the face of the

¹ My friend says that this has now come to be called " Flora Day."

earth or ocean where the clutch and conflict of the elements could be more terribly grand than at the Land's End. And no point—the globe around, perhaps—presents deeper battle scars, or deeper foot-prints of the wrestlers. When the still blue sea is in its sunniest mood, dropping the ermine fringes of its summer robe with a musical murmur on the shore ; when the great headland is covered with its softest, greenest June herbage clear down to the rusty edge of the precipice, and all around, above and below, is serene and quiet, even then you see the rough athletes of nature only asleep, and you think of the scene at their waking. You can scarcely keep out of your mind's vision the apparition of a broken-masted ship, drifting with lame rudder and rent sails against these awful walls, that yawn upon it like the long-teethed jaws of huge sharks eager for their prey. How many a bold mariner has felt his heart quake within him when, tempest-beaten, chased by sea-wolf waves howling after him for a thousand leagues, he has seen, through the foam and the mist, the black fins of these terrible land monsters, each like a Cerberus, lying in the gateway of his native land. I am confident if Shakespeare or Byron had ever stood on the tremendous verge of this cliff and witnessed the scene when the mightiest Titans of nature clinched and wrestled here, we should have had even a grander description of the ocean in its wrathful uprising than either of the great masters has left us. It is said that Wesley composed here his hymn, so often sung on both sides of the Atlantic, beginning with the lines—

Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible !

The histories attaching to the locale are as wild and strange as its natural features. Perhaps the authors of the fantastic fictions had these proportions in view, and suited their fancies to the physical facts of the place. In clear weather the Scilly Islands, nearly thirty miles distant, may be seen notching the western horizon ; but although the sky was cloudless, I was not satisfied that I really saw that flock of islets pastured so far out in the sea. One of the unscrupulous traditions hereabouts goes so far as to affirm that these islands were once connected with the mainland by a tract of country called the *Lyoness*, which Spenser and Tennyson have made a fairyland, and peopled with human heroes in mail, and ærial beings fluttering among the flowers in robes woven of sunbeams, moonlight, and white mist. Here the Laureate made King Arthur fall, when—

All day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea.

As the boat moved on, the scenery became more and more beautiful, and the water was so calm that the reflection of the hills and the sky was as clear as if it were a mirror.

In passing a bridge the tourist is reminded with a shudder by the fact that not far off was the place where a man called Treen, who had been a prisoner of war, was then put to rest for St. Ives. The church of the place is noted for having the highest tower in Cornwall. The night was advancing, and began to fall, and the rain was increased by dark. It was not until a long and somewhat tedious time that Penryn was reached near the night. Bad weather detained my friend here for a day or two. He then walked to the little fishing-village of Newlyn, a quiet sequestered place. The fishermen are a peculiar specimen of their native race. Not far from Newlyn are St. Paul and W. . . . a fishing-village like Newlyn. The fishermen it is interesting to note, go away in their boats to the north and follow the shores of baying down to Cornwall where they generally strike into the Atlantic and are lost sight of. In the churchyard of St. Paul a tablet is erected to the memory of Dorothy Penryn, better known as "Old Dolly," who died in 1777. She is reported to have been the last person who spoke the ancient Cornish dialect. The stone bears these words: "GURA PERTHI LE TAZ HA DE MAM MAL DE DYTHIOW BERTHENZ HIR WAR AS TYR NEAN ARLETH DE DEW RYES DEES," which mean, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Striking north-east the next places visited were Ludgvan, with its splendid old church; Hayle, with its creek; Phillack, with its church partially buried in the sand; and Camborne, with its mining industry. In the distance Carn-Brea is to be seen, and to be visited, if time permits, which it did not in my friend's case. It is "a rocky, lofty eminence," and, as Elihu Burritt called it, "the very focus and culmination of Cornish mythology." In another place he says: "It seems to have been the Olympus of Cornish deities, druids, giants, genii, bogies, furies and fairies. . . . A column erected to the memory of a local celebrity, the late Lord de Dunstanville, adds another object of interest to the eminence, and establishes a kind of balance between the doings of man and nature, which make Carn-Brea one of the first lions of Cornwall to a tourist, whatever be his leaning of mind."

Making his way to Redruth, my friend, owing to wet weather, took train back to St. Austell, and then on to Plymouth, where he

took the boat up the Tamar, and had a splendid view of the renowned Saltash Suspension Bridge. He returned to Plymouth and the train brought him to Totnes, where he took the boat down the Dart. At Dittisham they blow the steam-whistle to give the passengers an idea of the effect of the echo in the neighbourhood, which is certainly peculiar. The trip down the Dart is one of the most pleasing and extraordinary events in a tour of this sort. The changes in the river are surprising, and when you appear to have come to the end of the stream, land being right a-head, you literally "dart" round a corner and are once more in full swing. Having looked about Dartmouth, with its interesting church, and the often beautifully carved outstanding upper-storeys of the houses, the ferry took my friend over to Kingswear. He then walked, *viâ* Paignton, to Torquay, where he took the train to Exeter, and by paying a percentage on his excursion ticket, he was allowed to return home by an ordinary train.

Was it a holiday worth having? Was it, at least, dear at a £5 note? Throughout the fourteen days the meteorological gods alone, and Jupiter Pluvius chiefly, caused him any discomfort. Without great exertion he covered miles of the most seductive ground in England—ground full of beauty, full of majesty, of poetry, of history, of legendary lore, of marvellous association with all that interests humanity. What more could holiday-maker want than to share one hour the simple joys of the cottager, and the next to stand upon some mighty bluff at whose base and in whose vicinity many a terrible tragedy has been enacted? The people are as kindly, as hospitable, and as brave as the land on which they live is romantic, and rugged, and forbidding. Cornwall is a region which inspires wonder and awe before it is visited, and when it is visited the wonder and awe are intensified. In a general way it is behind the times and is still very much out of the world. Elihu Burritt made his memorable walk nearly a quarter of a century ago. One is inclined to believe that great advance has been made since then. Doubtless it has, but the impression my friend has brought back with him is one of the extremely primitive character of all that is Cornish in man and nature. We are too much in the habit in these days of flying through beautiful country at express speed. My friend, humbly enough, it is true, realises the folly of this. There is one at least who will avail himself of the first opportunity to emulate his ways, and to take a trip to Exeter or some spot near it, and tramp the road to the Land's End. Physique, mind, pocket, everything commends such a course to the would-be "healthy and wise," if not to the wealthy.

EDWARD SALMON.

A RUSSIAN BEAR.

AMONG the monsters of history Ivan IV., the Terrible, of Russia holds a prominent place. The picture of him by Karamsin, the Russian historian, leaves us little to choose between Ivan and Caligula. He is accused of having superintended in person a frightful massacre at Novgorod ; of having slain his own son ; of having seriously lessened the population of Russia by the number of his executions ; and above all, of having loved torture and cruelty for their own sake. Yet all this has to be reconciled with such facts as that a large party in Poland intrigued to have him elected King of Poland after Sigismund ; that Queen Elizabeth, after thirty years' knowledge of him, entertained the idea of a marriage between him and her niece Lady Mary Hastings ; that he was beloved by the Russian people during his life, and bitterly mourned by them at his death.

The puzzle is increased if we compare the accounts of contemporary ambassadors or travellers with those of the contemporary writers on whom Karamsin relies. Anthony Jenkinson, the first English traveller to Russia, in 1557, describes Ivan as a person of great affability and friendliness ; accustomed to walk abroad with his nobles, and to invite his native or foreign servants to dine with him ; "undoubtedly very devout in his religion," never tasting food or wine without first blessing it, esteeming his priests above his nobles, frequently attending the churches, frequently visiting the monasteries. So that "he was not only beloved of his nobles and commons, but also had in great dread throughout his dominions" ; and Jenkinson believed that no prince in Christendom "was more feared of his people, nor yet better beloved." His nobles would let their hair grow long for shame and sorrow if they incurred his displeasure. He took no pleasure in hawking, hunting, or other regal pastimes, nor even in music ; but he loved to hear and decide lawsuits himself, and his whole delight was set in two things, namely, in serving God and in conquering his enemies.

This account might of course be compatible with the orthodox

theory, that Ivan's character deteriorated after the death of his first wife, Anastasia (1560); but at all events, Jenkinson, after all his subsequent visits to Russia, never modified his first description. A more serious witness against Ivan is Sir Jerome Horsey, the English ambassador, as he perhaps alone of contemporary witnesses cannot be suspected of calumny. He forbears to add to his stories of barbarous cruelty out of forbearance for the ears and Christian patience of his readers; and he sums up Ivan as "a right Scythian, full of ready wisdom, cruel, bloody, merciless." But Horsey appears to have drawn no distinction between what he saw, what he heard, and what he read. His story of the seven monks whom Ivan set to fight with bears, and his account of Ivan's ecclesiastical policy, he confesses to having translated from the Russian; he refers to a certain Livonian history (probably Oderborn's) in which Ivan's cruelty and tyranny were "most lamentably set forth"; and he alludes to certain Russian chronicles written and kept in secret by a prince of the highest nobility, who belonged to one of those families whose power it was a necessity of Ivan's position to seek to reduce. His testimony, therefore, is to some extent weakened, as is also that of Fletcher, who derived his information mainly from Horsey.

Possevin, the Jesuit ambassador from the Pope, whose mission to effect an union between the Greek and Russian Catholic churches in compensation for the loss to the Papacy incurred by the Reformation proved so signally unsuccessful, confessed his surprise at finding in Ivan "instead of a fierce monarch an affable host, surrounded by guests who were attached to him." So did Cobenzel, the Catholic ambassador from the Emperor, who, in speaking in glowing terms of the Czar's magnificence, power, and wealth, and of the marks of civility and liberality shown to himself, betrays no suspicion of having been the guest of a monster or of a monarch abnormally different from his contemporaries in Europe.

But that frequent and extensive executions took place under Ivan cannot be denied. Any doubt is conclusively set at rest by two letters still lying in manuscript in the State Paper Office, in one of which Jenkinson writes to Lord Burleigh (August 8, 1572) that Ivan had lately put to death, "by sundry torments, a great number of people, chiefly of his nobility, gentlemen, and principal merchants;" whilst in the other, Thomas Randolph informs Lord Cecil (August 12, 1568) that Ivan had of late "beheaded no small number of his nobility, causing their heads and bodies to be laid in the streets, to see who durst behold or lament their death. Divers others cut to pieces by his commandments."

The facts admit easily of historical explanation, if they fail of moral excuse. Ivan's reign was a life and death struggle with the old princely families of Russia on the one hand, and with the foreign powers of Sweden, Lithuania, Poland, and the Tartars on the other. The Russian princely families were perpetually conspiring with these foreign powers against Russia, especially with Poland; and the bitterest witness against Ivan was Andre Kourbsky, who for many years was one of the Czar's most trusted councillors, and most successful generals, and who, having previously negotiated with the King of Poland for an appointment and lands in Lithuania equivalent to those he held in Russia, suddenly left Moscow by night, leaving his wife and children to the Czar's vengeance, joined the Polish forces, and then sent a messenger back to Ivan with a letter reproaching him for his intolerable cruelty, and threatening him with the vengeance of his testimony in another world.

This letter and Ivan's answer are historical; and in the latter there is perhaps more truth as well as more interest than in the former. Ivan boasts of the improvement that had resulted from his reduction of the power of the great nobles. "What was the country during the rule of men like you? A vast desert from east to west. . . . After I conquered you, I built towns and towers where formerly wild beasts roamed." He boasts of his promotion of the unification of Russia: "Woe to a nation governed by many masters. Cæsar Augustus commanded the world because no one shared his power. Constantinople fell as soon as the Emperors began to listen to monks and priests like your Silvester." He accuses the latter and Adachef, his recent ministers, with having encouraged insubordination among the nobles; with having made himself a mere slave on the throne; with having conspired, when he was ill, to cause the succession to pass to his cousin, Prince Wladimir, instead of to his own son. As to cruelty, Ivan resents the charge as a falsehood: he only punished traitors, as they were punished everywhere; but sore source of grief to him as were the many punishments he had inflicted, they could not equal in number the conspiracies that had been formed against him.

This letter is said to form in the original an entire book, and it is to be regretted there is no translation of it. It is remarkable that one of the charges brought in it against Silvester and Adachef is their opposition to Ivan's visits to the monasteries. Now, as Silvester was himself a monk, he is not likely to have opposed purely devotional visits, so that the visits were probably opposed as those of a dreaded reformer. Ivan always had been an ecclesiastical reformer; the reforms he effected at the age of twenty-one are among the most

thorough-going known in Church history, and the measure he carried out towards the close of his reign, decreeing that all lands bequeathed or bought by ecclesiastical bodies should thenceforth be the property of the Crown, and the clergy in future have no title to real property, completely subjected the Church to the State. Ivan was encouraged in this line by his acquaintance with our own countrymen, for he once alluded to Horsey to his inclination to have followed Henry VIII.'s example with regard to the monasteries; but it is not a prudent line for any ruler to take who cares about his character with posterity.

Kourbsky wrote a book about Ivan, which was eagerly devoured in Russia, and copies of which were kept in private libraries. Probably this is one of the books to which Horsey refers as among the sources of his information. Karamsin rather unreasonably infers its veracity from its popularity: an argument which would equally establish the authority of Guagnani's "*De Moschoviâ*," another contemporary witness against Ivan. Guagnani was an Italian, in the service of the King of Poland, who sent Guagnani's work to the Czar with the message, "Read what they say of you in Europe." There is no proof that Guagnani ever set his eyes on the Czar or his feet in Moscow. What he seems to have done was to write a description of Russia, borrowed without acknowledgment from Herberstein, and then to tack on to it his account of Ivan in the guise of a merely accidental appendix, thus throwing an air of credibility over the latter part of his work from the borrowed veracity of the former. That his work came to enjoy great repute in Russia proves, therefore, nothing. Karamsin also defends Kourbsky's veracity by reason of the coincidence of his statements with the official documents of the time, wherein the names of Ivan's victims, according to Kourbsky, are marked as *lost* or *fallen*, this being taken as an official euphemism for *murdered*. But why then should the euphemism for "murdered" be applied, for instance, to a name like that of the famous Adachef himself, of whose execution even Kourbsky says nothing, and who, according to Karamsin, died of fever at Dorpat? Or, why should the word *dead*, instead of the euphemism, be sometimes applied in the lists to the names of certain individuals of whose execution Kourbsky gave graphic descriptions? The word in question, we may conclude, referred to men who had deserted the Russian service, or who had died of the plague or in battle, not necessarily to traitors who had been executed.

For the reward of his treason Kourbsky received a large fief from King Sigismund, and immediately after his desertion appeared

service till nine, when the monster had himself read to sleep by three blind story-tellers. At midnight he rose again for another three hours' service, which can therefore only have allowed of one hour's repose before the early service at four ! Need it be said that of all this tale not a word is said by Jenkinson, who saw the Czar in this retreat a few years later, nor by Uhlfeld. The reception of the latter at Sloboda corresponded in every way with receptions at Moscow; nor had Uhlfeld anything worse to tell of Ivan than a certain bearishness of manners at dinner, and the story he was told of the Livonian harem.

But Taube and Kruse are among the most accredited contemporary witnesses of Ivan's history. Who then were they, and what was their history ? They were both Livonian nobles, taken prisoners in the Livonian war of 1560, and after six years' imprisonment raised to seats in the State Council, and to the intimate confidence of the Czar, and enriched with lands and high pay. (They were therefore in prison during the Sloboda episode.) In 1569 the Czar appointed Magnus King of Livonia, who at Taube and Kruse's advice wasted seven months in a fruitless siege of the town of Revel. These gentry, therefore, fearful of incurring the wrath of the Czar, as they had that of his *protégé*, entered into secret negotiations with the Kings of Poland and Sweden, designing to secure to one of them the conquest of the town of Dorpat. Again unsuccessful, they took refuge in Poland, where Sigismund received them with honour, and where they seem to have sown their calumnies abroad with some impartiality; for, in subsequent negotiations between Poland and Russia, we find the Polish envoy demanding a disavowal from the Czar of calumnies circulated in his name throughout Germany to the detriment of Sigismund himself, and the Russian envoy declaring that these calumnies were forged by Taube and Kruse, whom if Sigismund would send back to Moscow to receive their deserts, the Czar would make a public avowal that the letters in question were forged ! Calumny was clearly among the most potent political weapons of the time, and the prime wielders of it are to be accepted as trustworthy historians ! Strange that, after all, towards the close of Ivan's reign, Taube and Kruse actually returned to his service.

Oderborn, the last of the chief contemporary witnesses against Ivan, was an evangelical Lithuanian priest, who, like Guagnani, never set his eyes either on Ivan or on Moscow. His life of Ivan was published the year after the Czar's death, and is said to have been written at the request of some Polish nobles, who (the throne of Poland being again vacant by the death of Stephen Bathory in 1586) may have wished to

avail themselves of Oderborn's talents to diminish the chances of the election of Ivan's son by a skilful delineation of the character of the father.

The massacre of Novgorod (1570), and the killing by Ivan of his own son (1581), may serve as useful cases for testing the general accuracy of the contemporary accounts ; but it is worth noticing first how much the memory of Ivan IV. has been confused with that of his grandfather, Ivan the Great. The epithet *Groznoi*, that is, threatening or terrible, had been applied to Ivan III. before it was applied to his grandson. Olearius and Petrejus accuse Ivan IV. of insolence for taking for his arms a black two-headed eagle ; but Herberstein clearly attributes this to Ivan the Great after his marriage with Sophia, the daughter of the last Byzantine Emperor, as a symbol of his thus becoming the heir both of Rome and Constantinople ; and he also mentions an eagle with two heads and a crown on each head as forming the reverse side of the Russian imperial seal at the time of his mission, before Ivan IV. was even born. Again, the story is well known of the Italian architect whom Ivan the Terrible caused to be blinded lest he should ever build another church to equal the one built by him on the Place Rouge at Moscow. But Horsey and Fletcher apply the story to the architect of Ivanogorod, the castle at Narva : "when it was finished, for reward to the architect (that was a Polonian) he put out both his eyes, to make him unable to build the like again." But both Herberstein and Printz ascribe the building of this castle to Ivan the Great, not to Ivan the Terrible.

It is not improbable, therefore, that stories of the conquest and spoliation of Novgorod by Ivan the Great mixed themselves up with the similar event in the reign of his grandson. A citizen of Novgorod (so runs the received history), wishing to revenge an injury on his fellow-townsmen, forged letters from the archbishop and citizens of Novgorod to the King of Poland, which he contrived to let fall into the hands of the Czar, who thereupon came and personally superintended a massacre which lasted continuously for six weeks from January 8, 1570. Bishop Gerio, who arrived at Moscow whilst Ivan was at Novgorod, says that about 18,000 of the population, men, women, and children, were there put to death for the interception of letters of treason. Horsey puts the number at 700,000, and says that the carcasses of men and cattle were so many as to stop the course of the river Volchov, into which they were thrown. The annals of Pskof place the victims at 60,000, and also mention the stoppage of the stream ; whilst Uhlfeld was told that the victims were so many as

to cause the river to leave its bed and water the green meadows and fertile fields in its vicinity. Green meadows in January and February! And had the frost spared the river Volchov that particular year, so as to enable it to serve as a cemetery? Should not the ice have been several feet thick? And is it not strange that, if the Czar entered Novgorod on January 8, Paul Junsten, Bishop of Abo, who was actually in Novgorod on a mission from the King of Sweden to the Czar at that very time, should not only have left Novgorod on January 10 to meet the Czar, but have also been silent of this dreadful massacre in the account he wrote of his mission? Is it not also noteworthy that Possevin, though he refers expressly to Novgorod in a discussion on the population of Russia, is totally silent about the massacre, and emphasises his conviction that the population of Novgorod at no time exceeded 20,000 souls?

The probability is that the treason was perfectly real, and the consequent punishment wildly exaggerated. In the service or prayers for the dead which the Czar directed the monastery of St. Cyrill to perform, he alludes to the souls of 1,505 citizens of Novgorod as requiring this office, and, surely, that number is horrible enough. Some ten years later, the Bishop of Novgorod was implicated in a charge of sending letters in cipher to the Kings of Poland and Sweden, as also money, and on his confession was sentenced to life-long imprisonment. On that occasion, and for the same conspiracy, the notorious Doctor Elisius Bomelius met the cruel death of which Horsey was an eye-witness; but Horsey's statement that "the Czar was loath to take notice of all that were complicated in this rebellion," passing it over with admonitions and reproaches, is in such violent contrast to the conduct attributed to him on the first occasion, that it adds another reason for supposing that the real period of Novgorod's suffering and possible depopulation was during its seven years' war with Ivan the Great.

So, too, it is probable that the spoliation of jewels, plate, and treasure from Novgorod, spoken of by Horsey, was really the work of Ivan's grandfather; for Cobenzel, who was in Moscow six years afterwards, in reference to the vast quantity of treasure he saw in the castle, mentions that 300 carriages of gold and silver had been contributed to it by Ivan the Great; that to this Ivan's father had added from the spoils of fifteen conquered principalities; and that Ivan himself had added still more to it from his conquests of Kasan and Astracan, and, in 1575, from the spoliation of rich towns in Livonia. Yet not a word of additions from the spoliation of Novgorod!

But the worst of all Ivan's deeds was the murder of his eldest son

in a fit of anger (1581) ; yet, of the fact itself I shall take the liberty to doubt, in spite of the unanimous contemporary rumour of its reality. For Margeret, the Frenchman, who served in Russia under Ivan's successor, must have had good reasons for asserting his belief that the story was a mere rumour, and that young Ivan did not die of the blow he received from his father, but some time afterwards upon a pilgrimage.

The variations in the other accounts regarding the cause and manner of the Czarevitch's death certainly justify Margeret's scepticism. Possevin chose out of the many stories current the version that the Czar first struck his son's wife for an offence against the etiquette of the time, and that the son, attempting to interfere, received from his father a blow which, five days later, ended in his death. This story he had from his interpreter, formerly in the service of the Czarevitch. But, according to Horsey, the Czar's wrath was roused by the son's commiseration for certain unfortunate Livonians whom he had transferred to Moscow ; though Horsey also suggests, as coincident reasons for the homicide, the great popularity of the Czarevitch, and the fact of his having issued a warrant for post-horses without leave. And Karamsin adopts the story that young Ivan, by his patriotic entreaties to be allowed to go with the troops to deliver Pskof from the Poles, incurred the Czar's suspicion of being joined in a conspiracy with the nobles to dethrone him. The story of Heidenstein, secretary to the King of Poland, derived from two Russian prisoners, is that Ivan, boasting before his son of his wealth and treasures, tempted the latter to reply that he preferred to such wealth the virtue and courage of the King of Poland, which enabled him to make up his deficiency in wealth by obtaining it from the Czar in war.

Possevin and Fletcher attribute the deed to a thrust or blow from the Czar's iron-tipped staff ; Horsey speaks of a box on the ear ; whilst an Italian, writing to the Papal Nuncio in Poland, mentions a violent kick. When it is added that there is as much uncertainty regarding the scene of the tragedy, whether at Moscow or at Sloboda, it is clear that the doubt is permissible whether there is any historical evidence about it at all. How little, indeed, we can trust the contemporary evidence is shown by the fact that Horsey speaks of young Ivan as lamented by the Russians as their greatest possible loss, inasmuch as he was "a wise, mild, and most worthy prince, of heroical condition, of comely presence, twenty-three years of age, beloved and lamented of all men" ; and Possevin also bears testimony to his reputation for ability, and to his great popularity ; whereas Guagnani mixes

up this mild and popular youth with most of his father's worst atrocities, makes him present with his father at the massacre of Novgorod, and when he went to murder victims in the prisons, where he revelled in leaping on and insulting the bodies of the slain. This, perhaps, may be taken as another nail in the coffin of Guagnani's credibility.

But, legendary as the history of Ivan reveals itself to be, it is impossible to say more for Ivan than that calumny, of which the main motive was the burning question of the successorship to Sigismund, has painted him far blacker than he really was. The horrible penal laws of his time were his inheritance rather than his invention. Daniel Printz, who accompanied Cobenzel on his embassy in 1576, mentions cutting to pieces as the penalty for treason, as well as the destruction of all his belongings ; but had it not always been so? and in that case what, one wonders, was the fate of Kourbsky's wife and children, whom he left at Ivan's mercy when he deserted?¹ Printz mentions forty noblemen as having been lately beheaded for conspiracy against the Czar's life ; but he also notes the striking fact that the latter, in consequence of the wickedness of his subjects, actually temporarily abdicated in favour of a son of the late Czar of Kasan ! Treasons and plots have ever been a constant feature of Russian history, and it is nothing short of extraordinary that Karamsin should have doubted their reality in the time of Ivan. That Ivan punished such treason with severity can neither be doubted nor wondered at, for it was the practice of the age. When he was once taunted on this subject, he asked fairly enough whether in Poland, where a conspirator against Sigismund had lately been quartered, traitors were any better treated than in Russia. "They have decried me," he said to some Polish envoys, "in your country as an irascible and cruel prince. I deny not this assertion, but if I am asked against whom I show this severity, I answer, against the wicked. As for the good, I would give them without hesitation even to the golden chain or the very clothes I wear."

This was exactly what the partisans of Ivan in Poland said of his cruelty, that it was only exercised against such of his subjects as fully deserved punishment. The Venetian ambassador to the King of Poland speaks of all the Polish commonalty as desirous for the election of Ivan to the Polish crown ; and that even among the Polish and Lithuanian nobility there should have been a strong party in favour of Ivan as successor to Sigismund, is a fact not entirely explained by the hope they had of binding him by law to observe

¹ Not till the reign of Elizabeth was the law abolished which punished a man's family for the crime of the individual.

their liberties, if he had really been the monster he is depicted. Sigismund died in 1576, when Henry of Anjou was elected, after whose flight Ivan again became a candidate for the throne. The letters of the Polish Nuncio on the subject not only explain the situation, but indicate the real position of Ivan in Russia. "The nobles," he says, "desire him not at all, but the people show themselves inclined to him." "The Muscovite is desired by all the lower nobility, Polish and Lithuanian, who, from their desire to free themselves from their subjection to the great nobles, strive in every manner to procure his election." "The Muscovite is already much desired by all the lesser nobility, but hated and feared by the greater part of the great nobles." So it must have been in Russia. Ivan as the friend of the people could not have been so but as the enemy of the aristocracy. This fact, together with the dread of the Polish aristocracy of his being elected their King, is quite enough to account, in days before any press existed to correct them, for the wildest exaggerations of calumny which appear to have gathered round his name.

J. A. FARRER.

A NIGHT WATCH WITH THE KEEPER.

OLD Harry Woolven, who lives in the cottage under the great yew tree at the corner of the lane, although he may sometimes grumble when it is cold and wet, will tell you that a game-keeper's life, in spite of its occasional discomforts, is a very pleasant one. He is over threescore now, but thirty-two years of night work in all weathers have not really made an old man of him yet, for he is straight and strong, and quite as well able to hold his own in a rough-and-tumble scuffle with the poachers as most men of half his age. Come and call on Mrs. Woolven (notice her chickens and ducks), and when she has dusted one of the shining chairs with her apron, sit down in the clean brick-paved kitchen, where the solemn-ticking clock stands by the chimney corner, and if you behave yourself with propriety she will bring out some "winterpick"¹ wine. "What are 'winterpicks,' Mrs. Woolven?" "Why, they little *hedgepicks*, you know, Mr. William, that grows in the hedges." Never mind what they are, but you may confess that a good deal more unpalatable mixtures pass muster at rich men's tables. This old half-timbered cottage, with its low ceilings crossed by huge oak beams, and with curious cupboards and corners in odd and unexpected places, was a roadside "public" thirty years ago, and Woolven, who married the landlord's daughter, can tell strange stories of the smugglers who fled, and the excisemen who followed up and down the narrow half-hidden lanes which straggle through the wild country hereabout. The little ale-house stood alone, and away from habitations; it was, withal, close to one of the straight horse-tracks leading over the Downs from the sea-coast where the "tubs" were landed; and less than thirty years ago the keeper can remember being roused very late by a stranger, with a horse and trap, seeking shelter for the night, whose cart (which he helped to run back into the shed) was loaded, as Woolven very well knew, with something far heavier and less harmless than the straw that lay on the top. In the morning, while

¹ "Winterpicks," blackthorn berries. (*Dict. of the Sussex Dialect.* Parish.)

he kept in bed conveniently late, the smuggler passed away unhindered, leaving a little tub of Hollands in the manger for his prudently incurious host. And, within more recent times, a lugger under cover of night ran up to the river mouth five miles away, and a big barge-load of tobacco (with a surface of stone slabs) was brought up the little river, transferred to a three-horse waggon (it stopped at the public-house at S——, where Woolven was taking a last glass before turning in), and safely delivered in London, some fifty miles by road.

But if you want to hear the old man at his best, go and sit with him on some fine still night in the meadow, close to the covers where he watches the young pheasants. A low whistle only rouses the dog, his sole companion ; but we call through the darkness as well to warn him of our coming, for besides the thick thorn club, which lies ready to his hand in case of a night surprise, he has both barrels loaded of the gun which rests against his knee. “The old dog, he woooned you,” is the keeper’s greeting as we approach, and after formal introduction to the powerful young retriever who suspiciously and eagerly sniffs all over our legs, while he wags his tail in token of awakening friendship, room is made for us on the rough bench, half sheltered by a pile of brushwood thrown across two or three forked stakes. We have brought something to warm the keeper’s heart and loosen his tongue, pipes are lighted, and our strange midnight vigil begins.

Little can be seen except the dim outline of the trees which shut us round, and the clear star-strewn dome of the moonless sky above. There is no sound besides the “chick-chick” of an insect in the long grass, the occasional call of some night prowler, and the half musical tinkling of the empty powder-tins—hung for scarecrows—which swing in the fitful breeze. The spell of the night is upon us, as alone in our unnatural wakefulness under the measureless, mysterious expanse we sit in silence. The rough but kindly nature of the old keeper has not been uninfluenced by these lonely night watchings, and presently he tells us, moved thereto by the soundless passage of a shooting star across the heavens, how strange and terrifying was the great November shower of meteors to himself and half a dozen other keepers, who watched it in awful suspense, crouching by the covers, and, being wholly unforewarned of the event, could suppose the fiery torrent no less than the herald of the Great Day of Doom ! Once well under weigh the current of his talk flows on, and he affords us excellent entertainment, as with abundance of humour, and the use of many curious Sussex provincialisms, he narrates odds and ends of his experiences as a keeper. Does he come across any wild cats in

the woods? No, he never saw a genuine wild cat, but of house cats turned vagrant he kills from twenty to thirty each winter, and every now and again a whilom tame cat brings up a family of kittens in his covers, which give "a hem¹ of a lot of trouble till they be all shot." The nearest village is four miles away, and it seems that many of the highly respectable house cats, whose daytime character is beyond reproach, come and poach in Woolven's woods at night.

But worse enemies than cats come from the village, for a great college stands there, and the old man grows eloquent when he passes from the marauding cats to the mischievous college boys, for these lads are his pet aversion. He cannot shoot them, he may not trap them, and, worst of all, they are endowed with that amazing impudence which is the peculiar gift of the healthy English school-boy. In common with other more respectable trespassers they formerly came "sugaring" for moths by night, this being a noted locality for some of the rarer lepidoptera; but Woolven has stopped all that. "How?" "Oh, I *sugared* 'em," says he, with malicious joy. "I went round close after 'em, and sugared over their trees with all sorts of nasty stuff; and I remember one night me and my mates lay up in a dick,² and when they sugarers come along, we kep' rolling great stones along the road in the dark, till we reg'lar muzzled they fellows." And then, full of satisfaction at the remembrance, he proceeds (still thinking of those infamous college boys), "Did ever I tell ye about that young chap that was bird's-nesting? Ah! he'd some pheasants' eggs about him, I b'leve. When I come up with him he got th' other side of a great thick hazel cloomp and kep' a-dodging me round and round, and every now and then he'd stick his head into the bush, and say, 'Do you want *me*?' 'Yes,' I says, and 'dannel ye, I'll have ye prensley;' and then I made a clutter through the bush, and over I went, but the young chap took to his heels, and" (in a melancholy tone) "I didn't catch him. But" (more cheerfully) "I don't know as how I didn't have him a little while after, for I caught three of 'em up in one of they old oaks, and I made 'em come down, and I took away their caps, and let 'em go. You see" (this with a tone of intense satisfaction) "their caps had their numbers inside, so as I could report 'em to the master." It is with difficulty that the conversation is turned back to the cats again, but we want to hear of the wild life of the woods, and of the rarer birds and beasts. Yes, sometimes he finds an otter in the brooks, tributaries of the wider water where he has his home; perhaps once in four or five years that persecuted but harmless animal, the badger, whose housekeeping is

¹ "Hem," very.

² "Dick," a ditch. (*Ang. Sax. Dict.*)

not unfrequently in co-operation with the fox, as Charles Waterton has shown. The rare buzzard, almost extinct in Sussex, now and again falls to the keeper's gun, while the ceaseless destruction of the sparrow-hawk, the kestrel, the magpie, and the jay promises soon to make them also as uncommon.

How much of loss to the bird-lover and the naturalist the absurd preservation of a few hares and pheasants has to answer for it is impossible to say ; but it is not surprising that the five hundred half-tame young birds now sleeping in the coops before us should cost over forty shillings a brace by the time they are bagged (you may buy a very respectable pheasant at one of the cheap poulterers for 3s. 6d.), when an under-keeper spends three whole days lying by yonder hedge waiting for a successful shot at the two sparrow-hawks whose murdered nestlings have to-day been taken from their almost inaccessible nest in the high tree at the edge of the spinney. A few nights ago, of sixteen "clam" traps set in the next field, fourteen were holding rabbits, one a blackbird, and the other a mouse, all, probably for hours, with cruelly-lacerated, if not broken, legs, shivering with terror until morning brought the keeper and an end to their torture !

Somewhat disturbed by this recital, which Woolven gives with pride, asserting that his traps are always filled, we ask him if he has ever set eyes on a man-trap, identical in construction with, although larger than, this little iron instrument with its saw-like, spring-impelled jaws. Yes, he has seen one, and what is more uncommon, he has seen one set to catch a man, a granary thief, who twenty, or perhaps thirty, years ago had stolen corn from the barn at Squire Bellingham's, where he worked. That was a time when "man-traps and spring guns" were both in vogue, and in place of our rather meaningless "Trespassers will be prosecuted," this terrifying legend looked over the garden wall. Woolven still uses a spring gun, and to judge from his description, it must be a fearful and wonderful weapon. "You see," says he, "this here spring gun has eight barrels ; there's a piece about a foot thick, and these barrels all in a row, and behind is the trigger and a groove with a foonze in it. You loads these barrels with three charges of powder each, and then a cork, and fills up to the end with wads, and then you greases it all over, and 'twill keep right for months. Then there's a kind of a table, and a lot of little brass cog-wheels, as you may say, and there's a leetle¹ hole in the table, and a little weight, and then on the top of

¹ "Leetle," diminutive of little. "I never see one of these here gurt men there's s'much talk about in the peapers, only once, and that was up at Smiffle Show adunnamany years ago. Prime minister up at Lunnon, they told me he was, a leetle, leetle, leetle, miserable, skinny-looking chap as ever I see. 'Why,' I says, 'we

the table there's a big weight. Well, when you runs up agen the string" (this was the first intimation that any string was involved), "which catches you somewhere's about the middle, these little wheels sets going, and the little weight runs up, and that upsets the table; and the big weight, he falls down on the trigger, and that goes off bang, and lights the fooze, and then they eight barrels goos off half a minute apart, so the whole eight takes 'xactly four minutes. Ah, it is a doose of a menagerie!"

"Have you ever heard it go off?" I asked. "Oh yes, a many times. I remember once I'd upset my mistus one morning, midday Sunday, and as we was a-setting down to dinner, she says, 'I wish your old gun 'd goo off!' Well, it was a very curus thing, but about five minutes after I heard they eight barrels gooing off one by one; so I jumps up from my victuals, and one of my chaps over at Mousecoombe, away t'other side of the woods, he heard it and come clut-tering down with his victuals in his mouth. I run up agen a man in the lane, and he said he see someone running away, but he was a liar." "Well, what was it?" "Oh, nothing but an old hen; she must ha' jumped over the rossell¹ and set the gun off." "Over the what?" "The rossell." "What's that, the stile?" "No, no; the place in the hedge, you know, Mr. William, where 'tis all rosselled round like."

And that was all the explanation we could get; but to this hour I could not identify a "rossell" with any certainty, and the working of that gun is still a profound puzzle to me. It is now nearly half-past two, we are cramped and chilly, and we follow the old man in a stroll down to the end of the fields, stumbling in the darkness over the little hummocks in the grass, as he leads us round by the hedges, the old tins playing weird music when they swing, while the keeper's gun fired straight up towards the sky makes the darkness and the stillness more profound, as the reverberating echo dies away in the wood.

Half asleep and numbed we go back to our beds; the dog at the farmhouse rattles his chain as, growling, he crawls out of his comfortless kennel to listen to our footsteps; some rustling creature hastens into the black shelter of the ditch, and the smothered crow of a distant cock welcomes the pale glimmer of the dawn, which now faintly outlines the eastern hills and subdues the twinkling of the remoter stars.

EDWARD CLAYTON.

doänt count our minister to be much, but he's a deal primer looking than what yours be.'"—*Quoted from Mr. Parish's Dictionary.*

¹ In Parish's Dictionary a "rossell fence" or "raddle fence" is described as a hedge made with "raddles," "raddles" being the diminutive of "rod." Raddles are "long supple sticks of green wood interwoven between upright stakes to make a hedge."

SOME CURIOSITIES OF ENGLISH DICTIONARIES.

UNDER date August 21, 1655, John Evelyn records in his diary a visit that he paid to the Archbishop of Armagh, the learned James Usher, at Reigate, on which occasion, says the diarist, "he recommended to me the study of Philologie above all human studies." The philology of that time and of many a long year thereafter was studied, generally speaking, in a very vague and unscientific manner, as may be seen in part by an examination of the pre-Johnsonian dictionaries. To many persons the history of English dictionaries seems to begin with Dr. Johnson's epoch-making work. That great book was but the last of a long line of interesting and laborious and more or less useful dictionaries, while at the same time it marked the beginning of a new era of methodical and scientific lexicography. Previous to 1604 the few dictionaries in existence were, as a rule, English-Latin vocabularies. A Welsh-English dictionary by William Salesbury was published in 1547, and in 1573 John Baret issued his well-known "Alvearie, or Triple Dictionarie, in Englishe, Latin, and French: very profitable for all such as be desirous of any of those three Languages." A second edition of the latter work, published seven years later, with the addition of Greek to the French and Latin, appeared as a "Quadruple Dictionarie," and was stated to be "newlie enriched with varietie of Wordes, Phrases, Proverbs, and diuers lightsome obseruations of Grammar." This last phrase is quaintly suggestive of the "Diversions of Purley," of a much later date.

But the first real English dictionary—that is, the first book containing explanations in the ordinary alphabetical order of English words only—is a small octavo volume, by Robert Cawdrey, published in 1604. It claims on its title-page to be "A Table Alphabetically, conteyning and teaching the true writing and understanding of hard usuall English wordes." The author does not give his readers credit for much intelligence, for he thus innocently instructs them in the use of his book: "If thou be desirous (gentle reader) rightly and

readily to understand, and to profit by this table, and such like, then thou must learn the alphabet, to wit, the order of the letters as they stand, perfectly without book, and where every letter standeth : as (*b*) neere the beginning, (*n*) about the middest, and (*t*) toward the end." The sixteenth-century dictionaries were valuable books and were handled with care. Schoolboys in those days had often to be content with a slender joint interest in one of these very necessary aids to study. One copy was sometimes public property, and served the needs of a whole school. In the Boston Corporation records there is the following entry under date 1578 : "That a dictionarye shall be bought for the scollers of the Free Scoole, and the same booke to be tyed in a cheyne, and set upon a deske in the scoole, whereunto any scoller may have accesse, as occasion shall serve." The work thus purchased and secured was probably a copy of Baret's "*Alvearie*," or of the "*Abcedarium*" of Richard Huloet, a curious and interesting old English-Latin dictionary. Some of the definitions in the latter book are very strange. "*Cockatryce*," says the author, "is a serpent, called the kynge of serpentes, whose nature is to kyll wyth hyssynge onlye." The cockatrice or basilisk continually appears in our old writers as an object of dread. Robert Greene, the voluminous pamphleteer of the Elizabethan time, in numerous passages attributes to it the power of killing or of depriving of sight anyone who might look upon it.

Many odd beliefs and strange items of folk-lore are to be found embedded in the definitions and descriptive articles of the older dictionaries. Henry Cockeram's "*English Dictionarie*," 1623, has an absurd account of a creature called the "*ignarus*," which at night, says the writer, "singeth sixe kind of notes one after another, as *la-sol-fa-mi-re-ut*." This siren must have been an ancestor of the musical toad, whose strange history was lately related by a French curé to M. Francisque Sarcey. This toad used to sit up before the fire as a household pet, and when his master, a peasant, sang, the toad always continued each stanza of the song with a few plaintive but musical notes of his own. When the peasant died the curé went to fetch the animal, but the faithful musician had disappeared. This is, however, by the way. Bailey's well-known "*Dictionary*," which is in some respects still a useful work, has the following odd account of the "*loriot*," or golden oriole : "A bird, that being looked upon, by one who has the yellow jaundice, cures the person, and dies himself." Fenning's "*Royal English Dictionary*," 1761, defines "*loriot*" simply as "a kind of bird." This is a sample of many equally full and accurate definitions.

In many cases the explanations given by our dictionary-makers are pure blunders. Edward Phillips, nephew to John Milton, in his "New World of Words," 1658, defines a gallon as "a measure containing two quarts," and again, a quaver is stated to be "a measure of time in musick, being the half of a crotchet, as a crotchet the half of a quaver." Dr. Johnson's definition in the first issue of his great book of *pastern* as "the knee of a horse" was a remarkable blunder, but when questioned on the point he candidly attributed it to the right cause—ignorance. It was corrected in subsequent editions. Dr. Ash, in his "Dictionary" of 1775, under "esoteric," explains it as merely an incorrect spelling for "exoteric." This compiler's geography also was weak, for he states that "Aghrim is a town in Ireland, in the county of Wicklow, and province of Leinster." Todd's edition of Johnson, excellent work as it is, is not entirely free from blunders. He oddly explains "coaxation" as "the art of coaxing," instead of the croaking of frogs. Even Webster, in his first issue, has some curious mistakes in cricketing terms. The wicket-keeper, he says, is "the player in cricket who stands with a bat to protect the wicket from the ball," and a long-stop is "one who is sent to stop balls sent a long distance." John Wesley published in 1753 a little dictionary, on the title-page of which he modestly assured the reader that the author considered it "the best English Dictionary in the World." The theological definitions are characteristic. A Methodist is "one that lives according to the method laid down in the Bible"; a Latitudinarian is let off lightly as "one who fancies all religions are saving"; and a "Swaddler" is "a nickname given by the Papists in Ireland to true Protestants." Southey explains this last curious word in his "Life of Wesley" as a term of derision applied in the first instance to a Methodist preacher by a Catholic, who had heard him preach from the verse in the Gospel which mentions the "swaddling clothes" of the Babe "lying in a manger," and the words, being unfamiliar to the hearer, struck him as ridiculous, and led to the invention of the absurd and unmeaning epithet "Swaddler."

Absurd and curious as many of these definitions are, there is another department of lexicography in which the dictionary-makers went perhaps still more lamentably astray, but certainly with more excuse, and that is in etymology. Some of them avoided the difficulties of the subject by practically ignoring it, others contented themselves with giving the derivation correctly where it was sufficiently obvious, and in more difficult cases attempted to hide their ignorance behind guesses often very extravagant and far-fetched.

Scientific etymology was almost non-existent before the days of Wedgwood, Skeat, and the *magnum opus* of the Philological Society, Dr. Murray's great "New English Dictionary," now in course of publication by the Clarendon Press. Coleridge said that more knowledge of more value might sometimes be learned from the history of a word than from the history of a campaign ; and it is the history of a word that very often gives the key to its etymology. But the importance and value of the historical method in philological research have only in recent times obtained due recognition. The compilers of the older dictionaries, when they saw a word or words in another language bearing some resemblance to an English word, too often jumped at the conclusion that the latter was derived from the former.

Guesswork of this kind frequently led to absurd blunders. An anonymous lexicographer of 1689 derives "Hassock from the Teutonic Hase, an hare, and Socks ; because hair-skins are sometimes wore instead of socks, to keep the feet warm in winter." The Rev. Frederick Barlow, in his "Complete English Dictionary," published in two volumes in 1772, suggests that "pageant" is derived from "*payen géant*, Fr. a pagan giant, a representation of triumph used at the return from holy wars ; of which the Saracen's head seems to be a relique." In the same book "sash" is sagely derived from "*savoir*, Fr. to know, because worn for the sake of distinction." The adjective "motley," says Mr. Barlow, is "supposed to be corrupted from *medley* ; but Johnson imagines it might be derived from *mothlike*, or of various colours resembling a moth." An apparent but illusory similarity of sound was the rock upon which Johnson sometimes suffered etymological shipwreck. Under "spider" he ludicrously asks whether spider may not be spy-dor—the insect that watches the dor, or humble bee. While Johnson was hard at work on the preparation of his book, an anonymous correspondent one day sent him a derivation of "curmudgeon" from the French *cœur méchant*—a wild enough guess truly, but it was duly inserted in the dictionary, and "unknown correspondent" was entered by Johnson as his authority. Twenty years later Dr. Ash, in preparing his well-known dictionary, was struck by the beauty and appropriateness of this etymological gem, and boldly "annexed" it ; but wishing to conceal his indebtedness to Johnson and anxious to display his own learning, he gravely informed the readers of his work that "curmudgeon" was derived from *cœur*, unknown, and *méchant*, a correspondent !

A curious dictionary-maker was the Rev. G. W. Lemon, rector of Gayton, Norfolk and master of Norwich Grammar School, who in

1783 published an extraordinary "Derivative Dictionary of the English Language." The author of this work was possessed by the idea that by far the greater number of our words are derived from the Greek, to which language he refers many of those in everyday use, and such compounds as the following : "scratch-cradle," "link-boy," and "crutched-friars." Etymology was literally and undoubtedly Greek to Mr. Lemon. The book was published by subscription, and there is an absurd, and very probably apocryphal, story told about his persistence in his efforts to obtain subscribers. He is said to have worried a fat alderman of Norwich, named Beasley, for a subscription, but entirely failed to secure his support ; so in revenge he entered in his book the following "etymology" of "obesity" : "The exclamation of people who see a certain Norwich alderman : 'Oh, Beasley ! Oh, beastly !! o-besity !!!'" The alderman promptly obtained an injunction in Chancery to prevent the publication of this libel, and the sheet containing it was accordingly cancelled. But as there is no proof of anyone having ever seen this remarkable sheet, and as the story has not been traced earlier than 1826, there is a strong probability that the whole tale is an invention.

Jokes, however, have occasionally found their way into the sober pages of a dictionary. Johnson perpetrated one at the expense of his friend Mr. Malloch, when he defined *alias* as "A Latin word signifying otherwise ; as Mallet *alias* Malloch ; that is, *otherwise* Malloch." As this gentleman's desire was to be known only as Mallet, Johnson's jocular intention is manifest. Of all the unlikely places wherein to find a pun, one of the least likely would surely be the great lexicon by Liddell and Scott. But a remark in the first edition of that book has been pointed out which contains a decided pun. Under *συκοφάντης*, literally an informer against those who exported *figs*, the authors say, "The literal sense is not found in any ancient writer, and is perhaps a mere *figment*." This pleasantry disappeared in subsequent editions. A better known pun is that to be found in the old seventeenth-century Latin dictionary of Adam Littleton. In that work is the following article : "Concurro, to run with others ; to run together . . . to Con-*cur*, to Con-*dog*." But jokes of this nature are scarce. The humour of the old lexicographers is usually unconscious, and generally appears in their prefaces and introductions. Occasionally it confronts the reader on the title-page, as in the case of that maker of a bad dictionary, mentioned by Disraeli the elder, who so confidently anticipated a brisk demand for his book that he put on the title-page the words "first edition"—a gentle hint that it would not be the last.

Daniel Fenning, the author of the "Royal English Dictionary" already mentioned, issued his work with a vainglorious preface, in which, after referring to the great variety of dictionaries already published, he says that it has been his intention "to unite these scattered rays, as it were, into one focus"; and, further, that his chief aim has been "to unite profit with amusement, improvement with delight, and worth with frugality." A more modest man was the anonymous author of the "Gazophylacium Anglicanum," 1689, who in his preface naively remarks: "The chief reason why I busied myself herein was to save my time from being worse employed." Another boastful compiler was Elisha Coles, "Schoolmaster and Teacher of the Tongue to Foreigners," who claims on his title-page to have arranged his work "in a method more comprehensive than any that is extant." In his Address to the Reader he speaks disparagingly of all his predecessors, and enlarges upon the superiority of his own work and method, although he condescends to say that he does not warrant absolute perfection. He includes many slang words, as later did Bailey and Ash, for he explains, "'Tis no disparagement to understand the canting terms: it may chance to save your throat from being cut, or (at least) your pocket from being pick'd." One of the most popular dictionaries of the last century was that by the Rev. Thomas Dyche. Originally published in 1723, it was in 1777 in its sixteenth edition. It contains no derivations or etymologies whatever, because, says the author, in the first place they are very often so uncertain, and, secondly, they are useless to "those persons that these sort of books are most helpful to." The introduction ends with the ungallant statement that the want of coherent and correct writing is universally complained of among the fair sex.

One good point may be noted about most of the old dictionaries. They are, as a rule, free from the fulsome and offensive dedications which deface so many good old books. The labour of that "harmless drudge," the lexicographer, may perhaps have been considered of too lowly a nature to be offered to the wealthy patron. Few, however, had the opportunity of imitating the learned Bayle, who refused the Duke of Shrewsbury's offer of two hundred guineas for the dedication of his "Critical Dictionary." "I have so often ridiculed dedications," he said, "that I must not risk any."

Barlow's Dictionary, of 1772, was at first published in numbers. The author and publishers seem to have been of a trusting and generous disposition, for they issued this notice: "That every person may have an opportunity of judging of the execution of this work, the first number may be perused gratis, and returned if not approved." The

book contains the unusual distinction of a number of illustrative plates, mostly drawings of scientific instruments, the air-pump, the barometer, the quadrant, and many others. The frontispiece is an absurd design representing the author with a foolish grin, kneeling, and presenting a copy of his work to the king, fat-cheeked and grinning also. This dictionary, like many of its predecessors, includes a great variety of biographical, geographical, and topographical articles that would now be considered entirely foreign to the scope of a dictionary of the English language. The subjects of the biographical articles appear to have been selected somewhat at random and with very little regard to proportion. Mr. Barlow gives full notices of Nicholas Rowe, Mrs. Centlivre, Mrs. A. Behn, James Ralph, Pomfret, and other still smaller fry, but does not even mention Chaucer, Spenser, Marlowe, or Massinger. It is curious also to note some of the omissions in the old dictionaries of very common words; for instance, Fenning does not give the word "uncle," and Coles has no mention of "hill" in the sense of elevated ground, but makes the curious entry, "Hill, *Saxon*, to cover." Cockeram mentions "to hang" as an old-fashioned and objectionable verb, and suggests as a substitute the lovely term "to excarnificate." Dr. Johnson, like the hero of Sam Welles's awful story, was very fond of muffins, but strange to say the word "muffin" is not to be found in the early editions of his dictionary.

But many of the doctor's omissions were made upon principle. His object was not merely to collect and define the general body of words, obsolete and living, but to separate the wheat from the chaff—to decide, in so far as he was able, all questions of purity and propriety in the use of English words and idioms. As he had hardly any guide but his own unaided judgment, his decisions were naturally apt to be somewhat arbitrary. Boswell tells us that "civilization," as opposed to barbarism, was rejected, and "civility" only preferred, because for the latter word Johnson had the authority of Spenser, Davies, and Denham. "Humiliating" was proposed by Boswell as a good word, but Johnson, while admitting that it was in common use, said that he did not know it to be good English. These are but trifling matters. The doctor's great work practically superseded all previous English dictionaries, and, in spite of its various shortcomings as judged from the standpoint of a later day, Johnson's Dictionary has remained the foundation upon which all modern lexicographers have built their ampler and more scientific works.

One odd circumstance *à propos* of this remarkable book may be mentioned. Publishers, as a rule, do not, like money-lenders, make

their payments partly in cash and partly in kind ; but a curious transaction of this nature has been put on record by Mr. J. H. Round in the following note in the *Antiquary* of March 1885 : “ A Johnson’s *Dictionary*,” he says, “ formed part of the consideration originally paid for the ‘ Rejected Addresses.’ My grandfather, Horace Smith, used to relate how he had suggested, when striking the bargain, that a copy of the dictionary, on which he had cast his eye, should be thrown in as a makeweight, and the identical two volumes are still in my possession.”

G. L. APPERSON.

THE IRISH EXHIBITION AND IRISH MANUFACTURES.

WHY should the Irish Exhibition be in London? From a cynical Dublin friend—indeed, from two or three cynical Dublin friends—I hear that it will just make London richer and Dublin poorer. “Everybody here who can manage to afford it, and a very great number who can’t, will go over under the new pretence of fostering native industries, and will stay in your metropolis till they’ve spent their last farthing. I don’t hear that the Glasgow Exhibition is to be moved from the Clyde to the Thames. No ; Sandy knows better.” That is how some quite unpolitical Irishmen, belonging, too, to “the classes,” feel on the subject. They are right from their point of view ; Dubliners would be very foolish to swarm over in still larger numbers ; it is too much that our members have to live near the Thames instead of on the Liffey ; and yet, Olympia is a good idea fairly well carried out. In this world you must often be content with doing the next best thing. It would have been far grander for the mountain to have gone to Mahomet, and to have drawn after it a wonder-stricken world ; but, this being impossible, Mahomet was wise in going to the mountain.

Irish exhibitions are not impossible in Ireland. There was Dargan’s in 1853, which I well remember. It had one of the finest picture galleries ever drawn together, and also such a collection of Irish antiquities as is not likely again to be seen in this century. It had exhibits from France, from Austria, from almost the whole manufacturing world ; and that was the mischief of it ; it fully opened the Irish market to foreign goods ; but it did not pay. Dargan did the thing right royally. So delighted was he at having some shadow of queenly patronage that in the reception of distinguished guests he spent as if he had been a Napoleon *le petit*. But the crowds who follow royalty everywhere were not drawn to Ireland even by Dargan’s show. Except at Killarney, there was nothing like the tide of tourists which yearly sets towards the Highlands. At a good many places we

had it all to ourselves ; hotel-keepers had put their houses in order almost in vain. This is still truer now. Then it was the fashion to pity "poor Pat" ; "he has his bad points, he must be kept in his place, but why shouldn't we go and see what he looks like at home ?" So, with a vision of rent-paying pigs, and caubeens, and brogues, and swallow-tailed coats and pretty, bare-armed, short-kilted girls, ready to dance a jig on the slightest provocation, a certain number of English did go over, and were disappointed because every Irishman didn't drop pearls of wit and humour from his mouth, and every Irish girl hadn't "Irish eyes," and a face beaming with smiles.

And now that unhappily in too many English hearts something very like hatred has taken the place of contemptuous pity, an Irish Exhibition in Dublin would have even less chance. Who went over in 1882 ? Plenty of Americans, but of English a lamentably small sprinkling. And yet that '82 Exhibition, packed into that little Rotunda ground, was one of the most notable things ever seen in any city. "It was the work of a party, who refused, even rudely, the countenance of those in authority." No such thing, sir ; it was the work of the people, who saw no reason to ask "the Castle" to put its stamp on what it had nothing to do with helping forward ; and the people determined that as far as it went it should be perfect, up to the mark in all respects. I was in Dublin when it was building ; and it struck me that every workman felt he was driving home bolt or sawing plank not for wage only but for Ireland. And then the arrangements, so complete, were a standing argument for Home Rule. There were great discouragements ; over all the land was the shadow of that to this day unexplained Phoenix Park murder, concerning which John Bull's common sense (now his panic is over) must assure him of one thing, that the League could have had nothing to do with it, for it did its utmost to nip their hopes in the bud. Belfast in great part kept aloof from the show. Wide tracks of country were "proclaimed." People came to lawn tennis under police protection. The pedestrian was rudely overhauled by the ubiquitous R. I. C. if his walk was prolonged after nightfall. Yet the '82 Exhibition was an immense success. It taught the people what they could do by and for themselves. Ever since, even Grafton Street shops have advertised "Irish materials." Irish consumers have been shamed out of the old listless plan of buying, without inquiry, whatever the salesmen offered. Above all, the American market has been opened ; and Mr. Michael Davitt has had such success that he has brought the fulfilment of my old dream of every Irish-American girl wearing Irish-made petticoats, and every Irish-American man clad in Irish tweed, within measurable distance.

But London didn't go over to Dublin in '82. London will not go to Ireland—perhaps can't. The sort of people whom I saw three days ago at Olympia will not ; yet of the full-grown males among them most have votes, and need “educating” in the idea that the Irish are not a nation of savages hungering for an independence of the Kilkenny cat kind, but a set of workers, doing fair work already in many branches, and eager to do yet more if they can only find a market. And, even for those who do go to Ireland, it is well to have the exhibits at their own doors, and to study them free from the excitements of Irish travel. The tourist finds so much political gas being let loose that unless he is exceptionally strong-headed he gets thrown off his balance, and shuts his eyes to all but the Land and the Home Rule questions. Besides, Irish manufacturers don't advertise at home any more than abroad. You may travel over a great deal of picturesque country without suspecting that anything is made there but the crochet work and the stockings which you are asked to buy at almost every stopping-place. To many who think that they have quite done their duty to Ireland as summer visitors, this Olympia will be a new revelation. One may go over a dozen times, and yet never get all the way to Baltimore, for instance. But here is Baltimore brought to one's door—the boys mending their nets, Father Davis there to explain the whole system, and Mr. Sapworth, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts's business man, ready to tell, in five minutes, more of what he believes to be the true way of dealing with the Irish peasant than the average tourist would find out for himself in half a dozen visits. Belleek, again, is far away beyond Enniskillen. Nobody stops there except a few enthusiastic fishermen, and you don't see Belleek ware displayed in Dublin as you do the products of Stoke and Hanley in shops like Mortlake's. I fear what Mr. Dennis said some time ago is still true, that for £500 worth of the ware sent abroad, not £5 worth is sold in Ireland. So that one really sees more “Belleek” at Olympia than in Dublin. When the English take to using our things we shall perhaps shake off the old evil custom, and take to using them ourselves. Olympia ought to be a great advertisement, and that is what we want. Many of our wares are really so good that if known they will surely be appreciated. How is it so few have found them out? *Carent quia vate sacro*; because the advertiser hasn't taken them in hand. The other day the *Irish Manufacturer's Journal* was remarking, quite truly, that when you want Irish goods, even in Ireland, you have to go through a process which few buyers will submit to. The excellent thin serges, for instance, made both at Blarney and by the Claytons at Navan, in art shades that will for years stand a

Norfolk sun—but you don't find these things in the *Queen*, or the *Lady's Pictorial*.

To judge from the advertisements, one would think there was no manufacturer in all Ireland except one or two in Belfast. Advertising is not understood, more's the pity ; for a great many things may be got from Ireland if you know where to look for them. Calico, for instance, is an English specialty ; yet a lady who manages a large "mother's meeting," tells me she can get nowhere else such good value as the Irish calico which I first persuaded her to try. The other day we wanted some bed-ticking. "Try Ireland," said I. "Oh ; they don't make it, and if they do, it'll be weeks before we can get any." Happily I got three days' reprieve, and wrote to my "universal purveyor," Mr. Maguire, of North Street, Belfast, who deserves to be called a benefactor of his country, if that title belongs to the man who makes two spindles turn where only one was at work before. As fast as the post could carry it, we got a splendid stuff, Drogheda-made, fully one-third cheaper than English of the same quality, and carriage-paid. Why doesn't Mr. Maguire advertise in the English papers, as English salesmen do in the Irish ? Nor are they content with the newspapers. I saw in a Tipperary town every blank space placarded with: "Do your shopping by post ! Blank & Co., of Bundleton, supply Manchester, Leeds, and other goods at manufacturers' prices. The greatest attention paid to correspondents." "Why don't you tear those things down ? They're doing far more harm than any notices of public meetings," said I to a member of the R. I. C. who was strenuously doing nothing. How can a country thrive out of which the rent goes, and the food, and the people ; and where the few who have any money to spend, write to Bundleton instead of spending it on home-made goods ?

Why Irish things grew unfashionable at home is a long story, and this is not the place to tell it over again. The complaint dates from Swift's time and before it. Arthur Young, who admits that every kind of woollen except broadcloth is made in Ireland excellently well, attributes her relative want of success to English trade laws. England, no doubt, did her best, or worst, to crush out Irish manufactures—"except the *gendarme*" (as my French fellow-traveller remarked last winter). He thrives ; and, alas ! he is not in all respects, poor fellow, a credit to the nation. But England wouldn't have succeeded so well had she not got fashion for her ally. Irish goods were unfashionable till the Home Rule movement and the '82 Exhibition brought them somewhat to the front ; and against fashion gods and men and patriots to boot contend in vain. So long as everybody who was or claimed to

be somebody persistently went in for English goods, the Irish manufacturer naturally grew careless ; what was the use of providing new patterns which nobody would buy? He went on making good things ; shoddy, like the viper, can't thrive on Irish ground ; but his customers being mainly peasants, he never dreamt of looking out for novelties. Then came poor Dargan's Exhibition, one of Aristotle's "things good in themselves but not in this particular case," of which Ireland has had too large a share. Admirably meant, it turned out almost as disastrous as the Encumbered Estates Act. The English manufacturer flooded the country with cheap prints, which peasant girls unthriftilly began to prefer to the old red flannel, and with "moleskins" and such like, of which Pat found the first cost cheaper than his homespun ; so that thenceforth the Irish makers lost a large part even of their still remaining market. Still, several industries lived on ; and now, if there is grit enough in the national character, there is a chance of their thriving.

"But," say the cavillers, "all their goods are so old-fashioned. They never attempt to be up to date with new patterns." New patterns ! These (all praise to Mrs. Ernest Hart for discerning this fact) are just what the Irish worker ought to excel in ; for centuries he was chief pattern-maker for Western Europe. Did you ever hear of "The Book of Kells" ? If you visit Dublin this season, don't fail to look at it in Trinity College Library. At home, at St. John's, Cambridge, you may see an Irish Psalter, less rich but even more characteristic. At St. Gall you will find a glorious copy of the Gospels, and you may read what Ferdinand Keller has written about the Irish manuscripts of that monastery which was founded by St. Columbanus's companion. At Lichfield the so-called "St. Chad's Gospels" is an eighth-century Irish manuscript. To the excellence of this Irish illumination every writer, from Owen Jones, and Westwood, and Noel Humphreys, and Wattenbach, to Mr. Romilly Allen, bears the strongest testimony. "High artistic merit, exuberant fancy, wonderful powers of penmanship, the result absolutely unrivalled as a mosaic of brilliant colours and a pleasing combination of intricate geometrical ornament" (Romilly Allen, "Early Christian Symbolism," lately published). Several of the so-called Anglo-Saxon manuscripts were illuminated by Irish artists, of whom in the eighth century and earlier England was full. Much of our "Saxon" stone-work bears signs of the same influence ; no wonder, when the Northumbrian Church was founded by Irish missionaries, and only through the cleverness of Wilfred (who kept queen Eadgith close to her devotions just while her husband Oswiu, holding to the

Scotic use, was celebrating his Easter revel) passed from the Scotie to the Roman communion. Monk Ethelwolf, of Lindisfarne, in a ninth-century poem, speaks of Ultan, one of those Irish scribes : " A blessed priest of the Scotie nation, who could adorn books with elegant designs, and so rendered life pleasant with the highest ornaments." Alas ! it is long since " the native Celt, who prefers to remain a hewer of wood and drawer of water, or even a mendicant pauper " (I quote the *Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette*, for whom I suppose " native Celt " and " Papist " are convertible terms), has been in a condition to " render life pleasant with the highest ornaments." For a long time the bare life was all that the most fortunate among the " native Celts " could hope to secure. It is significant that the series of historic Irish crosses, beginning in the eighth century (of none earlier is the date ascertained), ends in the thirteenth. Thenceforward the " native Celt " was condemned to a growing degradation under such influences as would have hopelessly brutalised or exterminated almost any other race. But, from the beginning of the sixth century till the general destruction wrought by the Danes, this " Irish Celt " was actually at the head of the decorative arts of Europe, so deftly had he engrafted on his native style (the style seen in the oldest pre-Christian gold and bronze ornaments) the Byzantine forms brought in by his Gallican Christianisers. Samples of his illuminating may be seen in almost every great library—at Durham, at Corpus Christi College Oxford, at Nuremberg, at Paris, at Munich (taken from the Irish monastery at Ratisbon, where Marianus Scotus, *i.e.* Irishman, was an " immured recluse "). His metal-work is naturally rarer. Gold ornaments (and the " native Celt " was in the earliest times a great worker in gold) have a sad way of getting into the melting-pot, and bronze-work, falling into ignorant hands, is flung out as " old brass." But you will find a good many things in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy, and some of them, they say, are to be sent to Olympia. Look at the case which contained St. Molaise's Gospels—bronze, with silver-gilt interlaced work riveted on to it, date about the beginning of the eleventh century. Study the Ardagh chalice—two-handled (the only example of the kind save one at Witten, in Tyrol), silver, with gold filagree and the most beautiful enamel—which was found along with several brooches almost as fine as the Tara brooch. The Tara brooch is wonderful, not merely in the exquisiteness of its work, but in the perfect adaptation of the material to its purpose. I said the " native Celt " delighted in gold ; look at the gold torques and the broad half-moon plates of uncertain use in the Academy's museum. But a soft gold or silver brooch would be most unfit to display the delicate ornament which

the artist has lavished on this model of skill. It is of "white bronze" much harder than silver, so that the patterns (richer on the reverse than even on the front) are as fresh as when first wrought, though unhappily a good deal of the enamel has fallen out. It cannot well be later than the tenth century (is probably much earlier), for among its enrichments is the "divergent spiral," or "trumpet pattern," found in the earliest Irish work (*e.g.* the walls of sepulchral chambers like New Grange), but never used in later times. This trumpet pattern is found in perfection on the two bronze horns in the Petrie collection (probably fragments of a rayed crown for king or idol), which Mr. Kemble pronounces the most beautiful bit of work he ever saw. They are just like the rays on Gallic and British kings' crowns, as seen on the coins struck towards the end of the third century, and are, probably, at least as old as that date. No doubt St. Patrick brought over metal-workers from Gaul. Wherever he founded a church he left a bell and a book-case; but, if the bell known by his name is authentic, the foreign work was rude indeed compared with that of the natives who, since the days of the mythical Govan Seir (the Irish Wayland Smith) had been making spear-heads, and leaf-shaped swords, and brooches, and pins, and torques. Irish metal-work came to an end much about the same time as Irish illuminating. The last work of any value is the processional Cross of Cong—"the gem of the Academy's museum" Wakeman calls it—wrought about 1130 by an O'Egan, to enclose a portion of the true cross, for Turlogh, father of Roderick O'Connor. Now, Roderick was the last of the Ardrighs (high kings, kings of all Ireland), even as his namesake was last of the Goths; so no wonder that after this date there was no demand for such high art. Of course this could not be sent; but a Mrs. O'Neill, who has a little bog-oak stall, has a full-sized chromo and a printed history of it, besides a useful work of her husband on better known Irish *stone* crosses. At Cong, that sad little town on Lough Corrib, with its subterranean river and strange caves, there is no stone cross, but there are a few remains of the abbey, which Roderick founded, and where he ended his life. But the tourist will meet with large upright stone crosses in plenty—three at Monasterboice, near Drogheda; two at Kells; a very quaint one at Moone Abbey, near Athy; two splendid ones at Clonmacnois (where there is a whole series of upwards of 600 cross-inscribed slabs from the eighth to the eleventh centuries)—in all about thirty, more or less perfect, almost any one of which will prove to the most casual that in sculpture, too, the "native Celt" was not behind his neighbours, and that he stamped his individuality on his work in stone, as well as on his work in metal and on parchment. To my mind,

the most distinctive bits of stone-work (and some of the most beautiful) are the capitals and doorway mouldings at Killeslin, close to the town of Carlow ; while of metal-work I prefer the Clonmacnois crozier (Petrie collection) with its wonderfully bold as well as intricate relief-work. This, probably, belongs to the last half of the tenth century. Killeslin church is about the same date as Cormac's chapel on the rock of Cashel. The doorway, beautiful as it still is, was sadly defaced by a neighbouring landowner, who, about fifty years ago, used, out of sheer wantonness, to knock the noses off the capitals, and chip away the knotwork ; of the inscription which ran all along the abacus he left only three or four letters remaining. Such a man (and many such there have been among "Orange" landlords) is worse than the English geologist whom a Sligo rector lately found chipping a trilobite out of the carved cross in his parish, and who could not be persuaded that he had not a right to do so "in the interests of science." Of art, then, in Ireland there was no lack during those very ages which, for the rest of Europe, were the darkest of the dark. The "native Celt" fortunately got a strong dose of Byzantine culture before the island was wholly cut off from a Continent that had become the prey of warring barbarians. He had a basis of native art on which to graft the new forms that were transmitted to him ; and, as Miss Stokes says, in that delightful "Handbook of Early Christian Art in Ireland," which South Kensington has done so well to publish just now, "the earlier forms and processes lasted on in Ireland long after they had elsewhere fallen into disuse." Manufactures, too, were many and flourishing. Frieze was so valued that at Florence garments of it were bequeathed by will, along with silks and embroideries. Edward I. passed a law to encourage the importing of "Irish stuffs, nommez frise ware." Linen does not owe its beginning to William III., nor even to Strafford ; the saffron-dyed shirts, so voluminous that their length was fixed by the statute of Kilkenny, were of native flax, woven by native hands. Two facts we have to recognise : Ireland's old excellence in various branches of art, and the decay of this excellence in consequence of the brutalising conquest. And in using this epithet I attach no special blame to the conquerors ; it was brutalising because of its unavoidably gradual nature, which at last led to the adoption of plans for extirpation. The Irish were, unhappily, for four centuries in the same case as the Maoris in this century (must we say the same of the poor Zulus?). Instead of being at once conquered and placed under British rule, they were conquered in dribblets, often by private enterprise, and, their own laws and customs being hopelessly done away, they were left to anarchy and the

law of the strong hand. Hence, the Cross of Cong is almost the last sample of really good metal-work, and of the 700 Clonmacnois monuments of some artistic significance, none is later than A.D. 1276.

As well expect a Pheidias to arise among the Greeks under Turkish rule as look, under the Penal Code, for artists like the monkish smiths and hereditary metal-workers or masons whose works are the delight of æsthetes as well as of archæologists. That is our first fact ; Ireland, in what most English people are wont to consider its time of savagery, was, of all European countries in those times, the most artistic. Its annals may be full of bloodshed—not more so than those of the Heptarchy, less so than those of the Merovingian period ; its “egg-shell civilisation” (as I used to call it) may have suffered more than the Anglo-Saxon did from the yet more persistent assaults of Danes and Norsemen ; but, whilst we sneeringly point out how few Irish kings died in their beds, and how soon those kings learnt from the heathen invader to disregard the sacredness of holy places, let us not forget that, not before only but during all this wild time, the arts flourished in a way in which they have certainly not done since. This may or may not be a sound argument for Home Rule, but the fact is indisputable ; and with the remains of Irish art both the loungee through “Olympia” and the Irish tourist are bound to make themselves acquainted.

Our other fact is Ireland's present excellence in several manufactures besides whisky and porter and salted provisions. I may name woollen goods of all kinds ; poplin, and its daughter, poplinette, which is just the handloom-made silk that Messrs. Liberty are going to bring to life again in Spitalfields ; printed linens, introduced two seasons ago in Belfast, and by many ladies preferred to Hoyle's and other calico prints ; kid gloves—Supple, in Dublin, and Francis, in Cork, still bravely keep the trade alive ; writing-paper, especially the finer kinds—Swiftbrook Mill, at Saggart, near Dublin, is, I fear, the only one now at work ; table glass—do, while in Dublin, go and see Mr. Pugh, Marlborough Court, behind Lower O'Connell Street. He is a hero in his way. The list might easily be extended. I refer the reader to Mr. Dennis's “Industrial Ireland,” originally published in the *St. James's Gazette*. I am glad to think the question is out of, nay, above, the range of party politics.

With this present excellence I must, unhappily, couple a relative backwardness. That Ireland is not, like Scotland, England's rival in manufactures is due less to want of coal, less even to the shamefully partial legislation which aimed at killing out Irish industries,

than to the stamp of "unfashionableness" which Government, through an Ascendency of those whom we Nationalists call "West Britons," affixed to Irish goods of all kinds. Hence absurdities like the following are of everyday occurrence. An Irish maker, from whom I am buying a lot of tweed, writes to me on paper with English watermark. So does the secretary of a society founded for the promotion of Irish industries. Of the so-called "Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union" the *Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette*, for April 27, writes thus: "The Union has done good work in circulating such a mass of pamphlets, &c.; but unfortunately the greater part, if not the whole, of this literature was printed in England, while it might just as well have been printed in Dublin, where work is much required. *This is a strange way of exhibiting patriotism.*" Strange, indeed; and, alas! the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union are not the only offenders.

Such, then, are our two facts; and what follows from them? Not that we Irish should spend our time in crying out against past injustice; nor that the English should vainly regret the unwisdom of their forefathers in the matter of trade laws. The aim of both should be something different—something higher as well as more fruitful; to do what can be done in the present in spite of the evil past, not to make that evil past an excuse for now doing nothing. And consequent on our two facts are two corresponding duties—first, to fully waken the never wholly dormant artistic tastes which have shown themselves in our lace-work, our bog-oak carving, our illuminated addresses, and such like trifles; *this can only be done by careful and varied technical education.* Next, to help and to encourage such industries as are still alive, and to show that we value the hitherto freedom of Ireland from the curse of "shoddy" by practically rewarding a truthfulness in production which must surely win praise from all who think with Mr. Ruskin as to "the lamp of Truth."

I have said not a word about modern politics—scarcely a word about politics at all. My own opinions are well known; but art and manufacturing industry are common ground on which both we Nationalists and also those whose eyes are not opened to the life-giving power of Home Rule may take our stand with equal firmness, working and planning in concert for what both of us must hold to be of the highest importance and advantage to our common country.

This was the key-note struck by Mr. Sexton, in his admirable opening speech at Olympia, and I shall certainly not strike a discord. In many ways this Exhibition falls lamentably short of the ideal. Like that of Dublin in '82, it has had difficulties to contend with, and it has been less successful in mastering them. It was got up in a hurry.

I was told (I know not on what authority) that Mahony of Blarney (some of whose splendid tweeds are to be seen at Boyd of Belfast's stall) would not take a stall because there was no time to make such special fabrics as should be worthy of his name. I could not judge of the grounds ; streams of rain, though adding an Irish touch to the "village," are not conducive to comfort. But in one cottage I saw plenty of the capital stockings and socks from Glenties, Bunbeg, and thereabouts—an industry as closely bound up with the shamefully-persecuted and just now actually imprisoned Father M'Fadden's name as "Kells embroidery" is with Mrs. E. Hart's—and I was glad to hear they sell well. They deserve to do so ; so too do Glenties homespun and handwoven tweeds. These are the old Irish cottage industries. They seemed to me a little dear (the tweeds, not the stockings) compared with the price of similar fabrics in Killarney market (where it is to be bought any market-day) or at Kenmare or Tralee ; but the texture is more even. Has Mrs. Hart's influence, and her wise determination to reject all work that is not up to the mark, told on those Glenties workers ? It is very hard to make a length of home-weaving as even as a piece of the same stuff on a power-loom—hard, but not impossible ; and one good of Olympia to the Irish worker is that, having others to cater for besides his fellow-peasant, he will be bound to take more pains.

To sum up, I hope and expect much good in many ways from Olympia, if it is strictly confined to Irish goods. It won't help us to "solve problems" ; why should we be always wishing to "solve problems" ? Sufficient unto the day is the good thereof ; and here is real good, to which the only drawback is the Irish newspaper stalls. Much as I value the *Freeman*, I could never have given it a footing when doing so made it necessary to admit the *Belfast News Letter*, and that venomous *Union*, which belies its name by doing in the meanest possible way its petty worst to stir up strife.

It is cruel irony which puts so prominently Orange newspapers among Irish manufactures. But that big blot and a few little blots are as nothing when I look round and see woollens, lace (down to a sixpenny handkerchief) ; linen ; bog-oak (the actual carving of "methers" going on in Johnson's stall) ; butter (with the dainty dairy-maids—that piper should always be playing "The pretty girl milking her cow," for the girls are as pretty as their cream and butter are good and their strawberries sweet and fresh) ; butter-firkins and "cools" made at Cork and Limerick, and surely neat and finished enough to roll away that Gilgal of Irish butter-packing, the old heavy oak firkin ; candles and soap (I can from long experience recommend both as to

price and quality); glass (I'm so glad to note that since 1882 Irishmen have learned to engrave it); hand-painted china ; "Vodrey ware," like that brown and green Spanish which is so popular ; furniture—not half enough of it, but what there is very good, *e.g.* Edmundson's, of Capel Street, and above all that chair sent by Thomas of Dublin. Then, too, M'Iloy's invalid furniture (which surely has more place here than Alderman's of Soho). But I'm not publishing a catalogue. Go and see for yourselves, and you'll come away convinced that if Irish manufactures are on a small scale, like the sweet little Kerry cows of Mr. Robertson of Malahide and his fellow-exhibitors, they are, like them, excellent. We never wish to become a manufacturing country in the sense in which Lancashire is. The whole genius of our people is against this. We chiefly want to get a market for work wherewith the cottier shall fill up the inevitable idleness of farming life on a small scale, and shall thereby be kept from the shebeen shop and from other forms of evil, and trained to self-reliance and to what, in æsthetic slang, is known as "culture." That does not look like wishing to "sever the connection," does it? We don't wish to do so ; but we wish, in managing our own affairs, to cultivate our own industries with the zeal and success of which the '82 Exhibition gave a foretaste. This Olympia, if rightly managed, ought to help in the same direction ; and therefore true Irishmen of all parties will be wishing it God-speed ; and English well-wishers will come, not once, but often, and each for him or herself look carefully into things.

To intending visitors I say go often. Olympia improves on acquaintance. You get used to the unfinishedness ; you get to know the stall-keepers—so friendly they are, and such brave hearts, here in this Babylon for all these months ; the Donegal girls, I'm glad to hear, with some "Sisters" to look after them. The place grows upon you. By-and-by the grounds will be finished, and the ferns will have got rooted. Besides, you'll have time to go to the galleries, and to see the really good pictures—O'Kelly's "Blessing the House"—I wish they were all as characteristic ; and the fine old plate got together by the exertions of E. Johnson, Esq., J.P. ; and Mr. Day's and Dr. Frazer's unique collections of bronze spear- and arrow-heads, torques, trumpets, &c. You'll miss the Book of Kells and the Cross of Cong, and the other treasures of the Dublin museums. But how could you expect these to be sent to a non-fireproof building? They are all the evidence we have that we were not in the old time the savages which the exhibits here collected certainly prove that we are not at the present day.

HENRY STUART FAGAN.

SCIENCE NOTES.

POISONOUS DRINKING WATER.

THE *British Medical Journal* has discussed the dangers to which tourists abroad are exposed when they drink the water that is offered to them at "the best hotels" and other places. As everybody knows who has ventured across the Channel, and has used his eyes and nose, our continental neighbours, with one or two exceptions, are miserably in the rear as regards sanitary appliances, especially in arrangements for the prevention of the pollution of water by sewage. This applies not only to the drinking water supplied simply as water, but, as the writer says, "An examination made only a few years since of syphons of sparkling seltzer, &c., in a great continental city, disclosed the fact that they were horribly polluted with sewage, and that the effervescing fixed air with which they were charged only served to conceal unutterable contaminations of a most dangerous kind." Sir Henry Thompson and Dr. Hermann Weber, who have investigated the subject, are emphatic in their warnings to tourists.

"What should we drink?" is the practical question. "Vin ordinaire" was the reply which I received to this in 1841, when suffering severely in Paris. I was a stern abstainer at home, but nevertheless adopted this advice during the greater part of twelve months' pedestrian wanderings through wine-making countries. I could then easily obtain what is now more difficult to find, viz., genuine grape juice containing less alcohol than weak table beer, and at about the cost of such beer. The ordinary Englishman refuses to drink this "sour stuff," and selects the high-priced wines, which are adulterated in direct proportion to their cost, and none of which are suitable for simply satisfying thirst.

The adulteration of wine is a high art highly paid, and the materials required for producing the choice flavours of fancy brands are costly, therefore nobody can afford to adulterate the wines that are retailed at the rate of one penny per half-pint tumbler.

Natural mineral waters are also recommended; but who shall tell whether natural or artificial, where the carriage of the natural
 its to ten times the cost of preparing an imitation and putting

it into long stone bottles? Many other remedies are suggested, the only reliable one being that of having the water boiled, which is not always practicable.

There is one, however, which I venture to suggest, viz., that every tourist should carry an ounce or two of boric acid, and, whenever in doubt, add a little of this to the water he is about to drink, allowing five or ten minutes for its solution and operation. About as much as will stand on a threepenny-piece is sufficient for a glass of water. Tea and coffee are safe, as they are made with boiling water ; but even "Vin ordinaire" is now practically unobtainable in France and other countries that have been visited by the phylloxera—I mean simple grape juice bearing that name. Laboratory products are abundant enough, and sold at about four times the price of the refreshing acid grape juice I used to buy at country cabarets, osterie, and gasthause, at the time above named, in some places at less than one-halfpenny per tumbler.

My reasons for recommending boric acid are fully explained in this Magazine for September 1884. My own experience of its efficacy is confirmed by the investigations of M. de Cyon, who recommends its use wherever there is danger of infection. It is nearly tasteless, and all who use London milk take it daily, as it is now systematically and properly added to the milk that travels by railway. (*See* "Chemistry of Cookery," Chapter X.)

A VICE AND A REMEDY.

RECENT investigations made by the Edinburgh Town Council have brought out a serious result of the Sunday Closing Act. The victims, deprived of their customary whisky, have become customers to certain druggists, who supply them with methylated spirits, the alcohol and fusel oil of which are rendered more nauseous and poisonous by Act of Parliament, in order to prevent evasion of duty.

When I lived in Edinburgh, "Sabbath" was a very busy day among certain druggists, who covered their counters with "sweeties," and sold them for Kirk sucking ; but the methylated spirit trade is a more recent development of Sabbatarian commercial enterprise.

It is proposed to call upon Parliament to prohibit Sunday traffic in methylated spirits; but I venture to make another suggestion which, I think, will meet the difficulty and put a stop to such abuse on all days of the week.

It is that, instead of adding naphtha and resin to the spirit required for making varnishes, &c., the addition should consist of

ipecacuanha or sulphate of zinc. The latter is very cheap and very effectual. We are told that "as a nauseant" 1 to 3 grains of the former is sufficient ; 10 to 30 grains of zinc sulphate supplies a vigorous emetic, which acts almost immediately, and is therefore recommended as "well suited to empty the stomach in cases of poisoning," &c. In smaller doses it acts as a nauseant.

Temperance would be greatly promoted if all ardent spirits were subjected to enforced parliamentary improvement by the addition of a nauseant dose of one of the emetics to every gill, and therefore a vomiting dose to larger quantities. Severe intoxication would thus become impossible, but a small dose taken legitimately for the cure of a cold would be rendered more effectual, as ipecacuanha, &c., in still smaller than nauseant doses, act as soporifics, and are commonly included for this purpose in "cough mixtures."

THE ACTION OF INTENSE LIGHT ON THE HUMAN SKIN.

IN Science Notes of August and September 1886 I described and accepted Surgeon-Major Alcock's explanation of the black skin of the negro. Readers will probably remember that this theory ascribes to the carbon layer of the *rete mucosum* a function of protecting the nerve-endings of the cutis of the negro from the intense light of the tropical sun rays ; that it is "but the smoked glass through which alone his widespread sentient nerve-endings could be enabled to regard the sun."

In *Nature* of May 3 and 31 are some interesting letters on "Nose Blackening as Preventive of Snow Blindness," in which it is shown that this very painful result of exposure to sunglare, and its reflection from snow, is prevented by blackening with burnt wood the sides of the nose and general surroundings of the eyes well down to the cheek bones, or, still better, by painting the whole of the face, or protecting it by a dark-coloured veil. I can add my own experience concerning the veil, having suffered dreadfully by ascending Mont Blanc in brilliant weather without using this customary protection.

These facts are, I think, satisfactorily explained by Mr. Alcock's theory. In my own case it was not merely the eyes that suffered inflammation, but the whole surface of the face and ears. I was so much disfigured that on arriving at Leukerbaden some ten days afterwards I was supposed to be a patient applying for treatment of malignant skin disease. A similar blistering of a large portion of the surface of the body would probably be as fatal as an extensive blister from ordinary scald or burning.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

THE LONDON YAHOO : THE GROWTH.

FEW things are more important than some attempt to check the youthful brutality now rampant in our streets. Education has done nothing at all in this direction commensurate with the development it has received in the establishment of School Boards. At present the whole process, from boyish ignorance and recklessness to the most terrible forms of crime, may be studied at leisure.

In the summer months, in the residential suburbs of London, lads of nine to twelve issue forth in troops for the purpose of ravaging gardens. It is not a case of attempting to steal a few flowers. Their work is wholesale devastation. Within a day of the period when I write a singularly handsome hawthorn tree in my garden, laden with double red blossoms, has been broken across the trunk, the upper half of the tree being left dangling upon the pavement. A little while ago a fine lilac in the same garden had a bough torn off as thick as my arm. Destruction of this kind is common, and no effort of police or watchers seems able to check it, since the moment the guardian's back is turned the ravage is renewed ; and the protests of women, when masculine aid is not at hand, are met with ridicule and filthy language. This is the first step towards criminal brutality.

THE DEVELOPMENT.

A SECOND step is taken when the lad reaches the point at which sexual instincts begin to assert themselves. Accompanied by girl confederates, more hopelessly degraded than themselves, lads make our streets hideous with noise and outrage. In the more populous districts they assault inoffensive passengers, and even form themselves into bands, with some faint pretence at organisation, with a view to violence and pillage. These are the originators of what, with unconscious irony, are called "Monkey Parades" and the like. They are the youths whom Mr. C. R. Sims describes, from observation, as watching the processes of endeavouring to restore animation to the body of a woman dragged out of Regent's Park Canal, and interrupting the proceedings with "ribald jokes" which "curdled his

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blood to the Regent's Park murder. A step further brings us ven detta are caricatured. In this the features of a regular with those of another. Had the customary processes been observed, and his limbs broken, nothing would probably have been heard about the matter. In the Regent's Park case, however, a dozen youths of eighteen and nineteen go out on the war trail, and one of them before departure shows the others the knife with which he proposes to redress local wrongs. The scheme is carried out, an inoffending pedestrian in the park is ripped open, and the perpetrators, to the number of a dozen, are on their trial for murder.

THE REMEDY TO BE HOPED.

In early days proceedings of the kind were common, and were not confined to the lowest classes. Grievous outrages and crimes were committed in the course of their wanderings by the students, whose zeal in the pursuit of learning is one of the most edifying subjects of contemplation in the annals of the Renaissance. How common on the part of artist and student were street outrages may be read at leisure in Mr. Symonds' new translation of the Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, or in the records of the lives and destinies of Villon and his companions and confederates. Offences graver in their kind were committed by youth of rank, the Mohocks and the like, whose proceedings Milton depicts in his inimitable fashion.

These classes have, however, been reached by education, and their behaviour, though there is room for further improvement, incurs no vehement reproach. In our university towns a standard of gentlemanly behaviour is maintained, and even from mess-rooms the rowdyism of a previous generation has disappeared. The influences to which this reformation is due will in time reach lower strata of society. It is with the boy we must begin. There is good material on which to work. Nothing strikes one more than the fierce earnestness of boys in their pursuits, legitimate or other. In the excitement of throwing up a few cherry-stones the lad incurs the constant risk of being run over. But a few weeks ago a youth in the eagerness of play backed into a river and was drowned. Scarcely for any requirement of traffic will the street boy suspend his game with top or marbles. I leave to others to draw the Wordsworthian moral, how in these and other cases "the child is father of the man."

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER 1888.

MRS. BERESFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS MOLLY."

CHAPTER I.

THE brilliant September sunshine was flooding and warming the earth ; no subtle reminder as yet of the winter that was coming, at least no visible reminder, but such is not always needed to bid us bear in mind that the summer is slipping away. The secret is in the air, before it assumes a visible or tangible form.

This brilliant sun shone down on to a beautiful garden, still rich with summer glories, on to an old-fashioned house, by whose glass-roofed porch two women stood. The one a handsome matron with the youth that English matrons retain so long, a youth emphasised by the two stalwart boys who stood beside her, reflecting her beauty in their brown eyes and curly heads.

The other—of the same age perhaps, though it was natural to exclaim "Is it possible?"—but circumstances and character alike seem sometimes to unite to render each step of the way difficult—or perhaps the one is the natural result of the other. Anyway, as Graeme Beresford stood facing Cecilia Stapleton, it was borne into her own mind, the immeasurable space, the innumerable years, that divided her from her contemporaries.

"Be advised," Mrs. Stapleton was saying, "you can see quite enough of Hurst from the outside ; come for a walk with me and the boys ; we shall probably meet Edward, and drive home with him."

And as the other woman shook her head, "It is a sentimental pilgrimage," Mrs. Stapleton added, "and such journeys do no good."

"No, perhaps not." But though the tone was wavering, the intention evidently was not, for Mrs. Stapleton added, "Well, you were always obstinate—so *au revoir*."

When she had spoken, and had noted with quick sympathy that her words had given an unintentional wound, she again paused, and laid her hand on the other's arm, as if pleading for pardon ; then walked away down the drive : the smiles that had vanished for a moment, back at a word from little Ned, the glad personification of a life where duty harmonised with pleasure, forming as close an approach to happiness as this life is capable of. Graeme Beresford watched her for a moment as she turned away, though her thoughts were not with the vanishing figure ; for after a turn in the drive had hidden Mrs. Stapleton from view, she still remained looking over the green fields towards where, in the distance, was a view of the village.

But at length, as if recalled to her original intention, "A pilgrimage," she repeated slowly, as if weighing the words, "perhaps so. It is as good a word as any. And yet I don't know ; a pilgrimage, if to the buried past, generally involves some idea of profit for the future, of which in this case there is none."

But the slight satirical expression, the thought brought, vanished as she traced those past memories through the silent house. As she stood by the drawing-room window, looking thence across the green turf to the fields beyond, the long, low room, with its quaint ornaments and stiff old-fashioned furniture, was no longer to her still and silent as the grave. Shadowy forms occupied it. An elderly man sat by the fireside, his gloomy eyes following now the movements of the girl who flitted hither and thither making sunshine wherever she went.

The girl—— She started—leaning forward a little as the action was reflected in a large old-fashioned mirror hung high on the wall opposite. The girl she had been watching had vanished ; her brown hair, the delicate colour on her cheeks, had been so real for a moment that there seemed no place in that past, of which this room had been the theatre, for this woman who stood here now. The dulled hair, which was turning grey so swiftly, the cheeks which had become so thin and white, and which had lost the delicate colour and soft curves which had once lent them beauty ; the eyes which had lost the brilliance and hope of youth, and were looking back, not forward. She wrung her thin hands together in a momentary passion over the past, which seemed to have buried everything, and moved away where the sad reflection should no longer meet her eyes.

But it was of no avail. Go where she would, these ghostly foot-falls followed hers, these ghostly shadows chilled her with their presence.

Up these shallow oak stairs where her light feet had so often led

her as a happy girl, when the dulness of the home in which she lived with the elderly couple—who for some bygone memory's sake had adopted the orphan—prevailed little against the brightness of a nature that no trouble seemed to shadow.

Such a happy nature, people said, and sighed or smiled, according to their dispositions.

The dull, gloomy house even grew brighter for her presence.

The very pictures on the staircase hung just as she remembered them ; had an enchanted slumber wrapped the house since she had left it ? Up here, a few steps higher—this small narrow staircase led to it—yes, here was the room that had been hers. By this window, how many times had she leant watching the summer sun shining down on to the fair garden, and listening to the tinkling, rippling sound of the fountain below. Such happy hours, filled with irresponsible girlish dreams, which had all taken the form of happy prophecy. Downstairs it was often dull ; Uncle George was apt to be cross if things went wrong in the house, and to blame Aunt Ellen, whether she were reasonably to blame or no, and she certainly had a way of bringing down a judgment on herself—but then Graeme Sefton was nearly always at hand with a light word to avert the impending storm. Nearly always. Sometimes of course she was up here, away from the storms that disturbed other people's lives, living in a dream, where of course storms never came.

She turned away from the window with a short, painful sigh. Turned away, and quitting the small room, wandered vaguely and indefinitely about from one dark corridor to another, seeking out first one spot rich with associations, then another. This small room opening into the garden had been the schoolroom ; maps and globes and other symbols of learning were in it, giving it a bookwormish aspect still. And in this very chair how many lessons she had learnt, listened to how many lectures on what she had done, or left undone. Here by this window she had laughed over Jack Lyle's stories on the rare occasions when he appeared at Hurst. Jack Lyle ! Another shadow conjured up out of the past. The gloom and dulness of the old house had affected the son, and he had revolted, openly revolted, saying that a life passed under its roof, bearing the present for the sake of the future, was not to be endured at any price. Far rather sacrifice that future, if need were.

Words, angry words had followed. The father's threats, the mother's pleadings were alike of little avail. He had gone hither and thither, learning to appreciate, in the roughness of earning his own living, the comfort and luxury of Hurst, old Mr. Lyle fondly

hoped. Revelling in his liberty, so Graeme Sefton decided. Which was right, they did not learn because——

The memories of Jack were somewhat blurred and confused; his coming and going in those past days had meant so little, compared with those of the friend who had been with him.

The woman standing by the window of a sudden sank down on to the low chair beside it, covering her eyes with her hands, as if to shut out the picture.

But there is no curtain close enough to veil the past. Standing beside her in this very window was, she knew, the man's figure. Here by her side he stood if she looked up—— Was it only memory that conjured him up with such vividness?

The slow ripple of the fountain, mingling with the thousand sounds of a summer day, the gentle stirring breeze, the scent of nignonette, and through it all a man's voice, telling the story that harmonised so well with all the surroundings.

Such a tender, well-told story!—the blue eyes that looked down into those uplifted to his reflected it, the wooing voice also. The woman in her black gown, sunk down in the low chair, her face hidden in her clasped hands, was listening to it again. Listening to the soft voice, forgetting acquired knowledge, striving to forget rather, letting past impressions for a brief moment hold sway.

Only for a brief moment.

Then she suddenly rose up with a sigh so quick, so painful, it might have been a moan, moved a few steps from where she had been seated, and with eyes from whence the calm had vanished, looked back to the spot whence those vanished tones had come.

"I loved you," she said slowly, lifting her hands with a despairing gesture. "I loved you, you knew it. You killed my love. It is dead—dead—nothing but pain is left. Would that were dead too! I wish I had never seen you—and since that is impossible, that I could forget you."

But as if the past still had power in this ghostly haunted chamber, her words had no charm to exorcise the shadowy presence. Standing where she had spoken, she saw that other woman rise as she had but now risen, to reflect the passion of the words to which she had listened, to give the promise which she, standing here, had now redeemed. Ten years ago! She moved away, those words in her ears, away out of this haunted room, though it was impossible, turn where she might, to go beyond the reach of the wooing voice, out of sight of those eyes that had promised so much.

Now that he had spoken, his figure tall and slight was by her side

wherever she went. In dreams, or in reality, so had he trod the floors of the old house, ten years ago. Another voice now. Old Mr. Lyle's lifted in stern anger.

"If you marry him, Graeme, it is against my wish. I cannot prevent you, you are free to do as you will, but this is no longer your home from the moment you make up your mind. As James Beresford's wife—his unhappy wife, as you will be—you do not return here. You can choose between us."

"I love him, he is more to me than my home." The girl's soft voice was quick and passionate. The old man's slow tones followed, as thunder after lightning.

"Gambler, spendthrift, he broke his father's heart—he will break yours. You are warned, I can do nothing more but stand aside and let you go your own way."

It was *that* way the weary woman was retracing to-day step by step.

These long ten years ; from the moment when she had chosen her life, casting in her lot with that of James Beresford, preferring exile and poverty by his side, to the home and tried affection that had borne her company so long. Viewed from the hither side it had offered so much that her young passionate heart craved, that she had felt the gates were slowly opening that would admit her into paradise. Afterwards, so soon afterwards too, she came to think that it was only the fact of the shut gates that had conjured up the vision of paradise at all. And now she had trodden back all the painful steps, had lost all memory even of the love she had fancied so strong and true ; could not get farther back in memory than to those many bitter years she had known ; years which had crushed the once buoyant spirit, and taught her—saddest teaching of all—to doubt what had seemed so good as to be well worthy of all sacrifice.

In all these years in which she had been a wanderer, rarely had the memory of her forsaken home risen to tantalise her with doubts as to whether what she had gained had been worth such sacrifice. No, the needs of the moment had forbidden sentimental musings over the past ; but now, standing within these familiar walls, for the moment it was almost impossible to realise she had ever quitted them. So much had passed within them, that this narrow chamber seemed to have been the theatre of her life's play. She found herself watching the actors with a mixture of interest and cynicism, that any other well-played drawing-room comedy might have awakened in her.

This passionate eager girl brought a smile to her lips—it was

hardships to him anything was worth such suffering. But it was not suffering that was his aim, and he knew that there was a better way of getting it.

There was Jack Lyle's last, and it was not long ago; he was the last of a line of warriors, and he was the last of a line of warriors.

"You are a brave man."

There was a moment when the time of the past did not seem to be the time of the future.

"You are a brave man," you are not ashamed to speak of him like that because he is not here to defend himself.

"No, no," he said, "he is not here."

"Why not?"

"He is a man," he said, "we will not let the word is not enough for a man."

After all Jack Lyle could do little and more words were of no avail.

He had cut himself apart also—any life was preferable to this dreary, repeating existence; perhaps in his inmost heart he sympathized with the girl's wish to free herself also. They would forgive her once the deed was done—"they" represented his father and mother. She had been a daughter to them for so many years, had lived for years and years the life, of which momentary glimpses had decided him that it was not to be borne, and if she chose to seize this first chance of freeing herself—well, on her own head fall the result. And his own battle had to be fought at the same time, occupying all his strength and resources.

He fought it, and passed away, trusting to Time, the Great Reconciler, to set things straight later on; but so trusting, was blind in another direction. The great black cloud of death settled down over Hurst. The bitterness and anger were all hushed in six months, but out of the cloud no forgiveness reached the two outlaws.

The son had hurried back, repentant and grieved, to find only the empty house, which was now his own, awaiting him, and had shortly returned to his journeyings and distant huntings, after which his heart had craved in his boyhood. Free to come and go now; it is only when we find the love is dead which built the prison in which we are detained, that we learn to sigh for the imprisonment.

But the bold spirit of Jack Lyle was not one to waste itself in vain regrets. At the height of his youth and strength—everything within him calling him to the wild life he loved, the exploring expedition on which he was bound, ready to start—the quiet English

home, with its calm pleasures, had duties, and but little else to offer. "Get a tenant for Hurst," he wrote to his lawyer, "do what you can for me, I am sure you will ; it may be years before I return home again."

Scarcely a thought of Graeme came to him.

She was away in some foreign country, he knew. Happy, of course. Jem Beresford was sure to be good to her. He was not *that* sort of a man, and marriage—so desperately in love as they were too—marriage had probably reformed him. And she had some little money of her own, he knew, but a letter on her behalf would perhaps be as well under the circumstances. So at the last moment another note reached Mr. Forbes, bidding him, should such necessity arise, do anything he could to help Mrs. Beresford. "You will remember her—Graeme Sefton ; she married James Beresford, against my father's wish, and, of course, she might be in trouble, and not know to whom to apply. She would naturally write to me, as we were brought up as brother and sister."

But the application was never made. No one knew the history of those ten years, but the woman recalling them now in the school-room at Hurst ; they were her own secret, and looking at the strong face, it was a secret, the looker-on would have decided, that would in all probability die with her.

But sitting here alone reviewing the past, she was at liberty, should she so wish, to decide whether the ten years had been worth the price paid for them.

The ten best years of her life, passionate love, faith, which believed no ill, and hope, which knew no doubts—all this in the one scale ; and in the other disillusion, vanished love, faith changed to doubt, and a heart, not broken indeed, inasmuch as it had ceased to care for him out yonder, whose latest act had been to leave her, nearly penniless in a foreign town, from which she had made her way across the sea, her one hope to reach England, and see at any cost those who had known her before. Her own small income was secured to her ; on that she could live, but let it be amongst English faces, in the tiny world-forgotten village where those happy past days had been spent.

"He was never cruel to me," she said slowly, rising and speaking aloud, as if to some of the many voiceless shadows about her. "He was just what you said—a gambler—there was no hope from the first."

She hid her face in her hands, shivering a little, for the September sun had passed aside, and the room had grown cold.

"I would rather he had died or I——, than that I should learn it now when it is too late—that he is unworthy of all the love I gave him."

The lamps had been removed, the subdued light of shaded candles fell with soft red lights and shades on to flowers and fruit—purple grapes piled up on beautiful porcelain dishes, on to silver and glass, and on to Mrs. Stapleton's blooming beauty, and rich dress.

The Manor was a splendid place, and Cecilia Stapleton a very suitable châtelaine, her brilliance and beauty all the greater relief in contrast to the dark portraits of dead and gone Stapletons who dimly appeared in the gloomy background.

Mrs. Beresford, a slender, black-clothed figure, watching them, found herself thinking of the last time she remembered seeing husband and wife together. The wife then had been Cecilia Dormer, the handsome, penniless daughter of the poor old vicar.

"I am sure Edward Stapleton admires Cissy," she could recall her aunt's gentle voice; "it would be such a good match for her. I shall ask them to dine here."

"It would have been better if your match-making had begun earlier," her husband had answered, with a look towards where Graeme Sefton worked.

The words, the look, had brought the quick, angry blood into the girl's cheeks, but she had not spoken. She had helped her aunt to arrange the dinner, had rejoiced with her when the badly-written short acceptance had been received from Mr. Stapleton, and Cecilia Dormer had looked in, to promise she would come. She had smiled scornfully to herself, as she listened to her aunt bidding the girl look her best because Mr. Stapleton would be there, and had felt angry with her friend, when she noted the crimson roses which matched her cheeks, fastened into the white dress, and into the thick twists of her black hair. Still more angry, when she noted the quick replies and laughing words, and eyes which smiled so readily; eyes which surely saw the admiring looks that met her own.

"He has ten thousand a year, and a beautiful place," Graeme thought bitterly, as she went up to bed. "For his money any one will smile on him, any girl will marry him. I do not envy him, or her. Love is well worth it all."

To-night she looked at Cecilia Stapleton scarcely altered in the ten years, only in so far as the blooming girl had become a handsome matron, not an unnecessary line on the smooth cheeks, which were as rich and soft as they had been that other night. The eyes were as bright now as then, as she glanced across and smiled at her

husband, with the ready smile of perfect understanding and content. He, a little stouter, a little noisier, otherwise just the same, easily-pleased, good natured Edward Stapleton of old. Love is better worth having, she had said then, but to-night she doubted. Had she not bartered her all for love? and to-night she was fain to acknowledge it had been a sorry barter. What faint elusive mystery had she felt within her reach in those old days, which had given her that scorn of those who had accepted this world's dross in lieu thereof; and also that defiant determination to abide by her own choice at all hazards, feeling that, should she let it slip, it would be putting aside for ever the clue which her hands held? Almost she marvelled now, what it was she had expected to find. Was it indeed truth that this world has nothing but this faint intangible promise, luring with scented blossom, of which the fruit is to be found elsewhere? Then if so, *à la guerre comme à la guerre*. Better take the best the world has to offer, better die haunted with indefinite ideas of something better unwon, than live to acknowledge it is not worth the winning.

"You are going to Ashford, to-morrow, I hear?"

The vehemence of her thought had carried her so far away, that she started at Mr. Stapleton's voice. "You will scarcely remember the Drummonds, I fancy. Well, you will see all the world, and especially his wife, there. It is sure to be a large party."

"It will certainly have nothing else to recommend it," Mrs. Stapleton interpolated. "Of all dull entertainments, commend me to the yearly one at the Drummonds'."

"I need not go, I suppose?"

"How selfish men are! Well, this one will have the novelty for me of taking Graeme to it. It will be a splendid opportunity to show her the *wives* of the neighbours. By-the-by, though," after a moment's pause, "I should not wonder if Mr. Lyle were there."

"Sure to be," assented her husband. "The fascinating widow lives too near to be left out."

"My dear Ned," said his wife with a scarcely perceptible warning glance in Mrs. Beresford's direction, "you are becoming a scandal-monger."

"Who is the widow?" Mrs. Beresford questioned.

"Oh, she must be posted before she goes," observed Mr. Stapleton. "It would never do to appear in public in such an untutored state."

"Her name," said Mrs. Stapleton, "is Madame d'Ivoy; she is French by marriage, by birth—well, we are not quite sure; it is that which makes her so delightfully interesting."

"On second thoughts, Cissy, I think I will go to-morrow."

But Mrs. Stapleton was standing up previous to departure. "I shall go and enlighten Graeme myself," she observed ; "she," with some vagueness, "is a *horrid* woman, and if I did not think it would drive him into marrying her, I would warn him myself, against her."

"Well done, Cissy, your 'hims' and 'hers' are delightfully indistinct ; go and explain them to Mrs. Beresford, and saving Jack Lyle will give even a flavour to the garden party at Ashford."

But heedless of her husband's words, Mrs. Stapleton continued her conversation, just where she had momentarily dropped it.

"She is a *horrid* woman," she repeated, with additional emphasis, "and she has made up her mind to marry Mr. Lyle. Infatuated as he is though, I think he just retains enough sense to wish to avoid that, but he is always about with her."

"I did not know Jack was at home," Mrs. Beresford interposed.

"Not at home," corrected Mrs. Stapleton ; "he is staying with the Curzons, and there he met *her*. She lives at their gates, so it was not surprising."

"But why? Where has she come from?"

"I am sure I don't know, neither I should think does anyone else ; she has taken Elbank—you remember, a tiny cottage by the river—for a little country air, and my belief is, that had it not been for Mr. Lyle, we should have seen the last of her long ago. A very little country air would have sufficed her!"

"And you think Jack will marry her?"

"Think it," repeated Mrs. Stapleton, standing still—she had been pacing up and down the room in her agitation—now she paused, clasping her hands in a tragic attitude. "Oh, I cannot ; Graeme, you must prevent him. If I seriously believed that she was going to live at Hurst, not half a mile from these gates, I should die!"

Mrs. Beresford laughed aloud. A low musical laugh, which died away as swiftly as it came, but for a moment, amusement at her friend's tragic face had chased the shadows from her own careworn heart. Her eyes were still smiling as, rising, she took Mrs. Stapleton's hand in hers.

"It is very serious, Cissy ; I would not laugh for anything if I could help it. But we will see what can be done to prevent such an enormity. Tell me about Jack. It is so many years since I have seen him, that I have but a faint remembrance even of what he is like."

"He is very nice," said Mrs. Stapleton explanatorily, "and rather good-looking. Big and brown, you know," rather vaguely, "and then he has been to such lots of places where no one else has

been, and done such interesting things—quite different from all the men about ; he very seldom comes here, I think this is the first time for about five years. But now he ought to settle down—there is his house waiting for him—he can always turn out the tenants—a wife, that is all he wants, and,” lowering her voice a little, “there is Miss Curzon, the very wife for him—and yet he must needs spend his whole time philandering after Madame d’Ivoy.”

“It does seem very aggravating.”

But once again Graeme Beresford’s thoughts had taken a slight turn in the former direction. Here was another case in point. Would it not have been better if Jack Lyle had gone the accepted way of the world? Lived at Hurst, married a suitable wife in due course, and followed no false lights that had beckoned him out of the beaten track. Was it not possible that the world knew best, that the beaten track was safest as well as wisest to follow? Madame d’Ivoy might also be only another who had pursued her own way—like herself, like Jack Lyle ; in this narrow, sharp-tongued community it might well be so—perhaps in that very fact lay her charm for Jack Lyle ; but if it were so, did it not tend to show that for those whose duties lie in a narrow circle—as for those whose duties do not—it is as well not to let the eyes, or the thoughts, range beyond that narrow focus?

CHAPTER II.

The years with soundless feet and sounding wings,
Passing, we hear them not ; but past,
The clamour of them thrills us.

AFTER all Mr. Stapleton would not go to Ashford, and the two women drove alone through the warm September afternoon, by golden cornfields, and between high hedges where the sun was ripening the berries and reddening the leaves.

It was so still, so beautiful, so utterly unlike anything she had known for years, that a shadow of its richness and beauty fell on Graeme Beresford’s troubled heart, for the moment lulling it with a vague sentiment, that life with her having reached its consummation, was of necessity calm and rich, with the brooding peace of approaching harvest ; whereas, when she thought of it, it was as if all the seed planted with such passion of tears and glow of summer sun, had brought forth nothing but tares.

But for the moment she was almost happy. Her companion did her good ; her ready smiles, her quick words, her swift passing criticisms on her neighbours, and through all the rapid changes, the ever-present consciousness that life had dealt fairly and roundly by her, leaving her no reasonable wish ungratified, was a delight ;—it was so different—she sighed, and Mrs. Stapleton turned towards her at once.

“We are very nearly there now, but you must not waste your sighs on this side of the gates ; you will need all those you have in reserve before we get out again. It won’t rain,” she resumed, after a minute’s pause, and observation of the unclouded blue above. “Generally it does, in which case it is worse, because we have to sit indoors.”

“You make me very nervous ; what are we expected to do ? ”

“Nothing. But that I don’t mind so much—and I wrong them ; there are tennis and croquet for those who like such things, but it is the atmosphere of dulness I complain of ; of asking us, not to amuse themselves, and certainly not to amuse us, but purely as a duty, which fact they seem to impress upon us. Here we are,” as after a long dark avenue the carriage drove up in front of a low house, on the steps of which stood an elderly man and woman, welcoming a large party that had preceded them.

“Why,” observed Mrs. Stapleton, in the pause that ensued, “why, I wonder, should they imagine that anything that so visibly bores them, should amuse us ? You have only to look at their faces to see what they feel. The daughter at least is young enough to be taught to smile.”

There certainly was a want of liveliness about the proceedings, Graeme owned to herself later on, as, wandering about amongst the gardens, with her companion, Miss Drummond, she listened to her remarks about the society of the neighbourhood, the concerts, and the winter balls. She strove to listen and bring in her assents at the right moment, but she was constantly aware that her attention was wandering. If she really decided, as she had first intended, to settle down in this neighbourhood, it must be in solitude. To spend her days as this woman did, or spoke as if she did, would be a penance worse than the one she had escaped.

For the moment, realising the drawbacks to country life, her thoughts turned towards London—but London on a minute income, where every penny would have to be considered, and where journeys from home would of necessity be a difficulty, was the reverse of the medal, which made her return to her ideal of a cottage in the country

where she was known, and for old times' sake would be spared words that would pain her, questions that would stab her in the asking.

"Would you like to sit down?"

In their wanderings they had reached a tennis lawn, on which a very feeble game was being contested. One couple, a much befrilled young lady, whose costume was most unadapted to the amount of activity required of her by a partner, who seemed to give the moral support of his presence—and that was all. And opposite them a singularly agile, long-legged, long-armed clergyman, who, in his black coat, which flew hither and thither as he ran, bore a resemblance to some strange foreign bird.

Mrs. Beresford took the offered seat, and for a few moments watched the game as steadily as if mesmerised, so odd was the effect upon the looker-on.

She was glad that good fortune had led her to this corner—to see anything so laughable was refreshing.

But to her companion it did not appeal. Her little remarks fell with the same dull regularity. "Mr. Smith plays very well; of course much better when he is in his flannels, but he did not like to appear like that to-day, with so many people here. The girl playing against him is a very good player also; she is Miss Curzon."

The name roused her companion, and now she watched the game with fresh interest. So that was the girl who would make such a suitable wife for Jack Lyle, if only—— Yes, she was nice-looking, or more truthfully, would be, if she were not so hot and flushed with her exertions under this blazing sun. But even at this disadvantage, she had a pleasant, good-tempered, white and pink face, pretty brown hair, now lying in little soft damp curls on her forehead, under the shadow of her sailor hat. Yes, yes, a nice honest English girl, who would settle down into one of England's many worthy wives and mothers, and who would spend all the superabundant energy with which she was endowed, and which now found a vent in tennis and rowing, in the management of her home and the care of her nursery.

Her eyes shifted from the players, for the moment attracted by some fresh observers, who had also paused to watch the game. Paused just opposite, so that they were very distinctly visible. A woman—it was the woman whom she found herself watching with momentarily heightened interest; a woman hovering on the verge of the dividing line, to overstep which separates from youth, a woman who had not hesitated to call every appliance of art to help her in the concealment of the fact.

But even without such aid, it was easy to be seen she had been a handsome woman, and was still a noticeable one. The lower part of the face was not as refined as the upper ; the dark, arched eyebrows and square forehead were of a higher type than the mouth, which was a little coarse and hard, and the eyes though large and brilliant, were not quite pleasing in their expression. At least so thought Graeme Beresford, as with more animation she turned to her companion to ask the name of the new-comer.

"Madame d'Ivoy," Miss Drummond answered, and as she added nothing further,

"She is a stranger," Graeme said tentatively. "I have never seen her before."

"She has taken Elbank for the summer, and has come to-day with the Curzons, who, you will remember, live close at hand."

She made no further comment, and Graeme felt a sudden warming of the heart towards her for her reticence.

Dull and prosy as she is, she is a lady. She does not like Madame d'Ivoy—disapproves of her probably—but she is her guest, so she will not say anything.

And she strove to help her in her efforts at suitable conversation, ceasing to criticise, feeling how difficult it must of necessity be, when there was so little in common between them.

But all the time her thoughts, as well as her looks, were with the black-browed woman opposite, whose voice reached her ears, as she exchanged words and witticisms with those about her.

She did not echo Cecilia Stapleton's words now that she had seen her. With her wider, sadder experience, it was no secret to her what Mr. Lyle saw to admire in her. Individually she scarcely remembered him, but in the woman before her she recognised one of a type whose charms and powers she did not underrate.

"A woman like that, and of that age," she thought, "when she is in earnest, is very dangerous." She smiled at the word and replaced it by "irresistible." And almost unconsciously her eyes turned from her to Miss Curzon. The charms of the girl, her brightness and youth and innocence, seemed to her but a feeble antidote to the other, who had learnt the value of every look and smile.

The play was being played ; even as she watched, a tall, bronzed man whom she had instinctively recognised as Mr. Lyle, had joined the little circle, and the tennis at an end, he was congratulating Miss Curzon on the good fight she had made. Graeme watching them, noted something in the girl's face which told her she was listening

with pleasure, saw something in the man's which told her that, well-trained and careful as his words were, his eyes were watching for some sign from the other woman, standing within such a short distance, conversing so brilliantly with those around.

And the sign came ; a moment later some word so short as to be a command, some movement holding a gesture of command also, which he obeyed—and after a slight hesitation, so slight as to be scarcely worthy of the name, he left the girl's side, and followed Madame d'Ivoy, who had turned down a solitary path, near which she had been standing.

"He does not quite like the publicity of the *affiche*," Graeme thought with a smile, half sad—"he is at any rate doubtful, which is always something."

But the actors having moved away, she was glad when a few moments later Miss Drummond proposed that they should continue their walk ; and when she furthermore added that she thought she ought to return and see if her mother wanted help, Mrs. Beresford, who found her own thoughts and the attitude of a spectator the most amusing, proposed that she should remain in a dainty little summer-house, from which there was a view, not too close at hand, of a very uninteresting game of croquet. It was not much, she felt, but it was better than returning to the conversation of Mrs. Drummond, which she felt was what was held in reserve.

Left alone, she watched the players certainly, but it was with languid interest ; her thoughts were all centred on the "comédie humaine" which had so lately passed under her eyes.

It was with scarcely a pause of wonder as to who the speakers might be, that a few minutes later she recognised the fact that two passers-by were holding a conversation in the narrow path at the back of the summer-house, a conversation of which the very slightest inflection of the voice reached her through the slender partition.

The woman's voice—she would have known it anywhere—hard and slightly raised, as if in defiance of the world's remarks, or again, as of one accustomed to have her words listened to.

"So that was Mrs. Beresford ?"

"So I imagine."

"You looked at her long enough to make sure."

"Did I? Well, I suppose I was trying to do so." Then, after a pause, he added meditatively : "She used to be a very good-looking girl."

At the man's reflective words Graeme Beresford started up, with a sudden wild longing to rush out and stop the discussion, only

realising the futility of the thought when she stood up in the little summer-house to sink down again immediately, and think what her appearance would entail, as the woman's voice followed: "Nous avons changé tout cela."

The man, apparently unheeding, continued his own reflections.

"She had such a pretty colour. That is the chief thing I remember about her."

"Well, *mon cher*, if you have any influence with her, you had better advise her not to wear black. The colour having gone, black kills her."

There was subtle irritation in Graeme's heart at hearing herself thus discussed, though the question of herself and her looks had, as far as she knew, long ceased to affect her. Life bore such a different meaning to her than it did to those women to whom these matters signified—but this woman's words seemed to carry a wounding power as—"Or perhaps it would be kinder," she added slowly after a pause, "if you recommended her to replace it—the colour, I mean."

"Ah, no," the man replied, "it is always safer to leave well alone."

A little hard laugh followed, and then: "But in this case, you see, it is leaving *il* alone! Where is her husband?" Madame d'Ivoy asked next, as no comment followed her words.

"I am not very sure, but I think I am echoing the wishes of the community when I add that it would be as well if he were to stay there, wherever it is."

"Ah," with slow pointedness, "these deserted wives always find champions in other men."

It seemed to Graeme that all the passion and pain of her life would burst from her in a cry of anguish, and yet she paused breathless, awaiting the man's answer. It followed the woman's words so pregnant with cruel meaning, almost as unpointedly as if it had been of the weather he spoke.

"I do not think Mrs. Beresford comes into the category of a deserted wife." No further comment. And when he spoke again, it was about something indifferent.

There was no reply, and when Madame d'Ivoy next spoke the tones of her voice had changed.

"There is that fool young Curzon coming; that means I must go, his mother is driving me home. You will come to-night?" The voice had sunk low, almost to a whisper. Graeme could easily imagine the pleading was reflected in the eyes, that lingered in the tones of the voice. "Come any time——"

"It cannot be till late," the man interposed, "but I might walk down after dinner."

"Yes, that will do," softly, "and we will have music. I will sing to you."

Then, before there was an answer, Mr. Curzon had joined them with his mother's apologies, "but she was obliged to leave early, and was Madame ready?"

"Yes," Madame with ready smiles and words turned to the newcomer, but before she departed with him, she turned her head for a parting word to the man she was leaving.

"You will not fail me to-night?"

"You know I shall not," he answered, almost as low as she had spoken.

In the silence that followed Graeme Beresford rose, and moved hastily to the door, intent only upon escape, and reappearance in such a manner as to excite no suspicion as to where she had been this last quarter of an hour.

No one meeting her now would have accused her of over-paleness, the colour burnt in her cheeks until it scorched her; it seemed to her she would never lose this consciousness of painful, girlish blushing.

And after all, he had not followed his companions. Her first hasty steps brought her face to face with him, as he sauntered slowly down the little path.

"Graeme!"

No thought now of watching and catching a likeness. This was not the white, weary woman in whose face he had striven to catch a glimpse of the girl he remembered, but the girl herself, as he had so often seen her in those days that were gone.

"Graeme," he repeated, and then realising what the reddening cheeks and troubled eyes meant: "you have heard," he began, almost instinctively, once more turning with her into the shelter of the little house, and taking her hand in his. "I have been wishing to find you, but this is a most unpropitious beginning." He smiled a little, striving to remember what she might have heard, drawing her gently down to a seat by his side.

"It does not matter, after all," she said; the red was fading a little, she was growing calmer. "It was my usual ill-luck, I suppose. I am a stranger, and therefore open to criticism. I know it, of course; everyone is at liberty to wonder over me."

"Except me. Surely we stand in an unwondering position towards each other?" She turned her head and looked at him, at

his kind brown eyes, which she had thought she had forgotten till she saw them again, and with a sudden gesture of tenderness she laid her hand on his coat sleeve.

"I am so glad to see you again. I do not want my youth back, it was a very troublesome time; but what was best in it all comes back to me, at the sight of you."

"Oh, it does not do to talk about your youth as if it were out of sight. I don't acknowledge mine is over yet, though I am several years older than you."

"You are different," she said gently, and then added, to banish any shadow of sadness her words might hold, "you see, I *had* a colour!"

"Well, I am sure it was there just now; in fact," looking down at her, "there is a very fair imitation of it still."

Then they both laughed, and became aware the next moment that Mrs. Stapleton had joined them.

"I think it is time we made our adieux, Graeme. I would have suggested it before," she added to Mr. Lyle, "only that I heard you and Graeme had met for the first time for ten years, in a summer-house, and it seemed unkind to interrupt you."

"Well, we will leave all the rest to say next time—when will that be?"

"Will you come and stay with us?" Mrs. Stapleton asked with suspicious haste. "Of course you will; but when? To-day? To-morrow? Say when."

"Not to-day, I fear, nor to-morrow. Though, after all," with momentary decision, "why not? Yes, it is very kind of you, I shall be delighted."

"Then *au revoir*. To tell you the truth, I did not mean to go quite so early, but if you had seen the look of joy on the faces of our host and hostess when the Curzons said good-bye, you would have done just what I did."

"And that was——?"

"Look for Graeme, so as to go and do likewise."

"Well, I wish you the same reward," he said, and smiled.

"After we have gone, Mr. Lyle, you will slowly discover that is one of the things you would rather have left unsaid."

"Then pray, consider it unsaid."

But as they drove away, Mrs. Stapleton ceased not to congratulate herself and Mrs. Beresford on the good luck that had brought them there that afternoon.

"Old associations first of all, Graeme, will have some influence.

The great thing is to get him away from her. Let us amuse him in some other way. He cannot be lost to all sense of what is becoming !”

“Scarcely,” Graeme assented.

“Shall we ask Dora Curzon to stay with us ?” was Mrs. Stapleton’s next suggestion.

But Graeme’s opinion was that it would not be wise.

“Don’t frighten him with counter plans, my dear Cissy, which he will undoubtedly see through, and then all your fine schemes will come to naught.”

“Yes, he would then marry her twice over to annoy us.”

And with this vivid view of the possible horrors of the situation, Mrs. Stapleton remained reviewing the position in silence.

But Graeme did not smile. With a great leap her mind had skipped these ten years, and had gone back to the past. Old associations were with her also reviving, a reflection of Cecilia Stapleton’s longing to save him from the power of this woman, under whose influence he seemed so willing to place himself.

“Is it, I wonder, because her hard words hurt me ? But no, I am sure it is not. It is for his own sake. I should like him to be happy, and this would not make him so.”

On the promised day Mr. Lyle arrived.

“Contrary to my expectations,” Mrs. Stapleton averred. “I quite expected a polite excuse after he had had time to consider ; but perhaps he has recognised himself as a drowning man, and is looking on me as a rope.”

“You are a very kindly-intentioned rope,” Graeme said in answer, “but when people choose drowning, they are not always very grateful to their would-be deliverer.”

“Ah, well, let us hope,” said Mrs. Stapleton shrewdly, “that he never recognised his danger till he saw my frantic efforts to save him.”

And as the days passed, and Mr. Lyle seemed quite content to linger on and amuse himself at the Manor, Mrs. Stapleton grew more and more hopeful ; indeed, the name of Madame d’Ivoy had almost ceased to be a note of alarm, so utterly had her personality faded in the absence of anything to recall her to remembrance.

It was, therefore, with something of the unpleasant force of a blow that she heard Mr. Lyle discussing one morning after breakfast which day he should call on Madame d’Ivoy and the Curzons, with careful elaboration, and a slightly conscious point to his words, as if determined that his listeners should realise there was no secrecy about his movements. Graeme Beresford, idling in the window,

was perfectly conscious of the tone, perfectly conscious also of the quick glance shot in her direction from under Mrs. Stapleton's long lashes, but she did not turn her head, so fearful was she of betraying anything that might serve to embarrass either the man or the woman. Perhaps the momentary strain quickened her heartbeats—she was aware of the colour that rose in her thin cheeks, but it faded, fortunately, as quickly as it had come.

She was as unmoved, as pale as usual, when she turned and added her word to the discussion.

"One day," she began, saying the first words that occurred to her, "you have promised to go with me to Hurst."

"Well, let it be to-day. To-morrow will do for my visits. The fine weather may go any time, and it is a pity not to renew our childhood in sunshine."

After lunch they started for Hurst. It was but a short walk, and a pleasant one on this lovely day, and for the moment all fear of a revival of the sad memories which had troubled her when last she visited it, were swallowed up in Cissy Stapleton's last words.

"Warn him, Graeme ; now is your chance, don't let it slip. You really must say something before he ventures into the lion's den. It is so deceitful," she added, "the way he has never mentioned her."

"Well, my dear," her husband interposed, "you have not encouraged him. Now, to me——"

"Has he spoken to you, and you never told me?"

There was breathless indignation in Mrs. Stapleton's voice. Even Graeme looked up with interest and expectation.

"Spoken to me?" repeated Mr. Stapleton ; "of course he has. Why, do you suppose that I should lose the chance of hearing all there is to be heard about the most fascinating woman in the neighbourhood, especially," with a twinkle in his eyes, "as I am not allowed to ask her here?"

"But what does he say of her?" queried his wife, heedless of the last words.

"What more could he say? Fascinating, charming—why, that includes everything."

"Oh, if that is all——!" began Mrs. Stapleton contemptuously.

"All, my dear Cissy ; it seems to me a great deal. Now, I propose that you ask her here, and then you can judge for yourself."

But this simple adjustment of the difficulty did not please Mrs. Stapleton. Her emphatic warning words haunted Graeme Beresford all the way to Hurst. Somehow, however, the opportunity to profit by the hint they contained, and, on the strength of former associations,

to venture on a warning as to the future, did not seem easy. Indeed, as time passed, she ceased to think of it. For the moment, treading these pleasant, sunshiny paths by the side of this man, the past was stronger than the present reality. He himself, who had at the first meeting been scarcely remembered, had now taken his place amongst the other memories. It was almost as if that past were written in invisible ink, and that as time went on, his voice, his gestures, his very turns of speech were familiarising her with the slowly reappearing vanished writing. The tenants were away ; there was only an old woman as caretaker ; they were free therefore to wander where they would.

"It looks so temptingly quiet and restful," he said, as they stood on the lawn regarding the house, "that I feel almost inclined to settle down in it."

As she made no immediate rejoinder, "You don't think I should stay long?" he added, with a slight laugh.

"Why not?" she said quietly. "Even you, I should think, have had wandering enough. Have you enjoyed it?" she added quickly, coming a step nearer to him. "Tell me that ; I have often wished to ask you. What you gained, was it worth what you lost?"

The red flushed in her cheeks as she leant nearer to him in momentary earnestness, under the shadow of her black velvet hat, the soft grey eyes looked into his, with appealing earnestness.

He paused a moment before answering, and then spoke as if not saying what he had first intended.

"Yes, yes, I could not have lived happily here—probably never shall do so. You understand me well enough to know that I like nothing for long. Change, travel, excitement, adventure—I live on those, and they have sufficed me very well."

"Really sufficed?" There was still a thrill of anxiety in her voice.

"Well, I suppose that it was a case of the round hole and the appropriate peg."

"But it was not so to start with ; you made the hole for yourself."

Something in her voice, her look, arrested his attention, and showed him the thought that was in her mind. Had she not also attempted some such adjustment of circumstances for herself, and with what success? Her next words were a reflection of them.

"But, of course, with you it was different. You made it all"—vaguely, stretching out her hands—"for yourself. That is so much surer than trusting to some one else."

Again a sudden wave of compassion swept over him, but it was a ~~quick~~ ~~strong~~ ~~man~~ ~~in~~ ~~his~~ ~~words~~ ; he took her hand in his, ~~holding it in a firm strong grasp~~, which spoke of the sympathy that ~~passed~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~next~~ ~~spoke~~, her voice had lost the ~~last~~ ~~ring~~ ~~of~~ ~~interest~~, and was calm and even.

"Of course you were a strong man, and could cut the hole to your liking. Now with us it is different ; if we do escape from one, we can only take refuge in the next."

"Tell me about your next. Have you settled on London or country?"

And thus discussing the future, her thoughts again were quit of the past, and seen in the company of this man, who carried about with him such an air of strong self-reliance and unfailing health and strength, these glimpses into the chambers of the past had nothing about them that was disturbing. It was singular, but even in the schoolroom, where so short a time before she had recognised the agony of her soul—the room where out of all the shadows, that one that had been her fate had appeared and laid his claiming hand upon her—even there, no returning darkness awaited her. She was free from the past, as she stood by Jack Lyle's side, looking out on to the tiny fountain which rose and fell in the autumn sunshine, with its faint, monotonous splash.

For the moment her heart was at peace with all the world, and when later they slowly mounted the stairs, and entered the long room overhead lined with pictures, which had been the play-room of their childhood, her step was almost as free as it had been then.

There was a reflected light in her eyes, as she threw open the window, letting stream in the bright afternoon sun, and the rich glow tingeing her cheeks with colour, the faint breeze ruffling her hair, she brought back very distinctly to the man watching her the girl he remembered.

And he was glad to note it ; his kind, tender heart was hurt at the thought of the evil days that had befallen her. It seemed cruel that he, with so much, could yet do so little for her. The strength that had stood him in such good stead often, the untiring, unflagging energy which had helped him to carve, against such adverse circumstances, the pleasant places into which his feet had strayed, were all like of no avail here.

He moved restlessly about, glancing at the pictures on the walls, ~~as if~~ ~~in~~ ~~a~~ ~~dream~~, which took small note of time, ~~leaned~~ ~~out~~ ~~the~~ ~~window~~, watching the purple gleams and white puffs of ~~smoke~~ ~~climbing~~ ~~about~~ the summer-house in the garden below.

At last her own name attracted her attention, and at the sound she started, and looked round.

"See how my search is rewarded, Graeme. I have found an outward and visible sign of my youth, I declare," moving a step nearer, a somewhat dishevelled shuttlecock in his hand. "I declare it is impossible to believe in the gap of time!"

"It is undoubtedly the same," Graeme assented, examining the relic; "the feathers are as rare as they were then."

"Let us seize the opportunity, and see if your hand has lost its cunning."

She was smiling now, there was no doubt of it, and a minute later the unusual exertion—for a good deal was needed, the shuttlecock not being as buoyant as might have been desired—brought back the colour into her cheeks.

Standing thus with uplifted eyes, so quick and light in her movements, it was no longer a vague reminder of the girl who had played with him years ago, but the girl herself. But not for long. Of a sudden, his strong steady stroke was unreturned, the heavy dismembered shuttlecock fell between them, and with quick uneven steps she had moved away, and a second later had thrown herself into a chair and burst into passionate tears.

"Graeme!" Grieved and bewildered, Jack Lyle followed her, kneeling by her side, striving to take her hands in his. "What is it? Tell me."

"Nothing," she said steadily, striving to brush the tears away. "Nothing—only it is stupid to forget, even for a moment, that youth and happiness are over and done with. I had forgotten it."

There was the bitter ring in her voice he had learnt to know, but what answer or denial was there left to make?

"You are too young," he said, stroking her hand kindly, "to say that. One unhappiness," he began—but he faltered, such a speech was impossible to finish.

"One unhappiness such as mine," she answered quietly, "involves the whole of one's life—indeed," with sudden added decision, "it is one's life—there is nothing else."

He rose to his feet in silence, loosing her hands, and stood a moment by her side, as if in doubt as to what word of comfort he could say. Finally, he only laid his hand gently on the soft hair, then moved away. Away, anywhere beyond this room, where this woman sat, whose trouble he could not lighten, the bitterness of which he could feel hardening what once had been loving and tender, yet a bitterness for which he had no reproving or helpful

WHILE SHE WAS WITH HIM, WITH THE SLOWLY CONSCIOUSNESS THAT WITH
 YEARS SHE WAS NOT WITHIN THE REACH OF WHAT THE RESULT
 MIGHT BE, THAT NOW HE WAS AT HAND TO SHARE THE BITTER HARVESTING.

LAST TO RETURN THE PASSIONATE GAZE:—breaching of her wet
 forehead and the moisture still in her cheeks, she rose and paced the
 room, while a burning heat descended on her face, a great emotion, still
 more vivid than the original impression that had led to such a painful
 awakening. BY THAT MOMENT'S IMPRESSION, this afternoon, which
 WAS TO HAVE BEEN A HAPPY AND PEACEFUL, had been converted into a
 great source of pain and distress, but to one who had striven to
 keep her memory true. "So true?" Yes, that was her old memory
 of him, though the kindness of the one had been forgotten all these
 years in the passion that had been awakened by the other. And it
 seemed that the kindness had been better worth having than the
 love.

"Now," saying still, "that I know that of the one there is
 nothing left—that of all the anguish and happiness I have known
 through him there is nothing left but this," clasping her hands, "that
 I trust we may meet no more. Whilst for the other, it is just the
 same—all these years have scarcely left a gap. It is only love," a
 little bitterly, "that makes you suffer."

The harsh thought seemed to dry her tears; she rose and walked
 towards where in a distant corner hung a small picture, and there she
 paused, gazing with serious eyes into the boyish face that looked
 down at her.

And standing thus, it was difficult to remember the wide lapse of
 time between the days when this boy had smiled upon her and com-
 forted her in her childish troubles—and this afternoon when those
 other eyes had looked so tenderly into hers. "With some," she thought,
 "life seems to pass over their heads leaving no recording mark. He
 is, in all but years, the boy I remember ten years ago."

But the kind touch of his hands lingered in her memory, the
 tenderness of his eyes and voice, and some reflective thought brought
 back Cecilia Stapleton's words at the very moment she turned and
 found him again by her side.

"You are going to Elbank?" she said, uttering the first words
 that occurred to her, speaking injudiciously, as she recognised a
 moment later, when she had time to wonder what it would be well to
 add to them—hard experience prompting memories of the evil that
 might accrue on an impetus given in the wrong direction. Her
 very anxiety, she felt, had led her into being unwise. But there was
 nothing to make her anxious in his immediate reply.

"No, I have remembered we dine at Edgbaston on Thursday, and we are very likely to meet Madame d'Ivoy there. You are going, are you not?"

"Yes, I promised Cecilia." She was conscious of a sensation of relief, and some instinct made her turn her eyes away, lest he should note it also; but at his next words it had vanished, and the doubt and trouble had returned. "And after all, if I miss a formal good-bye, I shall see her, I suppose, in a few days in town."

He looked straight at her as he spoke. Had she so chosen she might have accepted the words as a challenge, and, answering them, have said something which might have opened the way for the warning that was so near her heart, but it all alike seemed impossible. She turned away in silence, and picking up her hat, smoothed her ruffled hair with a thin hand that trembled a little, conscious all the time that he was watching her, as if expecting some answer or comment on his words. But what would it avail? What had availed in her own case all the warnings that had followed her down the dark road she had chosen? Why should it be different here?

Turning away from the gallery, from which the sun had departed, it seemed to her, as she stood by her silent companion's side, that she would have given many years of her seemingly useless life, to save him from the future that was luring him on with such false lights, to what would assuredly prove such a bitter awakening.

(To be concluded.)

PITY THE POOR PITMAN.

BY THE LATE CHARLES READE, D.C.L.

TO those who take books for true pictures of the big world, life is a thing of camps and courts, parliaments and politics, dancing, church-going, hat-sitting, love-making, &c. Dreams!

To the vast majority of the human race life is a mere daily and hourly struggle for food, clothing, and fuel.

Therefore the worker who produces any one of these vital things is a humble benefactor of mankind; the more so that he always produces cheap, if you compare the price he takes with the price people pay for his product. (It is the middle-men that bleed creation.)

High among these humble benefactors of our race stand poor Hodge, poor Jack, and the poor pitman, if every man had his due.

The pitmen have two special titles to the gratitude of the British nation:

- 1st. Their product is of infinite value.
- 2nd. Their labour is dismal, unnatural, unwholesome, and dangerous.

THE VALUE OF THEIR PRODUCT.

Man is a tender animal, and cannot live in most parts of the earth without artificial heat; man is a cooking animal, and his meat, meal, and vegetables poison him raw; uncooked "murphies" would extinguish Paddy in a week. Now coal is cheap fuel, warms the man, cooks the meal, contains gas; so it not only warms our houses, but lights our streets, expedites traffic at night, and so saves a nation's time—and diminishes crime, for Crime is Darkness's daughter.

Coal is the foundation of our national importance. Small in raw militia, nor our brave little bit of an army, nor our machines, and our coal. Of these the greatest is coal. Our machines are the work of five hundred million hands; but how are these machines

made and worked? They issue from coal-fed furnaces, and the power-machines that drive them were coal-made and are coal-fed. Besides, any country in Europe can imitate our machines, but not our coal-beds. Those vast relics of a scorching world man never footed are Nature's dowry to Britain, and without them we should be a second-rate power in no time.

THE CRUEL CONDITIONS OF A PITMAN'S LABOUR.

Productive labour, as a rule, cheers the workman on by the sight of its own progress: his material or product grows or improves under his eye. But this poor wretch only undoes Nature's work, and that in the dark.

He is out of the sun; he works in a living tomb—less fortunate in one thing than the dead, for they do not feel their grave. Not one blessed ray from heaven warms his body nor exhilarates and animates his labour. The seasons bring him no change; his summer is winter and his day is night.

As if these dire calamities of labour were not enough, Lilliputian torments beset him, led by two subtle chiefs, Reek and Dust. Here, in the sunlit world, what a fuss about a little smoke in a single room, and once in a way! There, in the pitman's workshop and torture-shop, he is often half choked with it. Here, if a little dust gets in our eye, what a coil! There the poor workman is constantly blinded and smarting—hair, eyes, nostrils, all filled with coal-dust.

Read the various torments of Hell that Virgil has imagined, and then compare them calmly with the misery of a coal-hewer. He lies on his back in a hole, picking painfully upwards at a rock of coal, and imbibing its filthy, subtle dust, with hair, eyes, nostrils, and mouth stung, blinded, *poisoned*; for dissect him when his violent death has cut short his blackened existence, and you find his very air-passages blackened, in spite of Nature's remarkable precautions to keep filth out of the lungs.

Who would not rather be Theseus, Sisyphus, or even Tantalus?

To be sure the pitman visits the earth every day—and earth must be heaven to *him*, poor devil!

But here his unjust, unrelenting fate pursues him still. He is killed ten times more than other labourers. His pit is a slaughter-house, and in it he is killed a dozen ways. He is killed going to his slaughter-house, though a sheep is not, and he is killed coming out of it.

THE MEXICAN MESSIAH.

THERE are few more puzzling characters to be found in the pages of history than Quetzatcoatl, the wandering stranger whom the early Mexicans adopted as the air-god of their mythology. That he was a real personage—that he was a white man from this side of the Atlantic, who lived and taught in Mexico centuries before Columbus was born—that what he taught was Christianity and Christian manners and morals—all these are plausible inferences from facts and circumstances so peculiar as to render other conclusion well-nigh impossible.

When, in 1519, Cortez and his six hundred companions landed in Mexico they were astonished at their coming being hailed as the realisation of an ancient native tradition, which ran in this wise: Many centuries previously a white man had come across the Atlantic from the north-east, in a boat with "wings" (sails), like those of the Spanish vessels. He stayed several years in the country, and taught the Mexicans (Toltecs) a new and humane system of religion, instructed them in the principles of good government, and imparted to them a knowledge of many useful industrial arts. He loved peace, and had a horror of war. By his great wisdom and knowledge of divine things, his piety and his many personal and god-like virtues, he won the esteem and veneration of all the people, and exercised great control over them. His sojourn in Mexico was a kind of golden age. The seasons were uniformly favourable, and the earth gave forth its produce almost spontaneously and in miraculous quantities. In those days a single head of maize was a load for a man; cotton (used for the clothing of the natives) grew in marvellous abundance, already tinted in many brilliant hues; flowers filled the air with delicious perfumes; birds of magnificent plumage incessantly poured forth the most exquisite melody. Under the auspices of this good white man, or god, peace, plenty, and happiness prevailed throughout the land. The Mexicans knew him as Coatlicue, or the Green Serpent, the word "green" in their language being a term for a rare and precious thing. Through some

malign influence—brought about by the enmity of a rival deity—Quetzatcoatl was obliged or induced to quit the country. On his way to the coast he stayed for a time at the city of Cholula, where, subsequently, a great pyramidal mound, surmounted by a temple, was erected in his honour. On the shores of the Gulf of Mexico he took leave of his followers, soothing their sorrow at his departure with the assurance that he would not forget them, and that he himself, or some one sent by him, would return at some future time to visit them. He had made for himself a vessel of serpents' skins, and in this strange contrivance he sailed away in a north-easterly direction for his own country, the Holy Island, or Tlapallan, lying beyond the great ocean.

Such, in outline, was the tradition which Cortez found prevalent in Mexico on his arrival there, and powerfully influencing every inhabitant of the country, from the great Montezuma, who ruled as king paramount in the city of Mexico, to the humblest serf who tilled the fields of his lord. Equally to their surprise and advantage the Spaniards found that their advent was hailed as the fulfilment of the promise of Quetzatcoatl to return. The natives saw that they were white men, and bearded, like him ; they had come in sailing-vessels such as the one he had used across the sea ; they had clearly come from the mysterious Tlapallan ; they were undoubtedly Quetzatcoatl and his brethren come, in fulfilment of ancient prophecy, to restore and permanently re-establish in Mexico the period of peace and prosperity which the country had experienced for a short time many hundreds of years before.

The Spaniards made no scruple of encouraging and confirming a belief so highly favourable to their designs, and it is conceded by their writers that this belief, to a large extent, accounts for the comparative ease and marvellous rapidity with which a mere handful of men made themselves masters of a great and civilised empire and subjugated a warlike population of millions. To the last the unfortunate emperor Montezuma, in spite of much evidence of the ungodlike character of the Spaniards, held to the belief that the king of Spain was Quetzatcoatl and Cortez his lieutenant and emissary under a sort of divine commission.

The Mexicans had preserved a minute and apparently an accurate description of the personal appearance and habits of Quetzatcoatl. He was a white man, advanced in years and tall in stature. His forehead was broad ; he had a large beard and black hair. He is described as dressing in a long garment, over which there was a mantle marked with crosses. He was chaste and austere, temperate and

ascetics, fasting frequently, and sometimes inflicting severe penances on himself, even to the drawing of blood. This is a description which was preserved for centuries in the traditions of a people who had no intercourse with or knowledge of Europe, who had never seen a white man, and who were themselves dark skinned, with but few scanty hairs on the chin to represent a beard.

It is, therefore, difficult to suppose that this curiously accurate portraiture of Quetzatcoatl as an early European ecclesiastic was a mere invention in all its parts—a mere fable which happened to hit on every particular and characteristic of such an individual. Nor is it easier to understand why the early Mexicans should have been at pains to invent a Messiah so different from themselves and with such peculiar attributes. Yet, in spite of destructive wars, revolutions, and invasions; in spite of the breaking up and dispersal of tribes and nations once settled in the vast region now passing under the name of Mexico, the tradition of Quetzatcoatl, and the account of his personal peculiarities, survived among the people to the days of the Spanish invasion. Everything, therefore, tends to show that Quetzatcoatl was an European, who by some strange adventure was thrown amongst the Mexican people and left with them recollections of his beneficent influence which time and change did not obliterate.

But time and change must have done much in the course of centuries to confuse the teachings of Quetzatcoatl. These would naturally be more susceptible of mutation than the few striking items of his personal appearance, which (if only on account of their singularity) must have deeply impressed the Mexicans generation after generation. Notwithstanding such mutation, enough remained of the teachings of Quetzatcoatl to impress the Spaniards of the sixteenth century with the belief that he must have been an early Christian missionary, as well as a native of Europe. They found that many of the religious beliefs of the Mexicans bore an unaccountable resemblance to those of Christians. The Spanish ecclesiastics, in particular, were astounded at what they saw, and knew not what to make of it. Some of them supposed that St. Thomas, "the Apostle of India," had been in the country and imparted a knowledge of Christianity to the people; others, with pious horror, and in mental bewilderment, declared that the Evil One himself had set up a travesty of the religion of Christ for the more effectual damning of the souls of the pagan Mexicans.

The religion of the Mexicans as the Spaniards found it, was in an amazing and most unnatural combination of what appeared Christian beliefs and Christian virtues and morality with the

bloody rites and idolatrous practices of pagan barbarians. The mystery was soon explained to the Spaniards by the Mexicans themselves. The milder part of the Mexican religion was that which Quetzatcoatl had taught them. He had taught it to the Toltecs, a people who had ruled in Mexico some centuries before the arrival of the Spaniards. The Aztecs were in possession of power when the Spaniards came, and it was they who had introduced that part of the Mexican religion which was in such strong contrast to the religion established by Quetzatcoatl. It appeared further that the Toltec rule in the land had ceased about the middle of the eleventh century. They were a people remarkably advanced in civilisation and mental and moral development. Somewhere between the latter part of the fourth century and the middle of the seventh century they were supposed to have come into Mexico from the north-east—possibly from the Ohio valley, where vast remains of a Toltec character have been found. They were well versed in the arts and sciences, and their astronomical knowledge was in many respects in advance of that of Europe. They established laws and regular government in Mexico during their stay in the country, but about the year A.D. 1050 they disappeared south by a voluntary migration, the cause of which remains a mystery. They are supposed to have been, subsequently, the builders of the great cities the marvellous remains of which are found in the wilds of Central America. In the migration of the Toltecs some remained behind from choice or necessity, but no attempt appears to have been made at re-establishing a Toltec empire and government in Mexico.

After the lapse of a century or more from the era of the great Toltec migration the first bands of Aztecs began to appear. They were wanderers from the north-west, from the Pacific slopes of North America, and were a fierce and warlike people, possessing little capacity for the mental and moral refinement and high civilisation of their Toltec predecessors. It was not until the middle of the fourteenth century that the Aztecs acquired sufficient settled habits to enable them to found states and cities, and by that time they seem to have adopted as much of what had been left of Toltec civilisation and Toltec religion as they were capable of absorbing, without, however, abandoning their own ruder ideas and propensities. Hence the incongruous mixture of civilisation and barbarism, mildness and ferocity, gentleness and cruelty, refinement and brutality presented by Mexican civilisation and religion to the astonished contemplation of the Spaniards when they entered the country two centuries later. "Aztec civilisation was made up" (as Prescott, the author of the

"History of Mexico," says) "of incongruities, apparently irreconcilable. It blended into one the marked peculiarities of different nations, not only of the same phase of civilisation, but as far removed from each other as the extremes of barbarism and refinement."

The chief deity of the whole of the Aztecs was Huitzilopochtli, god of war, whose hideous images had accompanied them in all their wanderings. The idol of this deity shown to the Spaniards in the great temple at Mexico "had" (as Cortez himself describes it) "a broad face, wide mouth, and terrible eyes. He was covered with gold, pearls, and precious stones, and was girt about with golden serpents. . . . On his neck—a fitting ornament—were the faces of men wrought in silver, and their hearts in gold. Close by were braziers with incense, and on the braziers three real hearts of men who had that day been sacrificed. The smell of the place was like that of a slaughter-house. To supply victims for these sacrifices the emperors made war on all the neighbouring and subsidiary states, or in case of revolt in any city of their dominions, and levied a certain number of men, women, and children by way of indemnity." Daily sacrifices of human victims were made on all the altars of this monster in the chief cities of Mexico. One of the lowest estimates of the multitude of victims thus slaughtered in the city of Mexico alone, in the year before the arrival of the Spaniards, places the number at twenty thousand. Sacrifices on a corresponding scale were carried out in the provincial cities. The victim was secured to the altar-stone, the breast cut open, and the palpitating heart torn out by the priest. On solemn occasions the heart or other portions of the body were chopped up fine, mixed into a horrible paste with maize and blood, and in the form of a cake eaten by the faithful. In contrast with dreadful rites such as these were graceful and elegant ceremonies in which youths and maidens gaily dressed, and decorated with flowers and foliage, took a leading part. The first-fruits of the season were carried in joyous processions to the temples, with music, singing, and dancing, and laid upon the altars of the gods.

All that was savage and barbarous in the religious rites of the Mexicans was attributed by the Mexicans themselves to the Aztecs; all that was gentle and humanising to the Toltecs, and probably with substantial justice in each case. To a Toltec origin were assigned those doctrines and practices which struck the Spaniards as remnants of an early knowledge of Christianity. The Aztecs only came into the inheritance of those doctrines and practices at second-hand—that is, from the remnants of the Toltec people. The new-comers were probably little disposed to submit wholly to the influence of

alien religious ideas essentially different from their own gloomy and sanguinary notions of Divine things. Some they adopted while still retaining their own national observances, and hence the extraordinary mixture of brutality and gentleness presented to the wondering contemplation of the Spaniards by the Mexican culte as they found it in the early part of the sixteenth century. The better—that is the Toltec—side of this mixed belief included among its chief features a recognition of the existence of a supreme god, vested with all the attributes of the Jehovah of the Jews. He was the creator and the ruler of the universe, and the fountain of all good. Subordinate to him were a number of minor deities, and opposed to him a father of all evil. There was a paradise for the abode of the just after death, and a place of darkness and torment for the wicked. There was an intermediate place, which was not, perhaps, so much a purgatory as a second-class heaven. There had been a common mother of all men, always pictorially represented as in company with a serpent. Her name was Cioacoatl, or the serpent woman, and it was held that “by her sin came into the world.” She had twin children, and in an Aztec picture preserved in the Vatican at Rome those children are represented as quarrelling. The Mexicans believed in a universal deluge, from which only one family (that of Coxcox) escaped. Nevertheless, and inconsistently enough with this, they spoke of a race of wicked giants, who had survived the flood and built a pyramid in order to reach the clouds; the gods frustrated their design by raining fire upon it. Tradition associated the great pyramid at Cholula with this event. This was the pyramid which had been erected to Quetzatcoatl, and which had a temple on the summit dedicated to the worship of him as the god of air. The Mexicans regarded Cholula as the one holy city—the Jerusalem or Mecca of their country—from having been the abode of Quetzatcoatl. The pyramid, in a dilapidated condition, still remains, and is surmounted by a chapel for Christian worship. It is scarcely necessary to suggest that the traditions of Cioacoatl, Coxcox, the giants and the pyramid at Cholula are extremely like a confused acquaintance with biblical narratives.

The foregoing are merely specimens of the more remarkable features of Mexican belief, and they are so special and peculiar in character as to leave no reasonable alternative to the supposition that the Mexicans must have had imparted to them at one time a knowledge of the Bible. This has induced, in some quarters, the opinion that the Mexicans are descendants of the lost tribes of Israel; but, whatever may be the arguments for or against this theory, the still more abundant knowledge of a Christian-like

character possessed by the ancient Mexicans is strongly suggestive of Christian teaching, which would sufficiently account for familiarity with narratives contained in the Old Testament.

Whether due to such teaching or accidental coincidence, it is certain that the Mexicans held many points of belief in common with the Christians. They believed in the Trinity, the Incarnation, and, apparently, the Redemption. One of the first things which struck the Spaniards on their arrival in Mexico was the spectacle of large stone crosses on the coast and in the interior of the country. These were objects of veneration and worship. One cross of marble, near one of the places the Spaniards named Vera Cruz, was surmounted by a golden crown, and, in answer to the curious inquiries of the Spanish ecclesiastics, the natives said that "one more glorious than the sun had died upon the cross." In other quarters the Spaniards were told that the cross was a symbol of rain. At any rate, it was clearly an object of divine association and consequent adoration. In the magnificent pictorial reproduction of Mexican antiquities published by Lord Kingsborough there is a remarkable sketch of a monument representing a group of ancient Mexicans in attitudes of adoration round a cross of the Latin form. The leading figure is that of a king, or priest, holding in his outstretched hands a young infant, which he appears to be presenting to the cross.

Further acquaintance with the people and their religious ideas disclosed to the Spaniards additional evidence of Christian-like beliefs. They believed in original sin, and practised infant baptism. At the naming of the infant the lips and bosom of the child were sprinkled with water, and the Lord was implored to "permit the holy drops to wash away the sin that was given to it before the foundation of the world, so that the child might be born anew."

Confession to the priest, absolution, and penance were also features of the Mexican religion. The secrets of the confessional were extremely inviolable. Absolution not only effaced moral guilt, but was held to free the penitent from responsibility for breaches of the secular law. Long after the Spaniards had established their rule in the country it was a common thing for the natives, especially in the remote districts, to demand acquittal from the tribunals on the plea that they had confessed their crimes to the priest.

The Mexican prayers and invocations were strongly Christian in character. The priest's exhortation after confession was—"Feed the hungry and clothe the naked according to your circumstances, for all men are of one flesh." Another formal exhortation was—"Live in peace with all men: bear injuries with humility; leave

vengeance to God, who sees everything." Among the invocations to the Deity was the following—"Wilt thou blot us out, O Lord, for ever? Is this punishment intended not for our reformation but our destruction?" Again—"Impart to us, out of thy great mercy, thy gifts, which we are not worthy to receive through our own merits." A still more striking similarity to scriptural morality and expression is contained in the admonition—"He who looks too curiously on a woman commits adultery with his eyes."

The Mexicans believed in the doctrine of transubstantiation in its strictest form, and even in its Roman Catholic peculiarity of communion under one kind. Communion and administration of the eucharist took place at stated intervals. The priest broke off morsels from a sanctified cake of maize and administered it to the communicant as he lay prostrate on the ground. Both priest and communicant regarded the material as the very body of God himself. The religious consumption of a horrible mixture of maize and human blood, and sometimes flesh, has already been alluded to as associated with the worship of the Aztec war-god Huitzilopochtli, and is suggestive of an Aztec perversion of the Christian and, apparently, Toltec idea of transubstantiation. On some occasions a model of the god was formed out of a paste of maize flour tempered by the blood of young children sacrificed for the purpose, the figure being subsequently consumed by the worshippers.

The Mexican priesthood had much in common and little in conflict with the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church. Celibacy was esteemed a merit, and was observed by certain orders, though not by all; but all were governed by rules of a monastic character very similar to, and quite as severe as, those in force in the earlier ages of the Christian Church. Thrice during the day and once at night the priests lodging in the great temples were called to prayer. They also mortified the flesh by fasting and abstinence, by severe penances, flagellations, and piercing the flesh with sharp thorns. They undertook the entire education of the young, and devoted themselves to works of charity. The great cities and rural districts were divided into parishes, each presided over by a priest. These priests were of a different order and had different functions from the priests who lived and served in the temples, and seem to have been in all important respects similar to the regular parochial clergy of Christian countries.

The inference to be drawn by students of early Mexican history from those apparent remnants of Christian teaching is very much a matter of personal capacity and individual idiosyncrasy. Probably the majority would conclude that the Mexicans must have had

Christian enlightenment from some source at a time long antecedent to the Spanish invasion. That such enlightenment should have become obsolete and confused in the lapse of centuries, through the operation of revolutions and by contact with Aztec idolatry, would not be surprising: the only wonder would be that so much that was still Christian-like should remain at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Was it then some remains of Christianity which the Spaniards found? There is no reason to doubt the concurrent testimony of their writers and historians, lay and clerical, as to what they *did* find. There could be no disposition to weave for a general conspiracy amongst them so many intricate evidences and invent fables for the purpose of making it appear that the people whom they were about to plunder, enslave, and subjugate were a set of Christians. On the contrary, their expressions of surprise and horror at finding Christian doctrines and Christian practices mingled with the grossest idolatry and the most barbarous and heathenish rites are too natural and genuine to be mistaken. They—the first observers, and with the best opportunities of judging—did not doubt that what they saw was a debased form of Christianity. The points of resemblance with real Christianity were too numerous and too peculiar to permit the supposition that the religion was accidental and casual. With them the only point of view was to account for the possession of Christian knowledge by a people so remote and unknown—or rather to trace the identity of Quetzalcoatl, the prophesied saviour of the Mexicans. Their choice lay between the Devil and St. Thomas. However respectable the latter may be, it is clear enough that St. Thomas was not Quetzalcoatl, and had never been in Mexico. He was dragged in at all events by the Spaniards long after the idea that America was a new world had been formed. St. Thomas was styled the Apostle of India on account of his mission to the Indies, and gives but very doubtful tradition. The confusion of the two names for St. Thomas secured a preference for the latter in the Devil, and the consensus of Spanish opinion that the Quetzalcoatl was indeed the Devil himself, who caused all the troubles which he had inflicted upon him in his former world, his flight to the new, and had beguiled the Mexicans into the worship of a blasphemous mockery of the religion of Christ. These were wicked and damnable notions.

For the story as to the death of Quetzalcoatl may here be inserted. Lord A. Ashmole makes the startling suggestion that Quetzalcoatl was no other than Christ himself, and in support of this points to the prophetic rendering in the Mexican language of

the two words "Jesus-Christ" would be as nearly as possible "Quetzat-Coatl." He does not mean to say that Christ was ever in Mexico, but his suggestion is that the Mexicans, having obtained an early knowledge of Christianity and become acquainted with the name and character of its divine founder, imagined in subsequent ages that Christ had actually been in Mexico, and so built up the tradition of Quetzatcoatl. But this theory does not get rid of, on the contrary makes essential, the presence of a missionary in Mexico, through whom the people were instructed in the truths of Christianity, and from whom they obtained a knowledge of Christ. It is, of course, possible that, in the lapse of ages, the Mexicans might have transferred to this missionary the name of the great founder of his religion; but that there was no confusion of personalities is obvious for in age and in many personal peculiarities Quetzatcoatl is represented as very different from the earthly figure of Christ. It may further be noted that the terms "Quetzat-Coatl" have a clear and appropriate significance ("Green Serpent") in the Mexican language, and this is somewhat inconsistent with the supposition that they are a close phonetic rendering of the words "Jesus-Christ." In fact, Lord Kingsborough's ingenious and not wholly improbable theory in no degree helps to the identity of the early Christian missionary called Quetzatcoatl.

But whoever Quetzatcoatl may have been, and whatever might be the right designation of the religion which he taught, it is clear beyond question that he was the medium through which the Mexicans obtained their curious Christian-like knowledge. To him there is no rival. The Aztecs claimed the honour of being the importers of the terrible Huitzilopochtli and all the unholy rites connected with his worship. They, and all other Mexicans, agreed in assigning the milder features of Mexican worship to the teachings of Quetzatcoatl. To him also they attributed the foundation of the monastic institutions and clerical system, and the introduction of baptism, confession, communion, and all the beliefs, ceremonies, and practices bearing a greater or less resemblance to those of the Christian religion.

It is, therefore, hard to understand what it was that Quetzatcoatl taught if it was not Christianity, and equally hard to conceive what he could have been if he were not a Christian missionary. His personality and attributes are altogether, and without a single exception or the slightest qualification, those of an early Christian missionary. A white man, with all the peculiarities of a European, teaches to a remote and isolated pagan people

something the remnants of which centuries afterwards are found to bear an extraordinary resemblance to Christianity. Could that "something"—coming from such a source—be other than Christianity? The teacher himself is depicted as a very perfect and exalted type of a Christian missionary, though the Mexicans could have no model to guide them in their delineation of such a character. The "Lives of the Saints," the "Annals of the Faith," and records of the lives and labours of pious and devoted Christian missionaries supply no more perfect nor more Christian-like character than that of Quetzalcoatl. Long, earnestly, and successfully he preached the worship of the great unseen but all-present God, and taught the Mexicans to trust in an omnipotent and benevolent Father in Heaven. He preached peace and goodwill among men, and "he stopped his ears when war was spoken of." He taught and encouraged the cultivation of the earth and the arts and sciences of peace and civilisation. He conferred upon the Mexicans, through the great influence he seems to have obtained over them, so many material benefits that in after ages they exaggerated the period of his rule into a veritable golden age, and exalted himself into a deity of the most benevolent attributes. The impression he made was, indeed, so profound that the memory of his virtues and good works survived and were exaggerated through centuries of change and trouble, and made him acceptable as a god even to the rude, intruding barbarians, who only learnt of him remotely and at second hand ages after the completion of his mission. Chaste, frugal, earnest, self-denying, laborious he stands depicted in Mexican tradition as the highest specimen of an Apostolic saint or early Christian missionary. Can he then be an imaginary person? Could the early Mexican pagans have evolved such a character from their own fancy or created it out of pagan materials? The thing seems incredible. It would indeed be curious if the Mexicans—never having seen a white man, and wholly ignorant of European ideas and beliefs—had invented a fable of a white man sojourning amongst them; it would be still more curious if, in addition to this, they had invented another fable of that white man instructing them in European religion and morals. The white man without the teaching might be a possible but still a doubtful story; the teaching without a white man would be difficult to believe; but the white man and the teaching together make up a complete and consistent whole almost precluding the possibility of invention.

Three points in relation to Quetzalcoatl seem well-established—
 (1) he was a white man from across the Atlantic; (2) he taught

religion to the Mexicans ; (3) the religion he taught retained to after ages many strong and striking resemblances to Christianity. The conclusion seems unavoidable, that Quetzatcoatl was a Christian missionary from Europe, who taught Christianity to the Mexicans, or Toltecs.

Accepting this as established, the possibility of fixing the European identity of Quetzatcoatl presents itself as a curious but obviously difficult question. To begin with, the era of Quetzatcoatl is not known with any precision. It has a possible range of some six and a half centuries—from before the beginning of the fourth century to the middle of the tenth century ; that is, from about A.D. 400 to A.D. 1050, which is the longest time assigned to Toltec domination in Mexico. The era of Quetzatcoatl may, however, be safely confined to narrower limits. The Toltecs must have been well settled in the country before Quetzatcoatl appeared amongst them, and he must have left them some considerable time before their migration from Mexico. The references to Quetzatcoatl's visits to the Toltec cities prove the former, and the time which would have been required to arrange for and complete the great pyramid built at Cholula in honour of the departed Quetzatcoatl proves the latter. From a century to two centuries may be allowed at each end of the period from A.D. 400 to A.D. 1050, and it may be assumed with some degree of probability that Quetzatcoatl's visit to Mexico took place some time between (say) A.D. 500 and A.D. 900.

If attention is directed to the condition of Europe during that time, it will be found that the period from about A.D. 500 to A.D. 800 was one of great missionary activity. Before the former date the Church was doing little more than feeling its way and developing its strength in the basin of the Mediterranean, and making extensions in settled states. After the latter date the incursions and devastations of the northern barbarians paralysed European missionary efforts. But from the beginning of the fifth to the beginning of the eighth century there was no limit to missionary enterprise, and if ever a Christian missionary had appeared in Mexico, all the probabilities favour the theory that he must have gone there within those centuries. The era of Quetzatcoatl may therefore be narrowed to those three hundred years, and the task of tracing his identity thus simplified to some slight extent.

It may now be asked, is it reasonable to expect that there are, or ever were, any European records of the period from A.D. 500 to A.D. 800 referring to any missionary who might have been Quetzatcoatl? It is a long time since Quetzatcoatl, whoever he

was, sailed from the shores of Europe to carry the truths of Christianity into the unknown regions beyond the Atlantic, but the literary records of his assumed period are numerous and minute, and might possibly have embraced some notice of his undertaking. It seems unlikely that his enterprise would have escaped attention altogether, especially from the ecclesiastical chroniclers, who were not given to ignoring the good works of their fellow-religionists. Moreover, the mission of Quetzatcoatl was not one which could have been launched quietly or obscurely, nor was there any reason why it should be. The contemplated voyage must have been a matter of public knowledge and comment in some locality; it could not have been attempted without preparations on some scale of magnitude; and such preparations for such a purpose must have attracted at least local attention and excited local interest. It is thus reasonable to suppose that the importance and singularity of a project to cross the Atlantic for missionary purposes would have insured some record being made of the enterprise. *A fortiori*, if the venturesome missionary ever succeeded in returning—if he ever came back to tell of his wonderful adventures—the fact would have been chronicled by his religious associates and made the most of then and for the benefit of future ages. It comes, therefore, to this—accepting Quetzatcoatl as a Christian missionary from Europe, we have right and reason to expect that his singular and pious expedition would have been put upon record somewhere.

The next step in the inquiry is to search for the most likely part of Europe to have been the scene of the going forth and possible return of this missionary. The island of Tlapallan, according to the Mexican tradition, was the home whence he came and whither he sought to return. The name of the country affords no assistance, and it might not be safe to attach importance to its insular designation. But in looking for a country in Western Europe—possibly an island—which from A.D. 500 to A.D. 800 *might* have sent out a missionary on a wild transatlantic expedition, one is soon struck with the possibility of Ireland being such a country. To the question—"Could Ireland have been the Tlapallan, or Holy Island, of the Mexican tradition?" an affirmative answer may readily be given, especially by anyone who knows even a little of the ecclesiastical history of the country from A.D. 500 to A.D. 800. In that period no country was more forward in missionary enterprise. The Irish ecclesiastics shrunk from no adventures by land or sea, however desperate and dangerous, when the eternal salvation of heathen peoples was in question. On land they penetrated to all parts of the

Continent, preaching the Gospel of Christ and founding churches and religious establishments. On sea they made voyages for like purposes to the remotest known lands of the northern and western seas. They went as missionaries to all parts of the coast of Northern Britain, and visited the Hebrides, the Orkneys, and the Shetland and Faro Islands. Even remote Iceland received their pious attention, and Christianity was established by them in that island long before it was taken possession of by the Norwegians in the eighth century.

Primâ facie, then, Ireland has not only a good claim, but really the best claim, to be the Tlapallan of the Mexicans. It is the most western part of Europe ; it is insular, and in the earlier centuries of the Christian era was known as the "Holy Island" ; between A.D. 500 and A.D. 800 it was the most active centre of missionary enterprise in Europe, and its missionaries were conspicuous above all others for their daring maritime adventures. It is natural, therefore, to suspect that Ireland may have been the home of Quetzatcoatl, and, if that were so, to expect that early Irish records would contain some references to him and his extraordinary voyage. Upon this the inquiry suggests itself—Do the early Irish chronicles, which are voluminous and minute, contain anything relating to a missionary voyage across the Atlantic at all corresponding to that which Quetzatcoatl must have taken from some part of Western Europe ?

To one who, step by step, had arrived at this stage of the present inquiry, it was not a little startling to come across an obscure and almost forgotten record, which is, in all its main features, in most striking conformity with the Mexican legend of Quetzatcoatl. This is the curious account of the transatlantic voyage of a certain Irish ecclesiastic named St. Brendan, in the middle of the sixth century—about A.D. 550. The narrative appears to have attracted little or no attention in modern times, but it was widely diffused during the middle ages. In the Bibliothèque at Paris there are said to be no fewer than eleven MSS. of the original Latin narrative, the dates of which range from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries. It is also stated that versions of it in old French and Romance exist in most of the public libraries of France ; and in many other parts of Europe there are copies of it in Irish, Dutch, German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. It is reproduced in Usher's "Antiquities," and is to be found in the Cottonian collection of MSS.

This curious account of St. Brendan's voyage may be altogether a romance, as it has long been held to be ; but the remarkable thing

points as almost to preclude the idea of accidental coincidence. In respect to epoch, personal characteristics, race, religion, direction of coming and going, the Mexican Quetzatcoatl might well have been the Irish saint. Both were white men, both were advanced in years, both crossed the Atlantic from the direction of Europe, both preached Christianity and Christian practices, both returned across the Atlantic to an insular home or Holy Island, both promised to come back and failed in doing so. These are certainly remarkable coincidences, if accidental.

The date of St. Brendan's voyage—the middle of the sixth century—is conveniently within the limits which probability would assign to the period of Quetzatcoatl's sojourn in Mexico, namely, from about the fifth to the eighth centuries. The possibility of making a voyage in such an age from the western shores of Europe to Mexico is proved by the fact that the voyage was made by Quetzatcoatl, whatever part of Europe he may have belonged to. The probability of St. Brendan designing such a voyage is supported alike by the renown of the saint as a "navigator," and by the known maritime enterprises and enthusiastic missionary spirit of the Irish of his time; the supposition that he succeeded in his design is countenanced by the ample preparations he is said to have made for the voyage.

There is a disagreement between the Mexican tradition and the Irish narrative in respect to the stay of the white man in Mexico. Quetzatcoatl is said to have remained twenty years in the country, but only seven years—seven Easters—are assigned to the absence of St. Brendan from his monastery. Either period would probably suffice for laying the foundations of the Christianity the remnants of which the Spaniards found in the beginning of the sixteenth century. On this point the Irish record is more likely to be correct. The Mexican tradition was already very ancient when the Spaniards became acquainted with it—as ancient as the sway of the vanished Toltecs. For centuries it had been handed down from generation to generation, and not always through generations of the same people. It is, therefore, conceivable that it may have undergone variations in some minor particulars, and that a stay of seven years became exaggerated into one of twenty. The discrepancy is not a serious one, and is in no sense a touchstone of the soundness of the theory that Quetzatcoatl and St. Brendan may have been one and the same person.

A curious feature of the Mexican tradition is its apparently needless insistency upon the point that Quetzatcoatl sailed away from Mexico in a vessel of serpents' skins. There seems no special reason for attributing this extraordinary mode of navigation to him. If the

design were to enhance his supernatural attributes some more strikingly miraculous mode of exit could easily have been invented. The first impulse, accordingly, is to reject this part of the tradition as hopelessly inexplicable—as possibly allegorical in some obscure way, or as originating in a misnomer, or in the mis-translation of an ancient term. But further consideration suggests the possibility of there being more truth in the “serpents’ skins” than appears at first sight. In the absence of large quadrupeds in their country the ancient Mexicans made use of serpents’ skins as a substitute for hides. The great drums on the top of their temple-crowned pyramids were, Cortez states, made of the skins of a large species of serpent, and when beaten for alarm could be heard for miles around. It may, therefore, be that Quetzatcoatl, in preparing for his return voyage across the Atlantic, made use of this material to cover the hull of his vessel and render it water-tight. The Mexicans were not boat-builders, and were unacquainted with the use of tar or pitch, employing only canoes dug out of the solid timber. When Cortez was building the brigantines with which he attacked the city of Mexico from the lake, he had to manufacture the tar he required from such suitable trees as he could find. Quetzatcoatl may have used serpents’ skins for a similar purpose, and such use would imply that the vessel in which he sailed away was not a mere canoe, but a built-up boat. If he was really St. Brendan nothing is more likely than that he should seek for a substitute for tar or pitch in skins of some sort. Coming from the west coast of Ireland he would be familiar with the native curracles, coracles, or hide-covered boats then in common use (and not yet wholly discarded) for coasting purposes, and sometimes for voyages to the coasts of Britain and the continent of Europe. Some of these were of large size, and capable of carrying a small mast, the body being a stout framework of ash ribs, covered with hides of oxen, sometimes of threefold thickness. It may have been a vessel of this kind which Quetzatcoatl constructed for his return voyage, or it may be that he employed the serpents’ skins for the protection of the seams of his built-up boat in lieu of tar or pitch. In any case the tradition makes him out a navigator and boat-builder of some experience, and if he were really St. Brendan he would have had a knowledge of the Irish mode of constructing and navigating sea-going crafts, and would probably have employed serpents’ skins, the best Mexican substitute for ox hides, in either of the ways suggested.

In the Mexican tradition there is no certain reference to Quetzatcoatl having with him companions of his own country, though in the story of St. Brendan the Irish saint is given such companions

both in his going out and coming back. But the Mexican tradition nowhere negatives, either by implication or directly, that Quetzatcoatl had companions of his own race, and it seems in the highest degree improbable that he could have crossed the Atlantic both ways alone and unassisted by comrades. It may, therefore, be supposed that the fact of Quetzatcoatl having attendants of the same religion and nationality as himself was a detail omitted from an account which chiefly concerned itself with the great figure of Quetzatcoatl himself.

It would be presumptuous to claim that the identity of Quetzatcoatl with St. Brendan has been completely established in this essay, but it may reasonably be submitted that there is no violent inconsistency involved in the theory herein advanced, and an examination of the evidence upon which it is based discloses many remarkable coincidences in favour of the opinion that the Mexican Messiah *may* have been the Irish saint. Beyond this it would not be safe to go, and it is not probable that future discoveries will enable the identity of Quetzatcoatl to be more clearly traced. It is a part of the Mexican tradition that Quetzatcoatl, before leaving Mexico, concealed a collection of silver and shell ornaments and other precious things by burial. The discovery of such a treasure would, no doubt, show that he was a Christian missionary, and would probably settle the question of his nationality and identity ; but the deposit may have been discovered and destroyed or dispersed long ago, and if not there is little probability now that it will ever see the light of day. It would be equally hopeless to expect that Mexican records may yet be discovered containing references to Quetzatcoatl. A thousand years may have elapsed from the time of that personage to the days of Cortez, and since then nearly another four hundred years have contributed to the further destruction of Mexican monuments and records. In the earlier days of the Spanish conquest all memorials of the subjugated races were ruthlessly and systematically destroyed, and so effectually that but comparatively few scraps and fragments remain of native historical materials which formerly existed in great abundance. Even these remnants are for the most part useless, for in a single generation or two Spanish fanaticism and Spanish egotism destroyed all use and knowledge of the native Mexican languages and literature. It may, therefore, be concluded that we know all we are ever likely to know of the history and personality of the Mexican Messiah, and what we do know is this—that he was a Christian missionary from Europe, and is more likely to have been St. Brendan than any other European of whom we have knowledge.

DOMINICK DALY.

SALCOMBE AND THE PRAWLE.

TRULY misfortune oftentimes leads to fortune, and it was a series of long-drawn-out misfortunes that led me in the middle of a stormy October to seek for health in accepting an oft-repeated invitation to visit an artist friend at Salcombe. The inducements held out were curious. There was no rail within sixteen miles, and on one side my friend's next-door neighbour lived in Jamaica ; so that the air must be pure, at least upon that side of the house ; the sea also was purer, clearer there than upon any coast round England.

So upon a stormy October morning, when wrecked ships were being towed into Dartmouth harbour, all battered and torn, and strewn with wreckage, we climbed up to the box-seat of the Dartmouth coach, trusting the masses of full, drifting, vaporous clouds would hold their place in the sky, and not pour down upon us until we reached Kingsbridge.

How often one hears references to the coaching days of old ; but in Devon and Cornwall those days are yet to be enjoyed, and next to the glorious drive from Porlock to Lynmouth, this coach-drive from Dartmouth to Kingsbridge is perchance the most lovely in those two counties.

We were but two outside passengers upon the coach ; but the coachman, who was a capital performer upon the horn, made the streets re-echo to the clear notes as he made his four horses gallop up the stony streets of Dartmouth, and hasten up the steep hill that overlooks the lovely harbour and seaward view. On through the villages we rushed ; coachman being most incessantly employed with horn, and whip, and papers, and parcels. At every well-to-do roadside-house he had to deliver the morning paper, which he did by adroitly casting it into a window or doorway, or over a garden wall. Light parcels were served the same way, and his whole time was occupied in guiding his four horses, and gently touching the lagging ones, in casting forth his papers and parcels, and in arousing each

village with a merry well-blown blast from his horn. Down into Stoke Fleming we rushed ; and then up the steep hill, from whence at the top a lovely view bursts in sight, of the open sea and lovely bay, with, far away, the point of Start, and the sea breaking over the Skerries; down the hill now to Blackpool Bay, and across by Blackpool sands, a lovely, charming spot, with dark firs and thatched cottages, leading down to a bay of softest, smoothest sands, on which the pure sea breaks in white foam. Onward through the little village of Street, and then down the hill with the full open boundless sea in front of us, and the wind blowing as though it would overturn our lightly-laden coach; turning the corner at the foot of the hill, and the road runs out on to one of the strange freaks of Nature. But a narrow high bank divides the in-rolling sea from a still inland lake half covered with tall rushes, that form the home of coot and wild-duck, and one may almost say millions of inland birds, especially starlings, so great is their number.

Passing by this lake in the evening, just as the birds are settling down for the night, the "charm" is so great of their ceaseless chatter, that it forms a volume of sound to be heard far away, overpowering the lapping of the waves on a still summer evening; and sounding weirdly in the silent evening air, like the hum of a new race of giant bees. The coachman's horn answers them, and they rise in the evening light as a dense black cloud. For three miles this strange ridge runs; on either hand the sea and inland lake, until the lonely little village, with its one hotel, of Torcross is reached. Just a line of about twenty houses built between land and sea; some, low thatched picturesque cottages, others modern houses built in the ugliest of styles to accommodate summer visitors. A lone quaint place, with a few fishing-boats hauled up on the sands, and the villagers all clustering out to see the coach arrive.

The coach makes no long stay at Torcross, but hurries onward now through shady inland lanes, a great contrast to the precipitous sea-coast road hitherto traversed; and we soon arrive at the picturesque village of Stokenham, with a grand old church of the Perpendicular order, with a massive square tower flanked by an octagonal *tourelle* upon one side of it. But at Stokenham the rain began to pour from the cloud masses that had hitherto been propitious, and we outsiders had to descend from the box, and enter inside the coach, losing all view, but landing ourselves dryly at Kingsbridge to await the little boat that was to sail in the evening for Salcombe.

Kingsbridge is a town of the last century. The farmers and

country people stream in on market day ; the coaches come and go morning and evening ; the big corn agent comes and meets his customers at the inn, where a noisy farmer's ordinary of substantial food, with beer or cider, and a glass of grog afterwards, is given for a very moderate sum indeed. If one does not care for the grog at this mid-day hour, why one has the liberty of accepting a cigar ; but that this shall be from Havanna, or even from Germany, is not guaranteed. Kingsbridge, in its mode of life, has not altered much of late years, and its quaint little old grammar-school has altered less. The school-room, with its old oak panelling, and master's desk, with carved oak canopy over it, is a picturesque room, and claims to be an exact copy of the old school-room at Eton. On the stairs, as one ascends to the "big" school, is a good portrait, supposed to be of the first master. A "classical" education is given here.

The church is not far from the grammar-school, and is an interesting building wherein to while away an hour of waiting for the boat. There is one monument in it by Flaxman that is very graceful. The arches are of the early pointed order at the chancel, with plain capitals of Norman type. At the entrance to the chancel outside is a strange but emphatic epithet written at the request of one Robert, commonly called Bone Phillips, who, dying at the age of sixty-five, thus revenged himself on his richer neighbours :

Here lie I at the chancel door,
Here lie I because I'm poor ;
The further in the more you'll pay
Here lie I as warm as they.

It was night before we got on board the strange little steamer that was to take us the short run down the estuary, or rather sea-arm, to Salcombe, and the wind had got up, and a nasty rain was being driven before it. But our queer little craft was called the *Reindeer*, so we hoped she would soon run down the five miles of watery way we had to travel. The cabins were large enough to swing a cat in, allowing that the cat had but a short tail to be swung by, and soon steam was got up, and the engine, after some preliminary jolts and bumps, began to go ahead full speed, of about three knots an hour. We thought the *Reindeer* was the strangest, and smallest, and slowest passenger-steamer extant, but our knowledge was enlarged before we said adieu to Salcombe. But, very much at length, we did arrive at Salcombe. Not at the pier or landing-stage, but at the town ; for, as yet, this town that dates back for centuries, and figured oftentimes in State records nearly three hundred years ago, when Liverpool was but a tiny town, has not yet built a landing-stage.

In the dark wet night we could see some black buildings ahead, some flickering lights, and a few people, and carefully the *Reindeer* slowed her throbbing engines, and we eased alongside the shingle beach, beneath some dirty-looking houses, and were thankful to see, amid the few bystanders, a friend's face to welcome us, to what certainly, at first sight, seemed an out-of-the-world, dull, and even dirty little town.

But the next morning quickly changed our opinion. We looked out from the top of a high hill down over the fir-trees into the bay of Salcombe, the sea breaking in clear pure water and snow-like foam over the bar, that blocks dangerously the harbour's mouth. On the opposite shore were white sandy creeks, and clinging to the opposite hillside hung the little village of Portlemouth, the square tower of its church just capping the summit of the hill.

All around Salcombe there are walks of the wildest and yet most charming description, as yet almost untrod by aught save the coast-guard'sman, who follows his white marks along precipitous paths, over cliff and moorland, rarely being greeted by passing stranger. Out to the little bay known as South Sands leads onwards to a glorious walk. The little bay itself is interesting, as the brown sands cover a submerged forest, and after a heavy sea has somewhat swept away the sand, the gnarled and intricate branches of an early forest are seen protruding above. A pathway leads up the hill from this bay through a lovely wood and avenue, where the soft resinous scent of the pines mingles with the salt air. As we rise above this wood a lovely view breaks on the sight, of the whole harbour. The hill is just on a line with the bar, and from here we can watch the rollers come smoothly and silently on, increasing in volume, and then breaking in clear crystal delicate green "combers," snow-foam crested, over the treacherous bar. The opposite shore of the bay is sheltered by smooth rounded headlands, intersected with little sandy bays, with their white fringe of foam contrasting with the blue waters. The hill slopes are varied with green sward and bracken of dull-brown hue. Inland the little harbour stretches beautiful in its colour, the jutting heads lulling the rolling seas, ere they reach the moored shipping. Just beneath, ere the town is reached, is the bold outline of the great tower, all that is left of the Salcombe Castle that held out loyally to the last for king and country, in the days when kings were hardly worth holding out for.

Just beneath the wooded hill, above which we have risen, near the South Sands, is a quiet little country-seat called the Moul; that now frequently forms a summer resting-place for James Anthony

Froude—a fit abode for an historian, for there is subject-matter all around for historic thought. Perchance it is for his sake that rumour has established certain camps and tumuli on the hill hard by, traces of which we failed to discover, after some time being given to a search for them.

As we climbed the hill the strange slate formation of the coast was more clearly seen ; one great cliff jutted out sharply as the bowsprit of a mighty vessel, and as we wound round to the southward the heights above us were capped with serrated and jagged peaks, on which stood the flagstaff of the coastguard. The pathway became exceedingly narrow between the sharp strange-shaped rocks, some of these rising 200 feet above us. One great block was as the out towers and inner keep of a castle. Grey and worn, and fantastic in form, a wild little valley separates this hill from the point we had set out to visit, and, at the head of this valley, we came across a great heap of small stones, said to be one of the tumuli.

But its formation reminded us of the story of an archæologist, and one who was well up in his subject, taking some friends to see what he had long thought was a tumulus. He fully described it to his friends, explaining where an opening should be made to open up the sepulchre ; and while he was talking, their presence in the field had attracted a labourer, who came and heard also what was to be said upon the subject. But, just as this was finished, he interrupted in his dialect with, “ Wull, you do call thic thar a tumullus, do ’ee ; wull, all I do know is, I and my booy made ’un, about two year ago ; ” and we fear this one at Salcombe was made also not many “ year ago ” ; so we quickly left, and climbed up the steep sward-covered hill, amidst the jutting slate peaks, to the top of Bolt Head.

One great block of slate, intersected with lines of spar, forms a mighty keep on this head, and gives a glorious prospect out seaward. The dark rocky islets, studded with black cormorant, grey gull, and guillemots ; far out the ships sail on, now in sunshine, now in rain, literally, for, as we watch, a rain-cloud sinks down, and envelopes one white-sailed barque in its mist, whilst not far from it another sails on in warm bright sunlight ; the sea around the one, dull and dark, and of leaden hue, whilst around the other of the deepest blue.

This Bolt Head was the end of our walk for one day, leaving the onward route to Bolt Tail, a sea-cliff walk, for another day ; and we sat and watched the glorious scene around us, the sun pouring down with great warmth even on this late October day. And as we returned to Salcombe, the views, seen in another aspect, seemed fresh and more beautiful than in the outward route ; the sky was of

the most delicate blue, and the clouds that had formed the rain-screens massed in lovely form.

The walk to Bolt Head is the walk that hurried visitors to Salcombe usually take, but the longer walk along the coast to the signal station of Prawle Point offers greater variety, and we think stranger and grander beauty.

To start upon this walk one must descend the hill up which we had climbed on our arrival, into the narrow roughly-paved streets of Salcombe, where, strange to say, not even a decent inn offers accommodation to the traveller ; where, if one seeks a lodging, it is with grumbling acceded to if but for a night. Salcombe townsfolk have as yet not sought, but rather repelled visitors ; but common talk says this is soon to be altered.

To look at the little town now, sans landing-stages, sans hotel, sans good shops, except the butchers', that are curiously in advance of the other trades (a fact full of significance), and it is strange to find as far back as 1605 frequent references in State papers to the town and shipping of Salcombe. In that year 1605 an agreement is noted as to Spanish prizes driven into Salcombe and sequestered by Sir Richard Hawkins. In 1628 there is an examination of one John Roche, of Salcombe, who came from Wales in the *Jonas*, with twenty-three or twenty-four other ships, all of which were taken by the French. To show the importance in those days of Salcombe over other towns, certain towns had to lend ships to other towns that could not find them for themselves ; and we see in 1634 the *May Rose* being lent by Salcombe to Barnstaple ; and in the assessment of the town for a ship of 400 tons under the King's writ, Salcombe and Marlborough (an adjoining village) were rated at £156. 2s., whilst the borough of Plymouth was rated at £185. os. 8d. One of the strangest facts in these entries, and one that brings home to us the high value of our supremacy on the seas, is that of the examination of a John Daniel, of Salcombe, in 1636. This mariner came out of Tenby, in his ship the *Swan* ; when off Padstow they saw two big ships, which they took to be the king's ships ; but off Mounts Bay a Turkish man-of-war of 100 tons gave them chase and ran them ashore. All in the Salcombe ship escaped except one man, who stayed on board and was taken by the Turks, who rifled and sank the ship. These extracts, taken from many, show the importance of Salcombe as a shipping port some two or three hundred years ago ; and yet as we step into the ferry-boat to be pulled across to Portlemouth on our walk to Prawle, we note again she has no landing-stage for modern craft and nineteenth-century tourists.

The water, as we pull across the harbour, is delicately crystal-like, and clear, and of a lovely hue, and when, nearly on the top of the very steep hill on the opposite side, we stand panting for a rest, we look back upon a view very full of interest—not only seaward, but inland ; for far up the estuary we see, with its dotted villages and sloping cultivated banks, and at its head the thickly-clustered town of Kingsbridge ; and the more we are astonished at the speed of the *Reindeer* that brought us down, for the journey in the dark night had seemed a long one.

Leaving the square church-tower of Portlemouth on our left, we struck off to the Coastguard station, and found not a solitary look-out post, but a line of cottages, and quite a little colony of Preventatives ; from their flat black rock, in front of their cottages, the look-out has an extensive view all along the coast ; but after a few words of chat, we left the spot and followed along the white stone-marked narrow path, that rose and fell and twisted along the cliff, giving peeps down into lovely little bays ; whilst on the left hand rose up a moor-like mountain of veritable Scotch aspect, but with queer-shaped jagged rocks starting out oblongwise from the turf, black and weird, and of strange form, some exactly like cottages with gable ends and chimneys, others more fantastic in form.

Down a steep descent, and the scene changed to a lovely little cove of smooth dark-brown sand, and great reefs of rock running out into the sea, that was breaking in of light emerald hue, lit by the mid-day sun, that made purer and whiter the snowy lace-like crests as they fell over on to the sandy shore. At the head of this cove an inland stream came rippling down, forming a little waterfall ere it lost itself in the sands and trickled into the ocean.

Onward again we climbed from this little bay of Rickham Sands, up to the Coastguard track again, once again to dive to the sea-level into Mooresand Bay—a strange name to a wondrous bay ; for although every other bay is of sand, this bay called Mooresand has not a fraction of sand in it. Its floor is formed of tiny spar and quartz pebbles, on the east side worn as fine as sand, looking at a distance like sand ; as one goes westward in this bay the pebbles get larger and larger step by step, until they are as large as walnuts intermixed with hazel-nuts. The rocks around are most lovely in hue, of quartz, slate, and green sandstone, the quartz forming serpentine wavy lines, in great lying slabs of rock that look like antediluvian animals, in some places lined as the cuttle-fish, in others as great balks of timber piled up.

We lit upon a curious instance of the formation of rock in this bay

A pure little stream was trickling down into the pebbly spar, trickling over some clay and glutinous formation that turned the running stream into a clear liquid glue, and this liquid mixing with the finely-powdered spar was forming this into hard rocks, granite-like, and not to be broken even with great force.

Long we lingered in this lovely bay, but our artist friend, who was acting for the nonce as our guide, had yet other beauties in store for us, and up we clambered on to the hills again to another wondrous but totally different spot. A great amphitheatre of hills, on the land side the rock peaks sloping abruptly, and then intervenes a soft green-sward, and a leap over to another amphitheatre that the sea has worn in the land ; and then, far down below, at the foot of this second amphitheatre, lie the black shaly rocks over which the green sea is lifting and sighing, and although past mid-October the swallows are wheeling and darting overhead. The head that ends this strange formation is styled Gammon Head—a spot not mentioned in the ordinary guide-books, but the centre of this most strange and wildly beautiful scenery. Why called Gammon Head we could not discover, but curiously enough, a leg or gammon of pork, to use a local word, would, from a gigantesque animal, lay exactly in the great hollow of the amphitheatre above it, and this description will best convey an idea of its shape.

To clamber up on the back of this head and then to go down beneath it into the little sandy bay (brown sand here, no spar pebble) is to be lost in wonder at the contortions and yet order of the rock masses that are cast about and piled up in tremendous order of disorder. Just a little beyond the head a mighty mass of rock has fallen from the cliffs above, slid a little way down the hill, and then has been propped, as regularly as any builder would prop a gigantic mass of stone, with three supports ; and here it lies in perfect form as a giant sarcophagus, awaiting for how many ages past its burial. The head can best be seen as we move on for Prawle ; the rocks are serrated but not in upright lines, but oblong, and jut out in great layers and points from the hillside.

It is not far from Gammon Head to Prawle, but it is a fine bit of coast, and continually we were stopping to remark upon some strange formation or lovely retrospect.

Arrived at Prawle, ere we went on to the signal station we were, after some persuasion, induced by our guide to descend a steep acute slope, down on to the rocks, that at high water were covered by the sea. We felt that we had seen beauty and strangeness not to be surpassed, and were surfeited almost with Nature's wonders ; but he

was inexorable ; we must descend, and we did, until we were nearly on a level with the sea. Over black inky rocks, and up as it were great mountains of rock glaciers, until we stood at length where our friend would have us stand.

And what an astounding scene was before us ! Enormous animals of the strangest shapes were jutting out their heads above us—sharks, crocodiles, great fish with open jaws ; and below us, with the sea breaking through its base, was a grand dark jagged mass of arched rock. The colour and composition of this scene defied description. It was a home of Titans and sea-gods. No gentle, lustful sea-gods of the south, but of the fierce north ; a gateway to the home of Nidhogg, the great dragon, or the abode of Thiassi, the fiend of Loki.

The formation of the rock here lends itself to strange contortions. Of gneiss with stratifications, and layers of spar and slate, the soft part of the rock gets worn by water and weather, and leaves the lines of slate and spar jutting out to sea and windward. The colour adds to the terrible beauty, for the rock is extremely dark, the slate being black, and intermingled with green tones ; the red ironstone gave blood-red veins, and stains here and there ; and above high-water mark, the dark rocks were rich with yellow lichen. The whole scene, for weird wild beauty, was unlike anything else we had ever witnessed, and long we sat and watched it, our friend perched on the outermost edge of rock, watching and studying, as was his wont, the lift of the sea as it swelled in glorious foam over the inky blood-stained rocks.

At length we left our seats, and re-entered the world again, for we had seemed to be surrounded by a scene from another world and another life, and once again scrambled up the steep rocks to the signal station on the Prawle. And here we saw that we were at the end of this strange formation. Ahead of us to the Start all was totally different, and tame and flat, after the wild rock contortions that stretched away behind us to Bolt Head. Inland we could see the little village that gives its name to the point, and cultivated fields intervening, apparently upon a raised beach left ages since by the receding sea.

We took a short cut across the fields, and descending to the little cove, where much wreckage was lying about, we fell across another sea painter, who was working away upon a picture of the little bay, and with him we went on into the village. A plain ugly spot, unlike a Devon village ; all slate and stone, no trees or hedges, or thatch ; but we found a comfortable, if excessively homely, little inn, with

rooms one could hardly stand upright in ; and here was living, very much out of the world, the wife of the artist whom we had fallen in with. After some rest, we started off across country inland, a flat tableland walk, for Salcombe.

After this day's walk, we were the more surprised when we left Salcombe to find that in swift steamboat accommodation they could beat even the *Reindeer*. As it was late, this valuable craft was laid up, and a tender put on, called the *Lively*. And lively she certainly was, in size and horse-power. Her cabin might hold four, but as about five were already on board, we decided to seat ourselves aft ; but we were told we were sitting on the steering-gear, and as there was literally no more room, at last we got into a boat that was to be towed up, taking care to see there were some oars in her, in case we went adrift, and in this fashion we comfortably sailed up again to Kingsbridge.

With all their natural beauties around them, the Salcombers ought to bestir themselves as to their means of communication with the world ; and yet one would regret to have the glory and solitude of their marvellous headlands invaded by tourist crowds.

JAMES BAKER.

A CITY VOLUNTEER IN THE 17th CENTURY.

IN the recently published "*Calendar of Domestic State Papers*" for the years 1641-1643 may be found a few letters from a certain *Nathaniel Wharton*, a subaltern in Essex's first army. They form an ~~interesting~~ record of the experiences of a citizen-soldier confronted for the first time with the realities of war.

The writer was a clerk, or perhaps an apprentice, to Mr. George Willingham, a merchant, who lived at the sign of the "Golden Anchor" in St. Swithin's Lane. But little is known of this Willingham, whom readers of Carlyle's "*Cromwell*" may remember as the "living friend" to whom the then member for Cambridge and future Protector wrote for the loan of some papers to be used in a debate on the Scots' proposals for uniformity of religion. He was doubtless one of those sturdy London merchants whom the harsh but vacillating measures of Charles had at once alarmed and irritated, and whose sincere, if narrow, Protestantism led him to give ready credence to the utterly baseless rumour that the ecclesiastical system of Lind was intended to pave the way for the restoration of the Catholic Church. He also seems, from these and other letters in the "*Domestic State Papers*," to have been an affectionate father and a kind master.

It was possibly due to his master's influence in the City that Wharton received an appointment as subaltern, or lieutenant, in the corps of volunteers raised by the City from their own regiments of Trained-bands a week before the unfurling of the king's standard at Nottingham. With the enthusiasm that prevailed in the City (5,000 men enlisted directly volunteers were called for) it was easy to get the men away quickly, and August 17 saw Wharton and his comrades at Aylesbury, on their way to join the army of Essex. It is from here that Willingham receives the first letter from his "poor, ancient, humble, and affectionate servant," as Wharton subscribes himself. The march from London had been accomplished with fair speed, but not without some of the small discomforts which the veteran

thinks little of, but which seem great to the City-bred recruit. Thus, at Acton, in consequence of some mistake about quarters, Wharton complains that "we were constrained to lodge in beds the feathers of which were above a yard long"—a somewhat roundabout way, apparently, of recording the fact that the troops had to bivouac in a cornfield. The morning found them, however—as perhaps might be expected of City apprentices—quite ready for mischief. "The next day," writes Wharton, "several of our soldiers sallied out to the house of one Penruddock, a Papist, and being basely affronted by him and his dog" (the latter was no doubt rude enough to bark at them), "entered his house and pillaged it to the purpose." So complete was the havoc that, as we learn from other sources, neither beds, doors, nor windows were left in the house. Such treatment was not likely to cure Penruddock of any Royalist leanings that he may have had, and from that moment he seems to have engaged heartily with the king, being at last hanged for his share in one of the numerous plots during Cromwell's Protectorate. After this the volunteers "got into the church, defaced the ancient and sacred glazed pictures, and burned the holy rails." The burning of the communion rails evidently proved such a delightful means of asserting their hatred of popery and at the same time gratifying their taste for destruction, that the performance was repeated at every church on the march. Once (at Hillingdon) Wharton's party, having been left behind as an ammunition guard, found on their arrival at the church that they were too late, and that the rails had already been sacrificed by their comrades. But they were not to be disappointed. "We got," says Wharton, "the surplice to make us handkerchiefs, and one of the soldiers wore it to Uxbridge."

Fortified by such diversions, and by sermons, of which they seem to have had one, and sometimes two, a day, the force moved gaily on to Wendover, when an unpleasant incident occurred to damp their spirits. Here they "refreshed" themselves, "burnt the rails" (as usual), when "accidentally one of Captain Francis' men, forgetting he was charged with a bullet, shot a maid through the head, and she immediately died." From Wharton's words it would seem that his comrade was playing the time-honoured and senseless trick of pointing loaded guns at people—with the usual innocent intention and the usual fatal result. The volunteers were not yet sufficiently brutalised by war to take the accidental death of a fellow-creature lightly, and they marched into Aylesbury "sadly enough." At Aylesbury they were received by "Colonel Hampden" and "wanted for nothing." The troops had apparently not been slow in taking to heart the old

master of the property of "living in the enemy." They every day, according to "Wharton" and the rest "looted houses and constrained from their own hands and money." They also travelled with their "property" "independent-minded" which "Wharton speaks of as "a God sent voice," and which he advises his master to get removed from his command. "Thus," he says, "is the desire of the whole force," and as the detachment entered the city before "for an ungrounded suspicion" ordered the soldiers to leave the town and had been "disbanded." It was perhaps as well that he should give place to some one better able to ensure discipline. In the next letter he reports the breaking out of something like a riot, in consequence of which the "offending detachment" was ordered. The volunteers are then moved on to Buckingham where Wharton does a little plundering for himself. "I gathered," says he, "a complete file of my own men from about the country, and marched to Sir Alexander Denton's park who is a malignant fellow, and killed a fat buck, fastened his head upon my halberd, and commanded two of my pikes to bring the body into Buckingham with a guard of musqueteers coming behind. With part of this I feasted my captain, Captain Paulet, Captain Beacon, and Colonel Hampden's son, and with the rest several lieutenants, ensigns, and sergeants, and got much thanks for my pains."

But there was other work than feasting to be done. The following day the volunteers were marched into Northamptonshire, "a long and tedious journey, wanting both bread and water," and at ten at night arrived at Byfield, a place so inhospitable that "had we not been supplied with ten cartloads of provision and beer from Banbury, many of us had perished." Wharton also had to mount guard that night—a task that was to him, after his long march, "very grievous." The next day saw the troops at Southam, at which, it being a "very malignant town," they "pillaged the minister." And here Wharton had his first brush with the enemy. He tells his master that his men, wearied out with their march, were dispersed over the whole town seeking quarters, when the cry arose that the enemy were upon them. "In half an hour our soldiers, though dispersed, were complete in arms ready to encounter the enemy, crying out for a dish of Cavaliers for supper." These cannibal-like desires were not to be gratified at once, and they spent the night "upon hard stones" behind the barricades which had been hastily thrown up. In the morning they were attacked by the Earl of Northampton "with 800 horse and 400 foot and ordnance." As Wharton gives the strength of his own side as 400 horse and 3,000

foot, the odds seem enormously against the Cavaliers ; but no doubt the Earl was buoyed up by the belief, common on his side in the early part of the war, that Essex's foot would either run or desert directly they were attacked. He was soon disabused of any such idea. " Being on fire to be at them," says Wharton, " we marched through the corn, and got the hill of them, whereupon they played upon us with their ordnance, but came short. Our gunner took their own bullet, sent it to them again, and killed two horses and two men. After, we gave them eight shot more, whereupon all their foot companies fled, and offered their arms in the towns adjacent for 12*d.* a piece." The enemy lost in this little skirmish fifty killed, besides several prisoners, among the latter being Captain Legge, afterwards the faithful attendant of Charles in his captivity at Carisbrooke. At Dunsmore Heath the enemy, having rallied again, threatened battle, but, awed apparently by the firm demeanour of the volunteers, allowed the latter to march into Coventry unmolested.

At Coventry the first attempt seems to have been made to check the plundering habits of Wharton's comrades. " On Thursday our soldiers pillaged a malignant fellow's house in this city, and the Lord Brooke" (this is the " fanatic Brooke" of Marmion) " immediately proclaimed that whosoever should offend in that kind in future should have martial law." Apparently deerstealing was not considered an offence " in that kind," for " Friday, several of our soldiers, both horse and foot, sallied out of this city into the Lord Dunsmore's park, and brought from thence great store of venison which was good as ever I tasted, and ever since they make it their daily practice, so that venison is almost as common with us as beef is with you." But Rupert had now taken the field, and from this time the Parliamentary troops were kept more on the alert. On the following Sunday, while listening to the first sermon that they had heard for four days, " news was brought into the church to our commanders that Nuneaton, some six miles from us, was fired by the enemy, and forthwith our general and several captains issued forth ; but I and others stayed until sermon was ended, after which we were commanded to march forth with all speed . . . but before we could come at them they all ran away, not having done much harm.' This and a few other bloodless victories made a little merrymaking plainly justifiable. " On Tuesday morning we officers wet our halberds with a barrel of strong beer called old hum, which we gave our soldiers." Wharton and several of his company were also " feasted " the same day by a Mr. Jephcot, Sir Robert Fisher's house was plundered, and two sermons (consecutively) were preached, a

third being only interrupted by the command to march to Northampton. The next day an alarming accident happened to Wharton, which was probably not unconnected with Mr. Jephcot's hospitality. "This morn'g he is writing on September 3) "I was exceeding sick, and the palate of my mouth fell down; but Captain Beacon, my loving friend upon our march, sent a mile for a little pepper and put it in again." This is perhaps the first recorded instance of "a devil" being successfully prescribed for the complaint known in our day to our gentlemen who have been too hospitably entertained as "a mouth." Some of Wharton's men were in little better case than himself. A wearying march brought them to the condition of "drinking & eating water," but they were rewarded at Barnby by the best that the town afforded, and the pillage of the "parson of the town, whom they brought away as prisoner, with his surplice and other relics." Four miles more bring them to Long Bugby, where there is "very hard quarters," the soldiers being glad to "dispossess the very swine"; but Wharton gets a comfortable lodging, thanks to his master's "horseman"—evidently a cavalryman mounted and equipped at Willingham's expense—who rides on ahead and secures a billet.

In the morning the men go out as usual and return "in state, clothed in surplice, hood, and cap representing the Bishop of Canterbury." In marching out of Long Bugby the men kill the deer in the Earl of Northampton's park, but are restrained by "the Lord Gray" (? Grey of Groby) "and their major-general from plundering his house. Yet "the soldiers bring in much venison and other pillage from the malignants about the country," and Wharton complains of the trouble and expense to which he is put by the necessity for perpetually "feasting the sergeants and others of his regiment"—a complaint in which he may possibly have the sympathy of some of our modern volunteer officers.

At Northampton the weariness and discontent which soon attacks undisciplined levies when not actively engaged again shows itself. Some of the men "discover their base ends in undertaking this design," and clamour for the pay (5s. a month) which they say was promised them on enlistment. Failing this, they quarrel among themselves, and the horsemen plunder the infantry, Wharton losing "above the worth of £3" in the scuffle. His next letter speaks of a further loss that afflicts him deeply. He is going with twenty musqueteers on the congenial errand of searching the house of a "base priest," of whose existence in the neighbourhood he has had information, "but having marched two miles, certain gentlemen of

the country informed me that Justice Edmonds, a man of good conversation, was plundered by the base blue-coats of Colonel Chomley's regiment and bereaved of his very beds ; whereupon I immediately divided my men into three squadrons" (musqueteers even on foot were in those days drilled as light cavalry), "surrounded them, and forced them to bring their pillage on their own backs to the house again, for which service I was welcomed with the best varieties in the house, and had given me a scarlet coat lined with plush, and several excellent books in folio of my own choosing. But returning, a troop of horse belonging to Colonel Fiennes met me, pillaged me of all, and robbed me of my very sword, for which cause I told them that I would have my sword or die in the field, commanded my men to charge with bullet, and by divisions fire upon them, which made them with shame return me my sword, and it being towards night, I returned to Northampton, threatening revenge upon the base troopers. This night and the night following our company watched the south gate, where I searched every horseman of that troop to the skin, took from them a fat buck and a venison pasty ready baked, but lost my own goods."

Essex, however, seems to have understood his troops and to have been ready with the means of quieting them. A batch of ministers, whose departure for the camp is heralded by a letter from Willingham, arrive at Northampton, and two sermons a day satisfy the "malignant spirits" among the volunteers "more," says Wharton, "than 1,000 armed men could have done." As "all the venison in the country belonging to malignants are destroyed" that source of quarrel is removed, and Wharton, having "gathered a little money" (it is easy to guess how), consoles himself for the loss of his plush-lined coat with "a soldier's suit for the winter, edged with gold and silver lace."

And now Essex, having left London with (Mr. Gardiner tells us) his coffin, winding-sheet, and the scutcheon to be used at his funeral, takes command of the army in person. The laws of war are read to the army (apparently not before it was necessary), and daily drills and parades are held. With these Wharton is much edified. "The drums beating and trumpets sounding," he writes, "made a harmony delectable to our friends, but terrible to our enemies." Clearly, too, the bonds of discipline were drawn a little tighter, and we hear of no more clamours for pay.

After a week's drill and the usual allowance of sermons the volunteers are marched to Worcester, which Sir John Byron has seized for the king, and where, it is rumoured, he is fortifying himself. The greatest enthusiasm prevails in the ranks, and one regiment

insists upon going at "the double" for two miles. On the road the quarters are, "as constantly since his excellency's coming," very poor, and Wharton is much alarmed at an experience (not unusual with troops on a campaign) of certain "backbiters," which, he says, have been seen to march upon some of his men "six abreast and eight deep in open order."

Essex is within four miles of Worcester, when Rupert rides into the town with eighteen troops of horse, and the first battle of the war is fought. According to Wharton, whose account differs slightly from that of Clarendon, an ambush was laid by Rupert for the Parliamentary troops, into which they were drawn after repelling, as they supposed, a *sortie* in force. This does not sound much like Rupert's usual tactics, and it is probably nothing more than the well-known story of *Nous sommes trahis*, with which beaten troops try to console themselves. Even by Wharton's account the Parliamentary horse (the foot were not engaged) got much the worst of it, and their wounded were taken into the city, where the enemy were reported to have "stripped, stabbed, and slashed their dead bodies in a most barbarous manner, and imbrued their hands in their blood." These utterly "false reports caused such a panic in the army that even our general's troop of gentlemen, going to quarter themselves about the country, were betrayed and beset by the enemy" (this is entirely imaginary), "and, overmuch timorous, immediately fled so confusedly that some brake their horses' necks, others their own; some were taken, others slain, and scarce half of them escaped, which is such a blot on them as nothing but some desperate exploit will wipe it off." A forlorn hope is drawn from the volunteers to rescue the bodyguard, but only to find the enemy "fled" (in point of fact he was never there), and the night is spent by Wharton's regiment in a wet bivouac singing psalms round fires made of "pales and gates."

The next letter is written, September 30, from Worcester, which has been occupied by Essex, Rupert having effected his purpose and drawn off Sir John's garrison with their prisoners. Wharton carefully corrects his first account of the fight, and now gives the facts pretty much as they are accepted by Mr. Gardiner in his "History of the Great Civil War." "The cuirassiers, he writes, "his excellency's troop, are since returned, only few being lost, but do still bear the aspersion of cowards." Also "we hear that the prince" (Rupert) "is wounded, but it is certain that Duke Maurice is mortally hurt." But this last is almost the only *canard* to which he clings.

All plundering in Worcester itself is forbidden by Essex, but a party is sent by the general to Sir William Russell's house, seven

miles off, and "pillage it to the bare walls." But Wharton is now, for some reason or other, in excessively bad spirits. He is persuaded that "the Lord has given them" (the Cavaliers) "this small victory that they may in the day of battle come on more presumptuously to their own destruction ; in which battle," he mournfully adds, "though I and many more thousands may be cut off, yet I am confident that the Lord of Hosts will in the end triumph gloriously over these horses and their cursed riders." Another sermon from one of the Parliament's ministers has, he says, "doubtless fitted many of us for death which we all shortly expect." And so he concludes a letter which he supposes is the last that he shall ever write to his master.

The next letter, written eight days later, is in a more cheerful strain. Wharton has returned to Worcester to the great surprise of his "judicious friends" in that city, the forlorn hope for the capture of Hereford, of which he formed part, having accomplished their task without fighting. He is much shocked at the vices of the inhabitants of Hereford, who are, he says, "totally ignorant of God and much addicted to drunkenness, but principally to swearing, so that the children who have scarce learned to speak do universally swear stoutly." It is possible that in this matter Wharton did the children of Hereford injustice, for Welsh was then, as now, much spoken in Hereford, and it may well be that a Saxon and unaccustomed ear mistook the liquid accents of that melodious tongue for the lisplings of profane and "malignant" oaths.

Being in Hereford on Sunday the volunteers go to the minster, where "the pipes played and the puppets sang so sweetly that some of our soldiers could not forbear dancing in the holy quire, whereat the Baalists were much displeased." They leave this "human service," as Wharton calls it, and lecture some unfortunate shopkeepers who are at work on the Sabbath, after which the Parliament's minister gives them "two famous sermons, which much affected the poor inhabitants, who, wondering, said they had never heard the like before." "And," says Wharton, "I believe them." "I have nothing of worth to present you with," he concludes, "but I have sent you the gods" (? crucifixes) "of the Cavaliers enclosed. They are pillage from Sir William Russell's, of which I never yet got one farthing ; for it is constantly the prey of the ruder sort of soldiers, whose society, blessed be God, I hate and avoid."

With this characteristic bit of pharisaism these letters come to an abrupt close. Sir Henry Ellis, their first discoverer, says in his communication to the Society of Antiquaries that he was unable to find any further trace of their author. We know that he must have

left Essex soon after the date of the last of the series, as his name does not appear in Peacock's "Army Lists of the Roundheads and Cavaliers," which are pretty accurate after the battle of Edgehill. Possibly he grew tired of soldiering, and slipped away (as many of his comrades did) to return to London and his master's counting-house. More probably he went on to Edgehill a fortnight after his last letter, and died there, as he had foretold, under the sharp swords of Rupert's horsemen, or on the pikes of the King's Red Regiment as they fought, deserted by their too impetuous cavalry, round the royal standard. But his letters, brief as they are, give us perhaps a better, because a more vivid, idea of the 'citizen-soldier' of that day than we might obtain from a more elaborate memoir. Brave he undoubtedly was, for it was the London Trained-bands who drove back the king's army at Brentford, and held their own against the whole strength of Rupert's horse at Newbury, and throughout Wharton's letters there is no trace of fear as to the power of his men to defeat the enemy on equal terms. "Do not doubt that we shall scour the Cavaliers," "God will give us the victory," are expressions which recur on every page; and when he alludes to his own approaching death it is in terms which indicate a brave man prepared to face the inevitable, rather than a coward who dares not look possibilities in the face. His piety, too, seems to have been deep and sincere, and, although fanatical, his language is singularly free from any taint of that striving after the appearance of religion which forces one to believe in its hypocritical assumption by many of his contemporaries. And yet the army of which he formed part was unable to obtain any material good for the cause which it supported. Often victorious in the field, it was unable to reap any of the fruits of victory. Without the cohesion of a body of men trained to act and die together, it invariably melted away directly a momentary success had been achieved, and without organisation or commissariat it could only exist by plundering the country. Not until the army of the New Model was formed, an army composed of men who had abandoned all thought of civil occupation, and who regarded themselves as a remnant—to use their own phraseology—cut off from the nation, were the incoherent atoms of the Puritan levies welded into a weapon capable not only of beating the enemy, but of destroying the vitality of his resistance.

It seems to me that this fact contains a warning to England at the present time. From foolish contempt our military authorities have passed to an equally foolish reliance on our volunteers, and it is now proposed to form from them an army for the defence of the

most vital part of the Empire. No one doubts that the London volunteers of to-day are individually as brave as Nehemiah Wharton and his comrades, and many, though not all of them, have attained a high proficiency in the use of their weapons and in the discharge of some of the smaller details of the military art. But a mob with muskets, as has so often been said, is not an army, and the London volunteers want almost everything to make them one. Cavalry, commissariat, and, above all, the habit of acting together in large masses—all these are wanting to our citizen-soldiers. These things are not acquired in a day, and there are no signs as yet that the nation is alive to the necessity of insisting upon them. But without them it is to be feared that the new army corps for the defence of London will, if opposed to a well-equipped and highly-disciplined force, prove as unequal to the task laid upon it as did the volunteers of the Trained-bands in the time of Charles I.

F. LEGGE.

SOME BRITISH GAME BIRDS.

THERE is no gainsaying the beauty of the pheasant of our English woodlands. It is not an indigenous bird, however, nor is it a distinct species. The parent stock would seem to point to birds which came originally from Colchis, being there found upon the classic river Phasis ; and to-day the descendants of the original stock still exist in all their purity in the tangled swamps of that country. Mythologically, to Jason and his Argonauts is due the introduction of *Phasianus colchicus*, the generic and specific names of which have reference to the supposition stated above.

The earliest mention of this bird in England is in a bill of fare about 1177, though when the pheasant began to be preserved as a species is unknown. As in the case of the fallow deer, it was, perhaps, first introduced by the Romans, and this is the more likely as neither the English nor Danes were the introducers of strange animals. At the beginning of the present century, another species, the Chinese ring-necked pheasant, was imported into this country in very considerable numbers, and to such an extent did it interbreed with our own stock, that there are but few estates upon which it has not left its specific mark—the white ring round the neck. The male of the Chinese bird is extremely pugnacious, and withal brilliantly plumaged. These facts may have been the main factor in the interbreeding of the two species. The English pheasant of to-day, then, is a compound of these two originals. In addition to this, the beautiful Japanese pheasant, *Phasianus versicolor*, has been turned down, as well as the magnificent long-tailed *P. Reevesii*. Hybrids of both have occurred, and in some cases in considerable numbers ; the influence of these, however, is not likely to be widely felt.

With the gradual decrease of our *feræ naturæ* in fur and feather, probably more pheasants are reared in a semi-artificial manner each year. But few birds remain, or could long survive, in a truly feral condition. The English pheasant lends itself kindly to semi-domestication, and it is almost in this condition that we must look at it now.

A few days prior to the advent of October, when the blackberries hang luscious on the brambles, and the brown nuts drop from the clusters, the keeper goes, as is his wont, to the coppice of oak and hazel. The young pheasants are here, but have daily wandered further and further away, paying less heed to his coming now that the acorns and beechnuts have fallen. He whistles long and shrilly ere the birds emerge from bush and golden bracken. Owing to their wandering disposition, it is patent to the keeper that there is a slight diminution in the number of birds that daily answer to his call. When young, pheasants stray to outlying copses during the day, and are apt to remain wherever night finds them. This the ever-watchful poacher knows, and he is quick to use his knowledge. The branches are now becoming bare, and at night the bulky bodies of the birds are sharply outlined against the sky. Then they are picked off one by one with an old-fashioned duck gun with the barrels filed down. Only a small charge of powder is used, so as to prevent a loud report, and the man, with his game, quickly hurries from the spot. When the birds have attained to their full plumage, they still perch among the lower branches of the scrub in which they have been bred. It is now that the keeper removes them to the respective coverts where they have to begin life anew. Five hundred birds are taken to this wood, a like number to that, and so on until the season's stock is exhausted. Here the daily feeding is renewed, delicacies being given for a time to encourage the birds to remain in their new haunts. From this time they become less tame, and here they will stay until October comes round.

Pheasants feed early in the morning, but when they have satisfied their overnight cravings they seek out sheltered cover. When noon is past they again begin to feed, going out into land where they find loose, light soil in which to dust. Of fallen mast they are particularly fond, as they are of ants' eggs. At this time, however, they become omnivorous feeders, and destroy great quantities of injurious insects. Tegetmeier somewhere states that 1,200 wireworms have been taken from the crop of a single bird, and Mr. F. Bond extracted 440 grubs of the crane-fly from another. In addition to being fond of most kinds of grain, they are also partial to the wild fruits of many berry-bearing bushes, and they may frequently be seen searching for the nests of the large black wood-ants. It is also said that oak-galls constitute a favourite food. It is the practice of some pheasant-breeders to plant bean-beds in the open glades and rides of the woods. These become full and ripe, and drop from the pods about the time that the young pheasants are finally turned down, and are a

strong inducement to them to stay upon the ground where they are bred. In rearing all kinds of game birds, the most primitive methods are the best, and the chicks ought, if possible, to be brought up on ground resembling the haunts of wild birds. Pheasants require thick cover—woods with tall trees and abundance of brushwood affording the best retreats. Nor are the birds ever found far from the vicinity of water. They are fond of the seeds of coarse rushes and marsh plants, and speaking generally, it may be set down that wet woods and water are essential to perfect health.

The pheasant is the game bird of Britain. In spite of its being frequently likened to a barn-door fowl, there is a certain wildness and timidity about it which centuries of semi-domestication have neither overcome nor apparently lessened. If a stranger enter the woods with a keeper the birds immediately run to cover, and this running and secreting themselves is one of the great characteristics of the genus to which they belong. Where birds are thinly scattered the old methods of shooting are still adopted ; they are killed over spaniels and setters in the covers. This is really enjoyable sport, although of late it has been much cried down. It is exhilarating, trying to both nerve and eye, and the bird has generally a good chance of its life. But this method of shooting is gradually dying out, as in many places it is impracticable. What are technically called "pheasant shoots" are taking its place. Nine-tenths of the birds killed in England annually are brought down as "driven" birds. These are by no means always easy to kill. Some of them try to the utmost the skill of the sportsman ; but what is really battue shooting is difficult to defend. There is little of "sport" about it, taking the word in its best sense. It might often be better described as slaughter, as, when the shooters are not skilful marksmen, there is generally a considerable proportion of wounded to killed birds. There is one fact, however, which should not be overlooked, and that is that the last method of shooting puts an enormous quantity of game into the market at an exceedingly cheap rate—in short, during certain seasons a pheasant can be bought at the price of a chicken.

There are several remarkable traits about our English pheasant which are worth mentioning. In confinement it readily breeds with domestic fowls, though the offspring are remarkably wild. When confined the number of eggs laid is about a dozen, though eighteen or twenty are not at all uncommon when the pheasants live wild in the woods. If kept in an aviary the colour of the eggs becomes lighter, the palest producing small and weakly chicks, while the dark olive eggs hatch out the largest and strongest birds. White and more or

less pied varieties are not at all uncommon, though when this discoloration appears in young birds it generally disappears during the first moult, and is probably a sign of disease or weakness.

Pheasant-poaching has already been mentioned. This is always beset with difficulty, and the pheasant-poacher is usually a desperate character. Many methods can be successfully employed, for the pheasant is rather a stupid bird. Owing to the wandering proclivity before alluded to, it by no means follows that the man who rears the pheasants will have the privilege of shooting them. At the time of the falling of the beech and oaken mast, the poacher watches as closely by the covert side as the keeper himself. The former knows perfectly well that the birds feed in the morning, that they dust themselves in the turnip fields at noon, and that they ramble through the woods in the afternoon. He, better than anyone else, knows the coppice to which the wandered birds have gone, and in which trees they will roost. Is he slow to use his knowledge? At dark he passes over the land, and lights a bit of brimstone beneath the roosting birds. The powerful fumes soon overpower them, and they come flapping down one by one. This method has the advantage of silence, and, if the night be still, need not be detected. Away from the covert time is no object, and the moucher who is content with a brace of birds at a time usually gets the most in the end. The poacher knows that no bird is more pugnacious than the pheasant, and out of this trait he makes capital. He takes a trained gamecock under his arm, fitted with spurs, the latter as sharp as needles. Upon the former's crowing, one or more cock pheasants immediately respond and advance to meet the adversary. A single blow suffices to lay low the pride of the pheasant, and in this way half a dozen birds may often be taken, while the poacher's representative remains unhurt.

It is a nice question as to just what effect "The Twelfth" as an institution has upon current politics in this country. If ever the problem comes to be solved the solution will be somewhat startling. Grouse are a greater motive power in practical politics than is generally supposed. The wearied member renews his strength in anticipating the moors, and gains it upon them. A healthy instinct it is that woos him to the children of the mist, and one that is well suited to leave him thoroughly invigorated for work. The extinction of our legislative chambers will probably be contemporary with that of moor-fowl; and to prove to what extent grouse-shooting is indulged in, it may be stated that upon the first three days of the season about 50,000 grouse reach London alone, two hundred and fifty birds are down

to one gun, and upwards of 3,000 to a party on one moor in four days.

The red grouse is indigenous to the British Isles, and is the only bird of their *arifanus* into the life history of which migration does not enter. If the bird be not peculiar in this fact, its migrations are so local as to be imperceptible. Companion of the blackcock and the merlin, the red grouse is as hardy as prolific. It lays from seven to seventeen eggs, and has two broods during the season. Its hardihood were needful to withstand the winters of the elevated moorlands, and its prolificness the numbers of its enemies. When the snow lies thick on the heather the economy of nature teaches the grouse to lie beneath the plumed branches. There are cushions of moss, with fall seed-shoots drooping from above. The hardy mountain bushes yield Mount Ida, whortle-, and blackberries, and through ordinary winters the grouse hardly fares ill. Sometimes, even in mid-winter, there comes a warm day, when the sun shines brightly at noon. Then the birds bask on the warm, grey stones, and spread out their wings to the sun. The blackcock crows from the brae to his grey hen in the hollow, and gurgling notes and much strutting are indulged in by the red grouse. Day by day the sun gains in power, and spring comes slowly up the way. After a time the moors begin to wear looks of more animation. The ling birds return to the tussocky grass, and ring-ouzel to the torrent sides. The fell "becks" sparkle in the sun, star-like flowers light up the dripping rocks, and the snow lines vanish. The little merlin screams over the heather, and the grouse packs break up. Birds are seen singly or in pairs, and brae answers brae at morning and evening. It is now that the cock grouse is seen to be a really handsome bird. He is at this time able to erect or depress at pleasure the vermilion skin over the eye, and this he does when at break of day he takes his stand on some grey rock and crows. Pairing is not a long process, and this completed, a faint depression under the heather, lined with twigs, serves the hen bird for her nest; she usually lays from eight to a dozen eggs. At the time of nesting the cock grouse is never far distant, though he takes no part in incubation. He is, however, often usefully employed in driving away enemies, which are numerous during this critical period. In spring great numbers of carrion crows fly off to the moors and destroy enormous quantities of eggs. After discovering a nest, they go dallying round and round, until they provoke the brooding bird to leave her eggs. Then they rush in, impale one of these upon their formidable bills, and are off straight and swift to the nearest stone wall. There the egg is sucked of its

contents, the empty shells being everywhere scattered around. In one such place as this we have found hundreds of shells so emptied, just about the time of laying. Polecats and fougarts, too, leave their usual haunts for a time, and take up a temporary abode on the moors during the time that grouse are hatching. Sometimes they take the brooding birds as they sit on the nest, or, later, they commence their bloodthirsty depredations among the young. These fall an easy prey, as they follow the hen bird, and the animals indicated kill from a love of killing, and so continue to destroy long after their wants have been satisfied. The beautiful pine-martins, too, ascend from the rocky woods to hold high carnival during this season, and, although they kill many birds, they are not so destructive as their congeners. One of the greatest depredators is the fox. Young foxes are brought forth in the impregnable fastnesses of the mountains, whence nothing can dislodge them. When the cubs are strong enough they are taken by their parents to fatten on the grouse. Here a deep hole is dug in the peaty soil beneath the heather, and the fox-cubs are installed. The bones and feathers strewn in the neighbourhood of these resorts tell their own tale. But if once this spot can be discovered—and we are speaking now of the northern hill districts, which are not systematically hunted, and where the extermination of foxes becomes necessary—the cubs are easily obtained. With the help of a stout stick and a few cur dogs we have not unfrequently made short work of numerous litters. These are a few of the enemies of the grouse, and to produce an abundant crop of birds all have to be circumvented.

One of the grand mistakes which owners of grouse moors make is that of indiscriminately destroying all birds of prey. The peregrine and the merlin would keep the moors healthy were they not mercilessly shot down, trapped, and exterminated. Were these birds allowed to live they would pick out the weak and diseased birds as soon as these showed themselves; would in fact bring about the survival of the fittest. And if the economy of nature was not so much interfered with, probably the grouse disease would be unknown. This has been assigned to various causes, but one fact is certain, that it always comes after a series of prolific years, and is in some way due to over-stocking. The red grouse is one of the earliest birds to pair and breed. Nesting commonly commences in March and April, sometimes even in February. As soon as the young are hatched they commence to follow their parents about, feeding upon the seeds and shoots of ling and heather, upon insects, worms, and slugs. They often travel far, and when about a fortnight old get

on the wing. At first their flights are limited to about a dozen yards, but by the time they are a month old they often fly, when put up, from knoll to knoll and from brake to brake—distances of a hundred yards or more. At this time they are called “cheepers,” from the piping cheep which they utter and which they give out when they are suddenly put up from the heather. It is now that the keeper quietly traverses his ground with his dogs to see what a crop the season has yielded. He goes without his gun, uses his oldest and steadiest dogs, and reports to his master the result of his prospecting. The broods consist of from five to fifteen birds, and usually average about eight. Among young coverts piebald specimens may not unfrequently be seen, and this is probably a case of reverting to some original type. Indeed, most of the Northern European grouse are white, and the remote ancestors of our indigenous birds were probably of that colour. British grouse are the only ones of the large family to which they belong that show no variation in colour, all others turning white with the coming snows of winter. The ptarmigan and willow-grouse of Scandinavia are good types of such variation, and between the latter birds and our own apart from colour there is absolutely no difference. The assumption by the red grouse of the rich mottled dark brown plumage is a capital instance of adaptive or protective coloration, and it is most difficult to detect these birds as they lie among the brown heather. The protective coloration also applies in a remarkable degree to the eggs of this species.

If all goes well the young grouse follow the hens about through spring and summer, becoming larger and plumper each day. The feathers come quickly upon their legs, and it is difficult to detect the difference betwixt their plumage and that of the adult. They keep in one covey with the old birds on through summer and autumn, and until the following breeding—except for the short time when they pack in late autumn. Meanwhile, “The Twelfth” has come, and on that morning, if fine and otherwise favourable, devastating death is dealt out to the grouse. And sometimes even a few days before; for the old poacher, knowing well the high price which the first birds bring, always manages to have a few brace in the London market by the morning of “The Twelfth.” And it is suprising how daringly these are displayed. But even with the legitimate sportsman the shooting begins at the first rolling away of the mists; and then often the best sport of the year is had. The sportsman who is keen enough to be on the moors by three in the morning is the man who shoots over a brace of good dogs of his own breaking. He is one of

a type past or fast passing away. No driven grouse will he shoot ! No lurking beneath a hurdle stuffed with heather, and " potting " the birds as they fly low over the ambuscade. No, he tramps thigh-deep in the purple heather, picking off the outlying birds of the covey, and dropping them stone dead. There is no random firing with him, no batch of wounded birds without a single one falling. At the end of his short day he has from ten to a dozen brace of good birds, with four or five hares and a couple of snipe. There is much satisfaction in this to both himself and tired dogs ; but there is the satisfaction over and above all (and this he appreciates), that he is a true sportsman and has given his game law.

A noble bird is the blackcock. Together with the red grouse and the capercailzie, it is one of our indigenous birds, and constitutes a glorious relic of a fast vanishing fauna. Let us look out the bird in its haunts. With the coming of day we are abroad on the moorlands, and the snowlines of the fences are vanishing before the sun. It is March. The bellowing of the red deer comes from the neighbouring corrie, and a herd of roe are on the confines of the scrub, browsing upon the tender shoots of the sprouting woods. The mists are being dispersed from the grey lichen patches loved by the ptarmigan, and the dawn is driven beyond the western hills. Unlike the red grouse, which are already paired, the blackcock is polygamous. And here among the scrub of oak and birch and hazel we may watch his curious proceedings. He greatly prefers the stunted wet woods to the heather, and here probably finds food more abundant. Half a dozen grey hens are quietly feeding upon the seeds of various rushes, picking occasionally from the shoots of the willows and alders which surround them. Just as the warmth of the sun begins to be felt the curious crowing or calling of the blackcocks is heard from the knolls. At this the hens retire further into the bushes, and presently a handsome male bird alights where for yards around the herbage is trodden completely down. Then another and another—both birds, from their plumage, older than the first. And now, with the sun glinting from their burnished backs, it is seen what a really handsome bird the blackcock is. With his richly-lustred plumage of metallic blue-black iridescence he is quite the most imposing of the *Tetraonidæ*. The youngest cock is quickly driven from the field, and, on the principle that none but the brave deserve the fair, the brown hens will have none of him. They have witnessed his defeat and retreat, and unconcernedly re-commence their picking of birch and alder shoots. Then the older birds begin to display their brilliant plumage to the best advantage, and in this the sun aids them. They utter a series

of deep guttural sounds, strut, turkey-like, with outstretched neck and drooping wings, and the beautifully lyre-shaped tail fully expanded. Then the birds ascend, perform aërial evolutions, and immediately upon reaching the ground commence strutting as before. At times they make a dash at each other, but it is only when a number of males are together that a general *mêlée* occurs. The hens are by no means dead to these displays, and condescend so far as to watch them from the confines of the scrub. Each cock is followed by five or six hens, though sometimes ten or a dozen constitute his harem. After going together for some time, the hens are seen to frequent the vicinity of low-growing bushes, beneath which they are fond of nesting. About the stumps of the early-flowering willows or the leafy alder-roots they scratch a faint depression in the ground, but make only the slightest of nests. Within a fortnight nine or ten eggs are laid, and incubation begins. The nests are by no means always in covert, for I have frequently found them under heather and the various berry-bearing bushes, and quite in the open. Occasionally hens retire to the deeper depths of the forest to nest, but these cases are exceptional. As already indicated, the favourite spots are among the low scrub on the confines of the woods, where light and life are abundant. In its relation to the forest the blackcock strikes a mean between the red grouse and the capercailzie. It is partially arboreal in its haunts and habits, more so than the red grouse, less so than the capercailzie. Black game love wide tracts of tussocky grass, with abundant rushes and sedge upon them—the former always testifying to the presence of water. Here it finds food in the brown seeds of the coarse herbage, and at one period of late summer the birds would seem almost exclusively to live upon the fruit of the sweet rush. Whilst this lasts it is preferred to the cranberries and blackberries growing about, but all are neglected for the barley-patches of the hill farms, when it happens that these draw the line between forest and cultivation. In such cases black game, from its limited numbers, rarely does harm. In search of barley the birds in winter sometimes descend to the stack-yards. At this season, even in the woods, their food is greatly varied, consisting of the tender branches of trees, especially fir and larch, and embryo buds. And it is a curious fact that the flesh of the bird at this time often tastes strongly of the plant upon which it has fed. This, too, applies to the willow-grouse and ptarmigan.

Of all British game birds the partridge is, perhaps, the one that the sportsman could least do without. The little grey bird affords sport to a whole army of shooters who have never shot by the covert

side, nor killed moor-birds on the heather. It loves rough and ill-farmed land, and consequently has a wide range. Although its chief haunts are upon the common and among the gorse, it is never found far from cultivated land. It were fruitless nowadays to look for partridge among stubble, as with the modern appliances for shearing and reaping, the grain fields are shorn smooth as a tennis-lawn. Although the birds feed upon the fallen grain, they cannot lie here, but prefer the cover of turnips, where these are found. We are come upon degenerate days, however, in more ways than one, and soon legitimate sport at game birds will become extinct. The semi-domestic pheasant has long been an institution, and this would seem imperative to secure the very survival of the species. On the moors we hear of little else than "driving," the plea being that it is becoming almost impossible to shoot grouse over dogs. Annually we have thousands of hand-reared partridges and driven birds. When man takes a given species and begins to improve upon nature, the days of the species are numbered. The experiment was tried with moor-fowl, and have we so soon forgotten the grouse disease? Leave us, then, one wild game bird, and that one the partridge!

Although partridges pair early, it is not often that they commence to lay before May, the young being hatched in June. From twelve to twenty eggs are usually laid, and as many as thirty-three eggs have been found in a single nest. It is probable that in this case, however, two hen birds had laid in the same nest—a thing which not unfrequently occurs when ground is well stocked. The young follow their parents about, feeding upon seeds and insects for the greater part of the summer, and always roosting in the open. The bird has so many enemies, that if it did not do this it would soon become extinct as a species. Traces left by the birds on the fallows would indicate that they invariably slept in a bunch, the tails of the birds pointing to the centre, and their heads outwards. In this position the covey would represent little more than a mass of feathers, and they would be less open to surprise than if they roosted in heavy cover. Protection of this kind usually harbours weasels and stoats, and, although the birds escape these, they have even a greater enemy in the poacher. Although partridges roam far by day, they run much and fly but little. Their aerial journeys are from one feeding-ground to another, and although these may be distant they always come together at night. It is then that their evening calls may be heard; and the poacher listens to some purpose. He remembers the gorse-bush under which the nest was, and knows that the covey will not be far distant. When he is certain that he has marked the birds down, he goes at

dark with an assistant and simply claps a net over them. This method he pursues among turnips, only using a larger net. If he be fortunate enough to have discovered the morning paths of the partridge, he scatters grain in these, and waits at dawn for the coming of the birds. With a heavy charge of powder and shot he sometimes in this way secures the whole covey by firing along the line of birds. But these are not the legitimate methods of taking partridge, nor are they sportsman-like.

The advocates of the modern method of shooting partridges defend driving on the ground that driven birds are difficult to kill. Let us look at the two methods—the old and the new. The man who shoots driven birds stands behind cover, and waits for the birds to come over. He is stationary, and must move neither to the right nor the left, as he would then infringe upon the ground of his shooting companions. He is placed at the edge of a rough, ill-farmed field—turnips or stubble—with a fence in front to shield him somewhat from the expected coveys. The beaters have been sent out, and are doggedly driving every living thing in front of them towards the line of shooters. Soon the birds begin to get up, and as there is no wind they come leisurely on. There is much firing all along the line, for every shooter is supported by his own “loader,” and many birds are brought down. The best shot may bag from two to three birds for every five shots fired, whilst the others secure a much lower average. There is no picking of birds—each man must take them as they come. If the weather be wild, and the birds fly “down wind,” the probability is that the majority get off unscathed. But in any case there are many wounded birds, much carrying away of shot, dozens of birds which will die a lingering death. The driving and the shooting are repeated, and if the ground be well stocked two hundred brace (to four guns, say) is found to be the result of the day’s shooting. The sport in itself is legitimate, but how far can it be called “sport” when we come to compare it with the old style?

Partridges like pheasants, feed early in the morning, but when they have satisfied their overnight cravings they usually seek out sheltered cover. As soon as noon is past they again begin to feed, going out into the lands, and where they may find loose light soil in which to dust. Adapting himself to these circumstances, the sportsman, who is in nowise intimidated by being dubbed “old-fashioned,” starts out on a bright September morning with a brace of steady pointers. He would as soon think of shooting at the moon as at birds driven right over his gun, and so acts in his own fashion. He first tries a field of turnips, and works it thoroughly. He has broken

his dogs himself, and they respond to every word and motion. They quarter the ground, never rushing in, and although covey after covey goes away—a bit wilder than in years gone by, it may be—a bird is bagged here and a brace there. There are two guns; the dogs work more steadily as the shooting advances, and not a bird but is put away. As the coveys get up a distant bird drops to the first barrel, then a near outlying one to the second. There is no blazing, no indiscriminate firing, and no large proportion of wounded birds. Each is picked off singly, and invariably drops stone dead. Two or three fields of turnips and a bit of broken gorse-grown land serve for the morning's sport, and eight and a half brace of birds constitute the bag at luncheon-time. Modest, you say? Well, yes. Two or three broken and rankly-grown fields come next, and a few birds are added. Here in one case, by skilful stalking, eight birds are killed from a covey, and the remaining birds are worked round to the very spot from where they were first flushed. The working of the dogs is now perfect, and to see them "stand" above a knoll with the birds beneath is a picture. In the lower-lying fields the old-fashioned sickle has left the stubble, and that older-fashioned fence is a miniature forest of wildwood tangle. There are plenty of birds, and they lie well. They get up from the headriggs, from the hedgeside, and are far out feeding upon the fallen grain. Quick and clever shooting is indulged for a couple of hours, with all the old excitement. The dogs enjoy their work as well as the men, and a more successful partridge day there could not be. To one passing over the land there would be no appreciable diminution of birds, and yet at the end of the day the bag contains twenty-eight brace of cleanly-killed birds.

Of late years quail have frequently occurred in the game-bags in quite unprecedented numbers. This was particularly so in some of the northern counties, where the bird is not known to have bred previously, or only in limited numbers. This fact would suggest that the quail is extending its northern haunts, and the prolonged drought of 1887 seemed peculiarly favourable to its nesting. And this is all the more likely as it is essentially an Eastern bird, finding its favourite haunts on dry tussocky land, which abundantly produces its food. The bird has generally been looked upon by naturalists as only a summer migrant to Britain, but examples shot now nearly every winter and the late period to which the birds stay, would seem to point to the fact that individuals at least are permanently resident.

The quail may not be generally known. It is a little partridge-

the game bird, once of more frequent occurrence than now. In times past it has probably nested in every county in England, and its general diminution of late is doubtless owing to the rapid and great changes in agriculture. Rough grass land and old hedges are fast vanishing, and both these the quail loved to haunt. Like the partridge, these birds roam the hills, and among the broken ground and coarse herbage they find the seeds of various grasses and sedges of which they are particularly fond. They are found, too, in wet and braky situations, but nowadays, these being drained and cultivated out of existence, not only the quail, but the bittern, ruff, and other rare birds are rapidly being driven to extinction. But even in face of these facts, quail are probably more abundant in Britain than is generally supposed. When a day's shooting is summed up, or the "head" of game counted, quail are usually included in that always interesting but vague residue, the "miscellaneous." The birds lie well to the gun, but after being flushed once are difficult to raise a second time, which trait has a tendency to spoil good dogs. When put away the bevs fly quickly and straight, like partridge, but their flight being low, they appear at a distance to be just skimming the ground. The writer well remembers a low rough meadow, where a bevy of quail came annually to breed. The birds usually made their appearance about the latter part of May, and began nesting in the middle of June. These birds, or others of their kind, came regularly for many years, and whilst the majority seemed partial to certain fields, others left the valley, and bred upon the higher and wilder parts of the hill slopes—the last rough fields before the commons. They usually laid from seven to eleven eggs, and those which bred upon the higher ground were by far the most successful in rearing their broods. Those which nested among the lush meadow-grass were often overtaken by hay-time, and either their eggs were destroyed by the mowers or the birds were killed by the scythes. Before me, as I write, is a stuffed quail with only one wing, the other having been cut off with a scythe as the bird was sitting on a nest containing nine eggs. The soil of the meadows referred to was of a light sandy nature, and a hole scraped in this was made to contain the eggs, there being but the slightest semblance of a nest. These were invariably found in the cover of thick hedgerows that fenced one side of a field. Near was a low tract of land bordering the river, this being covered with dense aquatic herbage, especially rushes and the broad-leaved butter-bur. The tract in turn was silted deep with fine sand covered with driftwood and *débris*; channels of water intersected it; and to this spot during the day the

quails resorted. Probably it was the sand and the constant supply of water that chiefly attracted them. In this locality, where but a few years ago a considerable number bred, only one or two pairs are now to be seen even in summer. When the nest is not in hay-grass, it is either among grain or the rougher plants of the common. Rarely more than ten eggs are laid, and we were never able to make out that there was more than one clutch in a season. These are of a creamy ground, with dark-brown markings—either spotted or slightly blotched. The young are able to move off as soon as they are hatched, and commence to fly when from five to six weeks old. Their food consists of all kinds of seeds picked up from the banks of the hedgerow, of grain, of tiny snails, and often of ground insects. The seeds of the coarser aquatic plants, of rushes, weeds and charlock are eagerly sought after ; and after feeding, the birds are fond of stretching themselves in the sun on hillocks, after the manner of partridges. By way of compensating for the toll which the quail levies on grain, it may be stated that as many as 3,500 charlock seeds have been found in the crop of a single bird. The “ weet-my-feet ” of the country folk is their translation of the quail’s spring call, which is sometimes heard during the day, but oftener at morning and evening. As the call-note is peculiar, and not to be taken for that of any other bird, it is not difficult to tell when the quail have arrived. These are heard regularly during our summer-morning fishings, and it is not difficult to detect that the males always arrive first.

With regard to migration, there is a curious legend to the effect that quails have a king to conduct them, and that they select the cornrake for that office ; not choosing one of themselves for the reason that upon reaching their destination the first of the band usually falls a victim to some bird of prey that is awaiting their arrival. Another version says that they are led by an owl. In the Mediterranean countries quail are exceedingly abundant and show in almost countless numbers during the period of migration. Canon Tristram says that in Palestine he found the ground covered with quails to the extent of many acres, at daybreak, where on the preceding afternoon there had not been one ; he caught several with his hand, one being actually crushed by his horse’s foot. In those countries where the birds occur abundantly on migration they are taken in vast numbers by the inhabitants. Hundreds of thousands are sent to England alive after our game season is past, and are fed and fatted in London for the markets. Seeing the distance they have to come, this is the only practicable means of transporting them in

the flesh, and during the journey they are fed on millet in darkened cages.

The ptarmigan is the smallest of British grouse, and quite the most interesting. The birds of this family have the power of assimilating to their surroundings in a remarkable degree, and none exercise it more than the ptarmigan. The inclination of naturalists has been to multiply species by a process of hair-splitting, though doubtless in the near future scientists will admit that the red grouse, the ptarmigan, and the Scandinavian willow-grouse are each varietal forms of one parent stock. The length to which inherent variability may go is yet but little understood, and its further possibilities can only be demonstrated on domestic animals. Nature of course works on similar lines, but her processes are slower and less tangible as applied to any one generation. The red grouse finds its concealment perfect among the brown and purple heather, and just so long as this is given will it conform. It has its food and shelter in one or two characteristic shrubs, and as these are found nowhere else in abundance neither is the red grouse. The probability of the extinction of a species is always great when its range is restricted, and that the red grouse may become extinct is more than possible. The willow-grouse is the white bird which late in the year adorns the game shops, and is usually set down as the ptarmigan. It is a large and robust bird, consequent upon its wide range and abundant food supply, and acquires almost purely white plumage in winter. The close cousin of these two is the ptarmigan; or, in other words, the white grouse of the lichen patches. These three birds are probably the same, only under different climatic conditions, and each shifting best for itself under the peculiar characteristics where it finds its existence; and part of the great interest which attaches to the ptarmigan is the success with which it conforms to local environment.

It has often been stated that ptarmigan are found in England, but this is an error. The grain of truth contained in the statement lies in the fact that upon some of the Lake District mountains, especially Skiddaw, a race of white or pied grouse once existed. Even now mottled birds occasionally occur, but the variety has almost died out. Ptarmigan, as stated, are not found in Wales or Ireland—nowhere but in North Britain. Here the birds inhabit the highest mountains, and unless aided by dogs the sportsman or naturalist has the greatest difficulty in seeing his game. So closely do these birds resemble the objects among which they lie, that it is next to impossible to detect them if only they remain still. Early in the season, however, the birds

may be seen running a few yards in front, meanwhile making a jerking motion with their tails—a movement which quickly betrays them. The observer will never know how many birds there are until they get up and go away, maybe right from his feet. And this is in whatever plumage or season. Upon one occasion a party of naturalists were anxious to obtain a bird in breeding plumage, but up to lunch-time they had failed. As the panniers were being repacked, one of the straps fell from the pony and on to the back of a sitting bird. The search for a nest had been a protracted one, and no foot of ground had been missed except that beneath the pony. Upon another occasion a dog settled itself upon a hen ptarmigan, about which a group of men and dogs had been reclining for some time. Previous to their resting, their search for a nest had proved futile.

Like grouse, ptarmigan are early breeders, the eggs being usually found in May. No kind of cover is sought at this season, the nest being placed in the open. The young follow their parents as soon as they are hatched, and upon the “barrens” are even more difficult to detect than the latter. These barrens are bare patches of stones, upon which the birds are fond of sunning themselves. Watching a flock in such a situation, Macgillivray says : “These beautiful birds, while feeding, run and walk among the weather-beaten and lichen-crested fragments of rock, from which it is very difficult to distinguish them when they remain motionless, as they invariably do should a person be in sight. Indeed, unless you are directed to a particular spot by their strange low croaking cry, you may pass through a flock of ptarmigans without observing a single individual, although some of them may not be ten yards distant. When squatted, however, they utter no sound, their object being to conceal themselves ; and if you discover the one from which the cry has proceeded, you generally find him on the top of a stone, ready to spring off the moment you show an indication of hostility. If you throw a stone at him, he rises, utters his call, and is immediately joined by all the individuals around, which, to your surprise if it be your first *rencontre*, you see spring up one by one from the bare ground.” This is an experience which every one has had upon ptarmigan ground, and it is just as apt to occur to old sportsmen as to novices. If the season be favourable, the young ptarmigan quickly come to maturity, and are well on the wing by the beginning of August. They feed upon the twigs of heather and ling and other mountain shrubs, upon insects in spring and summer, and upon moorland berries in autumn. Those who aspire to make a

These birds of mountain grouse must be sound of lung and strong of
 limb. Although the birds haunt the highest hills, they are found
 more upon the upper slopes of these than upon the summits. Not
 many crows will be met with during the day, and therefore no
 opportunity must be lost. An error of judgment may put the game
 for ever out of reach, and miles of rough country has to be traversed
 before finding a well-laid line. In August the birds lie well—are
 tame as pigeons in fact; and with care a big bag may be made.
 Sometimes they fly right across the corrie to a neighbouring hill,
 but more frequently round a summit. An inexperienced sportsman
 will often be deceived, for partridge do not, like grouse, settle on
 the first hill over the skyline, but more frequently sweep round in a
 semicircle. Birds that have been stalked a few times soon get wild,
 and it is almost impossible to get near them after September. Like
 grouse partridge pack, and as many as fifty may sometimes be seen
 together by the end of September. With the first touches of frost in
 early autumn the change of plumage commences. Freckled grey
 begins to take the place of the summer coat, and as the season goes
 on white becomes the dominant colour. The transition is quickest
 on the under parts, the upper plumage still resembling the bleached
 summer dress. The beginning of winter finds the change complete,
 or nearly so. By this time the birds are apparently white, but
 examination shows the change to be not nearly so complete as it
 seems. First brown blotches are detected, and upon turning back
 the feathers it is seen that the base of many of them is quite brown.
 It must be remembered that this adaption of plumage is really a
 change in the individual feathers, and not a process of moulting.
 In Northern European countries the change is quicker and more
 complete than in Scotch birds, which are only purely white in severe
 winters. British partridge have but few enemies, while those of
 Arctic countries have many. Among these are the great snowy owl,
 Iceland falcon, silver fox, and numerous fur-bearing animals; and
 the white winter covering here serves a double purpose, as it protects
 the bird against its enemies and indirectly from the cold. But the
 birds seem to love the snow, and at night sleep in a scraped-out
 hollow under the lee-side of a boulder. Their tendency is always
 towards the tops of the mountains, except during the severest
 weather, when, being unable to obtain their usual supply of food,
 they descend to the shoulders of the hills. Several attempts have
 been made to naturalise them to lower land, and even to keep them
 in confinement, but with very little success. The bird is subject to

the same disease as grouse, though only on the lower grounds. The afforesting of land for deer has done much to lessen the number of once famous ptarmigan shots ; forests cannot now be disturbed for the smaller game. Opinions differ as to the number of white grouse existing now and formerly, though the general belief is that the species is increasing.

JOHN WATSON.

MR BUCHANAN'S - CITY OF DREAM."¹

MR BUCHANAN has of recent years engaged in a great variety of literary work and activity. In regard to the stage, has achieved some remarkable successes. Considering the intellectual position of the age the condition of the English stage is not one from which we are completely dissatisfied. The higher drama has fallen into disrepute and "sensations" have taken its place. "The play" is not "the thing" now; but the place of drama is given to the stage-dancer and the scene-painter. Any success which is now to be had is an acknowledgment of the fact that the stage has higher possibilities than this is to be warmly welcomed, and we cherish therefore a well-grounded hope of an intellectual revival—combined if course with a reasonable amount of entertainment—owing to the labours of Mr Buchanan and other dramatists who are not content to say "Ay" to the existing condition of things.

But I hold to the opinion expressed many years ago, that Mr Buchanan's greatest and most enduring work is to be found in his poems. His earliest poems with their earnest appreciation of Nature, had won a strong sympathy; and these were succeeded by a series of longer poems which by their lofty and expanded thought, gave their author a high position among contemporary poets. Now his poetic compositions have culminated in a work of which, one may venture to say, any living writer might be proud. I do not lose sight of the fact that Mr Buchanan has written several fine prose romances which deserve to live and doubtless will live; but however much these and other romances of a like nature may contain of the essence of poetry, technically they are not poetry. Poetry must and all have form and concentration. I therefore rejoice in the appearance of "The City of Dream" which in certain aspects is greater than anything else that has yet proceeded from the same hand; and it only makes one regret that the author's manifest talent should not more frequently find such adequate modes of expression.

THE CITY OF DREAM. By Robert Buchanan. Chatto & Windus.
1898

It will be convenient first to indicate what the poem is, accompanying the analysis with extracts which in my judgment testify to its great merits ; and then to consider the work from its general and theological aspects. Speaking broadly, "The City of Dream" is a blast against modern orthodoxy—a vigorous onslaught upon creeds of all kinds. While I admire and appreciate its strong spiritual sympathies and aspirations, I must say that personally I require a firmer religious platform than the author furnishes ; but of that more anon. Nevertheless, men have never yet seen eye to eye on this momentous matter, and there is consequently room for charity as well as divergence of view. The author dedicates his work "to the sainted spirit of John Bunyan," and he follows to a considerable extent the method of the "glorious dreamer." The main difference is that Bunyan's allegory is in prose, while the later vision is entirely in verse.

At the opening of "The City of Dream" we see one Ishmael setting forth from the earthly city of his birth beside the sea in quest of a Heavenly City, of which he has heard strange tidings. Ishmael is a kind of Shelley or Byron, with many grievances against his kind, some fancied, some legitimate. In any case he has been driven into revolt, and as he proceeds he is blindfolded by Evangelist, and given a Holy Book—reading which book (for he is able to look down) he wanders on, terrified and blindfold. He first meets with Hurricane, whom we may take roughly to personify Calvin. Hurricane simply looks on men as working out the fore-ordained purposes of God, even to destruction.

I swear to you by sun, and stars, and moon,
By hunger, by starvation, and disease,
By death, that there is God omnipotent,
Awful, a King, a strong God ! yea, indeed,
The maker of the whirlwind and the worm,
The judgment waiting in the heavens o'erhead,
The vengeance burning in the earth beneath,
The end of sin, the doom no man eludes,
Not even at the very gates of death !

There is not much consolation in this for the poor pilgrim. He goes forward and comes to the house of one Iconoclast, whose name sufficiently indicates his bias and action. Iconoclast opens the eyes of the traveller, but when he has overthrown the teachings of the Book, he has nothing to put in their place ; which may be taken as a succinct definition of the labours of infidels generally. Ishmael next encounters Pitiful, and is directed towards the city of Christopolis. In the crowded highway leading thitherward he meets

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses, which appears to be a directory or a list of contacts. The names are written in a cursive script, and the addresses are listed below them.

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All this part of the work is extremely fine, and in the section devoted to The Amphitheatre we have, in verse of great excellence, an exposition in brief of the spirit of Greek poetry and theology. It reveals how thoroughly the writer has appreciated the intellectual developments and achievements of ancient Greece. Ishmael is seduced by Eros that—

All things are true save Sin and Sin's despair,
All lovely thoughts abide imperishable,
Though countless generations pass and die !

The poem abounds in lovely touches of nature and noble passages of description. Here is one which strikes me as being finely sustained, and yet it is not a whit better than a hundred others which could be cited :

Far away,
Upon a sward as green as emerald,
There sat, with wine-gourd lying at his side,
Wild poppies tangled in his hoary hair,
Silenos,—at whose feet a naked nymph
Lay prone with chin propt in her hollow'd hands,
Uplooking in his face and reading there
Deep-wrinkled chronicles as soft as sleep ;
And overhead among the wild ravines,
On patches of green emerald, leapt his goats,
While far above, the sunshine swept like wind
Across the darkness of the untrodden peaks.
To the low music of an unseen choir
Silenos smilingly spake, and as he spake
The white goats leapt, the soft light stirr'd o'erhead,
The white clouds wander'd through the peaceful blue.
For of much peace he told, of golden fields,
Of shepherds in dim dales Arcadian,
Of gods that gather'd the still stars like sheep
Dawn after dawn to shut them in their folds
And every dawn did loose them once again,
Of vintage and of fruitage, and of Love's
Ripe kisses stolen in the reaping time.
Sweet was his voice, and sweet that mimic scene.

This is landscape painting of a high order, for the scene is indelibly impressed on the mind of the reader. In a manner equally happy, the poet introduces us to Ulysses, Helena, Iphigenia, and many others, whose histories are sketched in a few impressive lines. Many portions of the poem are noticeable for their Dantesque weirdness and intensity. Take the pilgrim's discovery of his dead friend Faith in the Valley of Dead Gods :

Overhead
The ebony peaks touch'd the cold heavens, alive
With stars like feeble specks of silver sand,
And all the heavens and the sad space beneath
Were silent as a sepulchre !

Forlorn
And broken-hearted, then I wander'd on,
With tombs and open graves on either side,
Weeping nor wailing, but subdued to calm
Of weariest despair ; and nothing stirr'd
Around me, but full tide of silence fill'd

The ~~happiest~~ earth and heaven : when suddenly
 I saw before me lying in the path,
 The like myself in heavy pilgrim's weeds,
 I laid my hand upon his face : and stooping down,
 I met his wild face toward to the light,
 And knew him. — I felt my arms grow cold and dead !
 His blind eyes closed with the frosty dim,
 I saw no more in his white hair and beard,
 His right hand grasping still the empty leash
 Which once had held his business snow-white hound,
 Now led him ever to some endless cave
 Of vain sensation.

Ishmael's later wanderings still bring him no peace. He is
 shown the spectre of the Indesistible, and when he finds himself
 worn and old he is still come more on the Open Way, whence,
 after talks with Lazarus and with Microcos, a gentle stranger guides
 him to the gates of a City builded without God. More strange ex-
 periences attend him and he flies into the region of Monsters and
 strange births of Time.

Finally, in the winter of his pilgrimage, he is led to the brink of
 the Celestial Ocean, where he beholds a Ship of Souls sailing away
 from earth into the certian here. Then he wakes to find that his
 life-long quest has been only a Dream within a Dream. But he has
 been tenacious of the essential Good through all. When he is told
 that he is but a perishable atom in the dust of Time, he replies :

Alas ! how should I praise the Invisible,
 Which shows me baser than the dust indeed ?
 The empty Void shall never have my prayer,
 But that which lifts me up and gives me wings,
 And proves me more than any unconscious world,
 However luminous and beautiful,—
 That will I worship. Fairer far, methinks,
 The meanest, smallest, tutelary god
 That ever gave men gifts of fruit and flowers,
 The frailest spirit of human fantasy
 Blessing the worshipper with kindly hands,
 Than this dead Terror of the Inevitable,
 Weighing like leaden Death, with Death's despair,
 In the core of countless worlds ! I ask for God,
 For Light, not Darkness, and for Life, not Death ;
 Not for the fatal doom which leaves me low—
 Nay, for the gentle, upward-urging Hand
 Which lifts me on to Immortality !

It would be a serious mistake to suppose that the burden of this
 poem is one of Despair. On the contrary, whether our individual
 theology is more orthodox and more formulated than Mr. Buchanan's

or whether like his it is a simple Theism, we cannot fail to perceive that his poem is full of the larger hope.

The lesson of the pilgrim's search for God is set forth in the noble closing lines :

I have gone inland, and not oceanward—
The earthly cities only have I known—
But these who sleep shall waken and behold,
Yonder across those wastes whereon they sail,
God and the radiant City of my Dream !

And as I spake the ether at my feet
Broke, rippling amethystine. Far away
The mighty nebulous Ocean, where the spheres
Pass'd and repass'd like golden argosies,
Grew phosphorescent to its furthest depths :
Light answer'd light, star flash'd to star, and space,
As far away as the remotest sun
Small as the facet of a diamond,
Sparkled ; and from the ethereal Deep there rose
The breath of its own being and the stir
Of its own rapture. Then to that strange sound
Stillter than silence, the pale Ship of Souls
Mov'd from the shore ; I stood and watch'd it steal
From pool to pool of light, from shade to shade,
Then melting into splendour fade away,
Amid the haze of those coerulean seas.

The lyrical part of the work appears to me to display unusual merit. What could be more delicate or more beautiful than these stanzas, addressed by the pilgrim to the Herd-boy as the former pursues his quest ?—

Little Herd-boy, sitting there,
With the sunshine on thy hair,
And thy flocks so white and still
Spilt around thee on the hill,
Tell me true, in thy sweet speech,
Of the City I would reach.

'Tis a City of God's Light
Most imperishably bright,
And its gates are golden all,—
And at dawn and evenfall
They grow ruby-bright and blest
To the east and to the west.

Here, among the hills it lies,
Like a lamb with lustrous eyes
Lying at the Shepherd's feet ;
And the breath of it is sweet
As it rises from the sward
To the nostrils of the Lord !

Little Herd-boy, tell me right,
 Hast thou seen it from thy height ?
 For it lieth up this way,
 And at dawn or death of day
 Thou hast surely seen it shine
 With the light that is divine ?

The boy's reply is couched in an equally tender, semi-pastoral, semi-pathetic strain. A higher note still is struck in the appeal of the spirit to its Creator, towards the close of the work, but I can only quote the last four verses :

Though deeper than the deepest Deep
 Be the dark void wherein I sleep,
 Though ocean-deep I buried be,
 I charge Thee, by these tears I weep,
 Forget not me !

Remember, Lord, my life-long quest,
 How painfully my soul hath prest
 From dark to light, pursuing Thee ;
 So, though I fail and sink to rest,
 Forget not me !

Say not " He sleeps—he doth forget
 All that he sought with eyes tear-wet—
 'Tis o'er—he slumbers—let him be ! "
 Though I forget, remember yet—
 Forget not me !

Forget me not, but come, O King,
 And find me softly slumbering
 In dark and troubled Dreams of Thee—
 Then, with one waft of Thy bright wing,
 Awaken me !

But finest of all the lyrics, and perhaps the finest thing in the book, is the " L'Envoi," an apostrophe to Death, as the harbinger of a new order of things. It is the poet's ultimate expression of the truth he has felt, that all dogmatic solutions of the Unseen are hopeless and untenable ; combined, however, with the belief that there is a Divine Power conditioning our lives and expressing itself in the mysterious transition, Death. Some of these valedictory stanzas I must give :

O blessèd Death ! O white wing'd form,
 Still winging through the night !
 O Dove, that seekest through the storm
 Some lonely Ark of Light !

Wisdom hath cried, " No God ! not one !
 Nay, heaven and earth shall cease ! "
 But as thou passest, winging on,
 We hush our cries in peace.

Angel of God, still homeless here,
 Now clouds have hid God's face,—
 Bright Dove that on these waves of fear
 Can find no resting-place!
 O blessèd Death,—O Angel fair,
 Still keep thy course divine!
 Till o'er the flood of our despair
 The Bow of God doth shine!

Mr. Buchanan claims for his work the dignity of an epic, and I think it is fairly entitled to that supreme poetic designation. The *Spectator* seems to deny to it this title (while conceding that it contains much fine poetry) because of its inadequate theological treatment; but that objection will not bear examination. There are many things in Dante's great epic, and some even in "Paradise Lost," with which personally I am not in accord, but it would be foolish on that ground to deny to those compositions the distinction of being veritable epics. An epic is an epic independently of personal sympathies or antipathies. Look at Virgil's "Æneid." On the personal ground it merely details the adventures of Æneas, but taken generally it is an apotheosis of the glories of the Roman race. So with the great works of Tasso and Ariosto. In England, with the exception of Milton's "Paradise Lost," there is no real epic in the strict sense, though with a closer and more direct form of narrative, and a continuous story, Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" might claim to be such. The writer in the *Spectator*, by assuming that Mr. Buchanan's picture of Greek mythology is intended to bear a close relation to the development of modern doubt, and that in this section the author has no higher aim in view than that, has completely misapprehended its purport. So far as I take it, the poet had no intention whatever to interrogate the Greek oracles simply because he had found Christianity a failure. His purpose has been historically, and therefore epically, to survey all the great religious systems of the world in search of the chief good. He has found all defective, and falls back upon pure Theism. But this does not detract from the position of his work as an epic; on the contrary, it is a religious epic because it has taken into one universal purview all the varied theological systems of the world.

The author's theological conclusions are not mine, however. His great fault, as it seems to me, lies in trying how little he can believe, whereas the more a human soul can believe the better, if its beliefs tend to the spirit's growth and advancement. This is where, to my thinking, Mr. Buchanan fails to grasp the full significance of "The Pilgrim's Progress." That work has been read through a thousand times where "Paradise Lost" has been read once; and why?

Because of the intensity of its personal conviction, which makes its imaginary experiences as real to suffering, struggling humanity as any of the incidents of a man's own existence ; because of its incomparable imagination ; and because of its perception of the great spiritual truth that no man is sufficient unto himself. Why have merely perfectional or intellectual systems of religion always failed ? Why, for example, has Unitarianism failed, and always must fail, to obtain a hold upon the masses of men ? Simply because it is a system adapted only to a few self-contained intellects. I do not use these words at all in an invidious sense, for I know what noble men we have had, and still have, who have called themselves Unitarians. Yet not alone as regards the masses has Unitarianism not enough to offer ; it has failed to satisfy the greater number of superior souls. But Bunyanism, or rather the Christianity which it represents, will outlive all such systems, because it grapples with the soul, and gives to the majority of men something beyond correctness of life, which, with all their striving, sinning, struggling, men feel they can never attain. "The Pilgrim's Progress" is the diary of every helpless, erring, and yet aspiring soul ; and it is as powerful an agent for good to-day as it has been on any day since it issued from the printing-press. It is immortal because its truths are immortally necessary.

Mr. Buchanan shows a reverent appreciation of the essence of Christianity, but to me his real weakness is in his failure duly to exalt its Founder. If Jesus is only "the loveliest and most typical" of all religious teachers, then—I say it with profound sorrow—He has indeed died in vain. An Ideal to which we feel we cannot attain is not sufficient for man. Jesus was something more than a mere exemplar to Paul, to Augustine, to Luther, to Bunyan ; and if He had not been infinitely more than that, then we might as well look to Plato, to Comte, or to Swedenborg. His life alone, divinely beautiful as it was, could not save men without His unmerited death and His triumphant resurrection. But the religious points suggested by Mr. Buchanan's book could not be fully discussed in half a dozen articles, let alone within my present limits.

Let me come back finally to "The City of Dream" as a poem. I fully agree with Mr. Lecky's high estimate of it, and we need not despair of contemporary poetry when so noble a work as this is published in our midst. It is wide in conception, lofty in thought, beautiful in expression ; and all who have watched the development of Mr. Buchanan's genius will rejoice to see the early and fragrant flower developing into such ripe and mellow fruit.

G BARNETT SMITH.

FOOD AND FANCY.

“**M**AN is an animal that cooks his food,” says Edmund Burke ; and it may be added that man is a perverse animal, and likes to do everything according to his own peculiar fancy, and therefore pleases himself, when he can, as to his choice of food, and the manner of cooking it.

Food is a necessity of life, and so is change. The body itself undergoes a continuous change, and our habits, thoughts, and ideas are subordinate to this one great rule. A person trying to live in exactly the same manner from year's end to year's end would find it impossible. Food, like everything else, being subject to this law inexorable, the art of the kitchen exerts its influence beneficent and benign, and comes to our rescue.

Our feasts, like our fasts, are movable ; through cookery they are changeable ; through necessity they are unavoidable ; and, through civilization, they are nearly, if not quite, artistic. At all events they are less repugnant than the more expensive one we read of in the first chapters of the fascinating “*Salammbô*,” and they are undoubtedly an improvement on the efforts of, say, fifty years ago.

Art enters into every enjoyment, convenience and necessity of our lives nowadays ; it brightens our homes, makes our women visions of beauty so far as it puts their costumes on a par with their natural loveliness ; and it will perhaps improve our own appearance when we can spare a little cash to spend on ourselves.

In the desire for change in articles of food, some strange things have been swallowed. Such, for instance, as Cleopatra's famous pearl solution, which she quaffed to prove her regard for Marc Antony ; the similar draught which Sir Richard Whittington had prepared for an entertainment he gave to King Henry V. ; the diamond which Sir Thomas Gresham had dissolved in wine, and drank to the health of Queen Elizabeth when she opened the Royal Exchange ; and the love pledges of their own blood which the young gallants of former days used to drink. The claims of such articles as foods are, however, shadowy, and, if they be admitted, so ought the

penknife, the ounce of tin-tacks, and innumerable sixpences, which the typical boy, from time immemorial, has shown a predilection for swallowing.

The progress of everything, from a mere animal desire to a refined gratification, is by stages ; and so at a past period in our history, but by no means remote, gluttony was considered an enviable accomplishment. It was undoubtedly paying homage to the god Appetite, but the rule of to-day,

Man eats but little here below,
But wants that little good,

is far more complimentary to the cook, for it preserves the palate as a fine sense.

One of the earliest aristocratic recruits to the stage, Betterton's successor, Barton Booth, "a relation of the Earl of Warrington, and not far remote from the title," had such an unappeasable appetite that his wife had often to "order the table to be removed, for fear of overcharging his stomach." He had previously been a devotee of Bacchus, and from one extreme fell into the other.

Perhaps it was the influence of his stomach over his acting that made it sufficiently meritorious to win for him admission to the Poets' Corner as a last resting-place. That food has an effect on the mind and actions was believed in by Mossop, who always ordered his dinner to suit the character he was about to play. For Zanga, in the "Revenge," sausages ; for Barbarossa, veal cutlets ; and for Richard, pork.

Stage-feasts have generally been—paste-boards for solids, and toast-and-water for liquids ; but it is an established custom of the stage that on the performance of "No Song, No Supper," a real leg of mutton shall be provided. Mrs. Crawford told Charles Lamb that when a child she was playing some part in which she had to sup off a real roast fowl. She had been looking forward to it longingly ; but when the time came for the luscious feast the "comic man" threw such a quantity of salt over it that it was spoilt, and the poor little maid, in her mortification, burst out crying, much to the astonishment of the audience, who missed the point of the incident.

At the Royal table all dishes are marked with the name of the cook—a custom which certainly affords an opportunity of winning fame, if a particular cook possess superior skill to his fellows. The custom originated with George II., who on his way to his German dominions was deprived, through sea-sickness, of the services of his principal cook. It therefore fell to the lot of Weston, an assistant-cook, to prepare a particular soup of which his Majesty was very

fond'; and this he did so successfully that on the death of his superior, the king appointed him in his stead. This naturally caused heart-burnings among Weston's fellows, and when any dish was found fault with they ascribed its concoction to him. The king shrewdly suspected the cheat they were attempting, and ordered each cook in future to mark the dish he prepared with his name. This vindicated Weston, and established a very good custom.

In the beginning of the present century cooking had made but little advance. A writer of that period gives the *menu* of a grand dinner as follows:—"Mulligatawny and turtle soups were the first dishes placed before you; a little lower the eye met with the familiar salmon at one end of the table, and the turbot, surrounded by smelts, at the other. The first course was sure to be followed by a saddle of mutton or a piece of roast beef; and then you could take your oath that fowls, tongue, and ham would as assuredly succeed as darkness after day."

While these occupied the table abortive attempts at continental cooking under the name of side-dishes were added; but were always treated with "the neglect and contempt they merited." The one universal favourite seems to have been the boiled potato, and this, appearing at the very earliest period of the dinner, was eaten with everything up to the moment when sweets appeared.

"A prime difficulty," he goes on, "to overcome, was the placing on your fork, and finally in your mouth, some half-dozen different eatables which occupied your plate at the same time. For example, your plate would contain, say, a slice of turkey, a piece of stuffing, a sausage, pickles, a slice of tongue, cauliflower, and potatoes. According to habit and custom, a judicious and careful selection from this little bazaar of good things was to be made, with an endeavour to place a portion of each in your mouth at the same moment. In fact it appeared to me that we used to do all our compound cookery between our jaws."

Such little attention was paid to cookery at that time that at Stephens's, a fashionable hotel in Bond Street—where, if a stranger asked to dine there, he was stared at and solemnly assured there was not a vacant table—the choice of eatables rarely exceeded the usual joints, boiled fish, and fried soles.

About this time some members of White's and Brookes's dined with the Prince Regent, and Sir Thomas Stepney, in answer to an inquiry of the Regent's, having stated how monotonous were the changeless dinners at their clubs, the Prince called up his cook, Wattier, and, in the presence of the guests, asked him whether he

would take a house and organise a dinner club. Wattier assented, and chose the Prince's page, Madison, as his manager ; and Labourie, from the royal kitchen, as his cook. This club gave a great impetus to cookery, for Labourie's dinners were exquisite ; but it only flourished for a few years, owing to the high play that was carried on.

Continental cookery seems to have been our model all along, but we have as yet exhibited no desire to copy our neighbour's taste for frogs and snails, large quantities of which are to be seen in their markets.

As to what really constitute articles of food, it seems that everything possessed of life, in addition to so many inanimate things, must be included in the category ; it is all a matter of climate and associations as to what shall be chosen from the vast store. In South America the inhabitants eat everything, even serpents and lizards. Humboldt has there seen even children drag enormous centipedes out of their holes and crunch them up. Puppies are choice food on the Missouri and Mississippi, and at Emeraldi the tid-bit is a roasted monkey. The flesh of the larger animals is appreciated variously : in Arabia the horse, in India the elephant, and in Egypt the camel. The Chinese taste is for cats, dogs, rats, and serpents, while bears'-paws and birds'-nests are dainties. But the Pariahs of Hindostan have still stronger stomachs, for they contend with the dogs, vultures, and kites for putrid carrion. The nearest approach to this remarkable taste is afforded by the inhabitants of Cochin China, who prefer rotten eggs to fresh ones. At Terracina a guest will be asked whether he prefers a land or a water eel. In the West Indies a large caterpillar found on the palm-tree is esteemed a luxury, while the edible nests of Java swallows are so rich a dainty that the ingredients of a dish will cost as much as fifteen pounds.

A curious taste prevails in many parts of the world for clay. According to Humboldt it is eaten in all the countries of the torrid zone, but the practice is also observed in the north, as hundreds of cartloads of earth containing infusoria are said to be annually consumed by the country people in the most remote parts of Sweden, and in Finland a kind of earth is occasionally mixed with bread. This latter custom is more civilised than that observed by the women on the Magdalena river, who, while shaping earthen vessels on the potter's wheel, put large lumps of clay in their mouths. In the same place it is often necessary to confine the children to prevent them running out to eat earth immediately after a fall of rain. The Otomac tribe of earth-eating Indians knead the earth—a

true potter's clay—into balls of five or six inches in diameter, which they roast by a weak fire until the outside is hard. They remoisten them when they are required as food, and according to a monk who lived twelve years amongst them, one of them would eat from three-quarters of a pound to a pound and a quarter of this peculiar food in a day. This habit of earth-eating is also practised in Peru, Guinea, Jamaica, New Caledonia, Siam, Siberia, and Kamtschatka.

Cookery is almost unknown as an art amongst our poorer classes, but the fact is due to a great extent to the exceedingly high price of that staple article of food—meat.

Attention, however, has been called to the subject now in a manner that must result in some considerable improvement, both in the cheapening of meat and the proper cooking of it when obtained. The Rev. Freeman Wills, of Shoreditch, finding it useless to hope that butchers would of themselves lower the price of meat, set up as a butcher himself, with the avowed object of giving the best possible meat at the lowest possible price, it being understood that all expenses were to be covered. The plan answered so well that his shop was afterwards transformed into a limited company.

But when meat can be obtained at a price that will bring it within the "reach of all" something more will be required. The English housewife must learn how to make the most of the provisions at her command. A letter signed "F. T. B.," which was recently published in the *Daily News*, hits off the difference between the French and English housewives neatly: "The French housewife is content with small snacks of meat, not only because, as a rule, she cannot afford large ones, but because she knows how to make the most of them by the aid of the *pot au feu* and other simple culinary devices. The English artizan's wife will only have a joint to boil or roast one day in a week because she is ignorant of any other way of cooking meat, or because she will not take the trouble necessary to cook the same weight of meat in smaller quantities."

As an instance of how simple palatable dinner-helps are either neglected or unknown in England, may be mentioned the most common of our plants, the stinging nettle. It boils very soft and is a capital substitute for cabbage. As such it is largely used by the poorer people on the Continent and in Ireland; but in London, when cabbage is out of season we find its place occupied by unpalatable and worthless turnip-tops. It is a fact that where nettles are eaten turnip-tops are allowed to rot in the fields.

AUSTIN FRYERS.

SCIENCE NOTES.

MEDAL AND MUDDLE.

SOME very good and earnest lovers of science are denouncing the practice of awarding medals and other marks of distinction as rewards for scientific research ; their view being that the genuine investigator requires no such stimulant, and even if he should be in such a position that a medal would be of practical value in helping him forward, he is not the sort of man that is usually endowed with wire-pulling aptitudes, and successful self-assertion.

At the last annual meeting of the Chemical Society a case was mentioned by the President, in the course of his address, which supplies a striking illustration of these views. In 1864 and 1865 Mr. J. A. R. Newlands discovered, formulated, and published, "The Periodic Law of the Chemical Elements," which the President of the Chemical Society describes as "a most valuable generalisation, as the grandest step in theoretical chemistry within the last quarter of a century," and Mr. Newlands "was only ridiculed for his pains."

Four or five years after, two *official* scientists announced the same idea, and it was at once received as an original discovery. As the President adds, "the strangest thing in this curious history is the fact that in 1882 the Royal Society awarded Davy Medals to Professors Mendeléef and Lothair Meyer, wholly ignoring the prior claims of Mr. Newlands."

In 1884 Mr. Newlands mildly protested by reprinting his original papers, stating the date of each, and "at length, in November last, better late than never, he received from the Royal Society the well-earned award of the Davy medal."

Nobody supposes that the two Professors who received the first medals were guilty of plagiarism. It is generally admitted that they were as ignorant as the Royal Society itself of the existence of Mr. Newlands and of the true history of the "grandest step in theoretical chemistry."

Much may be said on both sides of the general question of the

desirability of such awards. They are childish unquestionably, but have we all outgrown the simplicity of childhood? Is it desirable that we should do so? The man who is so fully convinced of his own merits as to need no recognition of them by his fellow men, is not usually a very amiable specimen of his class.

The question of jobbery and corruption, or of ignorance or lack of judgment in making such awards, stands quite apart from that of the principle of whether or not they should be made at all.

Looking critically at the awards that have been made during the present generation, it is difficult to find a case in which the honour has not been fairly earned, but still, I think, they have not been as beneficially awarded as they might have been, nor in the manner generally desired by their founders. Most of them were intended as a stimulant, encouragement, and help to scientific workers. Such a medal would be all these to a poor, or young, or obscure worker, but is none of them to a man whose reputation is established, whose scientific eminence is already attained, and who is already quite sufficiently official. How admirable and useful would have been the work of the Davy Trustees had they shown their fitness by being first in the field to recognise and reward the merit of Newlands, and then doing him and his work substantial service by immediate recognition and reward, instead of waiting for twenty-three years before discovering his merit; waiting until the medal had become comparatively worthless to him!

It may be difficult to thus bring hidden merit to light, but it is the duty of such trustees to do so, and they should strive to do their duty.

ELECTRIC-LIGHT STROKE.

THE *British Medical Journal* describes a peculiar modification of what is called sun-stroke, which has been produced by the electric light. The facts have a special interest as confirming a view of the true nature of sun-stroke which has been largely adopted of late, viz., that it is not the heat of the sun, but the light, that does the mischief.

At the Creusot Steel Works an electric furnace has been in use for some time, the arc in which the metal is melted giving out a light of 100,000 candles. It has to be used with great caution, as full exposure to it at a distance of ten or twelve yards produces "acute pain, in every respect resembling that of sun-stroke," although the heat is but nominal. After an intermittent exposure of one or two

hours the effect is "a painful sensation in the throat, face, and temples, whilst the skin assumes a copper red hue." In spite of the protection of dark glasses, "the retina becomes so affected that for many minutes afterwards those engaged in the work are unable to see objects at all in daylight, and for more than an hour afterwards all objects assume a yellow colour. In the pupil of the eye an irritation is caused which lasts for forty-eight hours afterwards, and is followed by a very painful sensation as if some foreign substance were introduced under the eyelids. The discharge of tears is also very copious for twenty-four hours. Simultaneously headache and sleeplessness are experienced, which are caused partly by the copious discharge of tears and partly by pain and feverish state of the body. Finally, during the next few days the skin of the face begins to peel off."

My last month's note, on "The Action of Intense Light on the Human Skin," was written and printed before I met with the extract from the *Medical Journal* quoted above.

The two independent descriptions of the effect of exposure to intense light are curiously alike. Such resemblance of symptoms, in spite of wide difference of all the other circumstances excepting the intensity of the light, strongly confirms the conclusion that the light is exclusively the agent in producing them.

I may here suggest that the workmen and others engaged upon the Creusot electric furnace should try the nose- and face-blackening, described in that note, as a remedy, and also as an interesting physiological experiment.

PARADOXICAL DEAFNESS.

THE *Columbus Journal* records a case of deafness that caused much surprise where it occurred. An engine-driver on the little Miami railroad was suspended, after examination by Dr. Clark, who pronounced him to be quite deaf. The engineer contended that he could hear everything while running his engine, but the doctor found that in a quiet room he could not hear ordinary speech at a foot distance.

After eight months' suspension, and treatment for deafness which made no change, he again applied to Dr. Clark, requesting him to test his hearing while on a moving engine. This was done, and the doctor found that the deaf man could, amidst the rattle of the running engine, hear low-spoken words and whispers that were inaudible to Dr. Clark himself. The experiment was frequently

repeated, always with the same result, and the engineer was reinstated.

More than twenty years ago I met with a similar case. An old friend, a well-known townsman of Warwick, now deceased, was painfully deaf in a quiet house, but could hear ordinary conversation with perfect ease in a cab or railway carriage, provided the jolting was considerable. On several occasions when travelling with him I had opportunities of proving this, and have subsequently met with two other examples of such paradox. They are, however, exceptional.

TEA AND COFFEE.

WE all know by experience that there is some difference between the stimulating action of tea and coffee. Those accustomed to one of these and not to the other, usually find that their customary beverage has less effect than the other. Tea taken late in the evening will prevent some from sleeping who can take coffee with impunity; with others the difference is reversed.

The chemistry of this has hitherto remained a mystery. The stimulative action of tea and coffee is usually attributed to the alkaloid which is common to both, and which bears the name of *theine* or *caffein*.

At the meeting of the Berlin Physiological Society held in June last, Professor Kossel announced the discovery of a new constituent in tea, to which he has given the name of *theophyllin*.

The physiological action of this is still under investigation, and if it proves to be a stimulant, as supposed, and does not exist in coffee, the cases of people who can drink strong coffee with little nervous disturbance, but are excited by tea, are explained. They have become tolerant of the theine which exists in both tea and coffee (as opium-eaters become tolerant of morphia in moderate quantities, arsenic-eaters of arsenic, smokers of nicotine, &c.), but not of the theophyllin, which operates upon them with a fresh energy comparable to the nicotine of the schoolboy's first cigar.

In my last month's Science Notes, page 206, is a typographical error which sadly perverts my meaning; instead of "soporific," read "sudorific."

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS,

TABLE TALK.

REVISITING THE GLIMPSES OF THE MOON.

NOT often in the employment of fiction in the promulgation of religious views are writers so bold as Messrs. David Christie Murray and Henry Herman in their joint work, "One Traveller Returns."¹ The bourne from which their heroine revisits earth is that from which, according to Hamlet, "*no* traveller returns," and the mission is that which the best authority has told us is vain. 'Si Moysen et prophetas non audiunt, neque si quis ex mortuis resurrexerit, credent.'" In thus opposing the highest authority, divine and human, Messrs. Murray and Herman have been no less successful than bold. They have brought back to life a Christian queen of Britain, murdered by the king her husband, his paramour, and her father the Arch-druid. Her influence leads the land to Christianity; those who believed not Moses and the prophets believe her, risen from the dead; and a powerful, highly coloured, and imaginative book ends when the solitary *revenant*—the French term is here better than the English equivalent—prepares for a second martyrdom in the Roman arena, and encourages her former murderers, now her companions, to sustain pangs they have inflicted and must now undergo. A fine theme is finely treated. Well is it for a country when its literature serves purposes thus high, instead of expending itself on the analysis of the detestable and the apotheosis of the obscene.

WHAT IS A TRAGEDY?

IN the "Academy" Mr. Hall Caine has replied to the observations I made in a previous month's Table Talk upon the subject of what constitutes a tragedy. He does not accept my statements, and I am diametrically opposed to those he makes. Under these conditions there is no course except to "agree to differ," and to maintain each his own opinion. I dissent entirely from the view now expressed by Mr. Hall Caine, that the old dramatists used the word

¹ Chatto & Windus.

tragedy "in a very simple and ingenuous sense," and that the term tragical was "used quite without thought of loftiness or elevation." On the contrary, in the very instances quoted by him—"The Tragedy of Nero," "The Revenger's Tragedy," "The Atheist's Tragedy," and "The Tragedy of the Duchess of Malfy"—the idea of elevation is strongly and intentionally conveyed. So long as the study of the classical languages forms the basis of educational training, Mr. Hall Caine will not be able to shake the view of tragedy derived from classic sources, nor to place within the charmed circle of tragedy the short stories of Tourgenieff, the "Bride of Lammermoor," and "Fromont jeune et Risler aîné," all of which, with his own play of "Ben-my-Chree," he would classify under that head. It is not elevation of style, but elevation of subject, that I speak of. Tragedy is confined to the "great houses," and it will have gone hard with classical studies before any other theory wins acceptance. I have expressed, and still feel, so much admiration for Mr. Hall Caine's work, that if giving it the title of a tragedy would augment its reputation or add to its honours, it would be a pain to refuse it the name. It may, however, be content to be classed, apart from the great tragic drama, with the works of Scott and of Daudet, which its author has named, and with others of a kindred description.

USE OF THE WORD IN FRANCE.

MEANTIME, to show how the word is interpreted in one country at least, I will turn to France. I have before me a list, complete so far as such is obtainable, of the performances given at the Comédie Française by the various companies united by Louis XIV. into that body, and in subsequent years by the troupe of the Odéon. The list extends from 1200 to 1862. Some uncertainty prevails as to the use of the word *comédie*, none as to that of *tragédie*. Comedy was in early days employed in the sense in which it was used by Dante, "La Divina Commedia." We have thus the Comedy of the Birth of Christ, that of the Adoration of the Kings, of the Innocents, and so forth. The terms mystery, morality, and farce are of constant occurrence. At last, in 1552, we have "Cléopâtre Captive," *tragédie* by Jodelle. This is followed by Dido, Medea, Agamemnon, and so forth. In the thousands of plays characterized in the list, I can find one work only described as a tragedy, the subject of which is not taken from the Bible, the Lives of Saints, or classical sources, or not connected with the misfortunes of persons of quasi-princely position. We find, among the subjects of tragedy,

Paul, Holofernes, Vashti and Haman, and so forth, Bounyn's tragedy of "La Sultane" (1560). In this case, however, the heroine is obviously of quasi-regal rank, and the play, indeed, treats of a conspiracy to take the life of Mustapha, the son of the great Solyman. After the triumph of the Romantic drama the term tragedy fell into disfavour. When, however, it is last used in the long list, the subject is the same. "Medée," a tragedy of Hippolyte Lucas, was given at the Odéon on the 20th of June, 1855. The one work I have traced which scarcely seems to conform to the current idea of tragedy, is a piece by Jean Bretog, produced in 1561, and entitled, "Tragédie à huit personnages traictant de l'Amour d'un serviteur envers sa maistresse." On turning to the piece we find it a misnamed morality, in which the author introduces as characters Venus and Jealousy, and in which other characters have only such names as le Mari, le Prevôt, le Valet.

WHAT IS A MELODRAMA?

IN his concluding words Mr. Hall Caine ventures on a definition—always a dangerous thing. He defines a melodrama, and in so doing repeats what—without offence—I call his arch-heresy. "A melodrama," says he, "is so called because it does not bring its hero to his death (which is enough to make it no tragedy), and yet brings him very near to it (which is enough to make it no comedy)." This will not do at all. As a definition it is a sieve through which the best known melodramas, such as, to quote one instance alone, "The Bells," would fall. This definition might suit a tragi-comedy, as, employing a term derived through the French, our old dramatists were fond of calling their pieces when the lives of the hero and heroine were spared. Melodrama, also derived through the French, simply signifies, as its name denotes, that music which is unsuited to the dignity of tragic action is permitted during its course. When the heroine comes on to die, or to undergo suffering which requires loosened hair and a white dress, she comes on to slow music. Music of a different complexion accompanies, and, in fact, illustrates separate parts of the play. Melodrama thus differs alike from tragedy, tragi-comedy, comedy, and farce, by the action being accompanied by music, and it departs from opera in that the words are all spoken and the music is no more than an accompaniment to action and speech. This is not intended as a definition, but it shows at least what is and what is not melodrama.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER 1888.

MRS. BERESFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS MOLLY,"

CHAPTER III.

The battle is not always to the brave,
Nor life's sublimest wisdom to the wise ;
True courage often is in frightened eyes.

IN the days that followed, such peace fell upon Graeme Beresford that there seemed nothing left to fear or dread. The calm, uneventful life, after the passionate storms that had torn and racked her soul for the last ten years, of itself lent her a certain negative happiness : the quiet routine of the house, where everything happened at its appointed hour, without a question or a careful thought, and always about and around her the knowledge of that tender love, which of late her life had so sadly lacked ; Mrs. Stapleton's fresh, honest love, and Jack Lyle's ever-present affection, which seemed always placing itself a bar between her and the rough world.

Looking back, it was difficult to recall much in common, so seldom had the boy found his way home ; and yet that mutual home was a link so strong that every interest and thought of her present life seemed to spring from it. For the moment it seemed as if all her interests were narrowed down to this one roof that sheltered her ; living in this sunshine, it was difficult to realise how dark was the shadow that lay just beyond it.

It was with a reflection of youth that had not found expression for many a year that she sat with Mrs. Stapleton talking over the prospective dinner at Edgbaston, smiling in response to Cissy's suggestions as to the chances of the evening proving a comedy to the

lookers-on, "unless, you know, Graeme, it turns into a tragedy. But I am not afraid of that," she continued, "and it is to you I owe the fact that it has been averted. Now, if only you go on as you have begun, I have no doubt he will marry Dora Curzon, which would be the best and happiest fate that could befall him."

"Would it be?" Graeme found herself thinking as she went up to dress. Marriage meant so much that sometimes it seemed as if the one future were almost as undesirable as the other. Still with the same thought hovering in her mind, she went into the library an hour later, to find him of whom she had been thinking standing alone there.

At the sound of the opening door he turned his head, looking at her a moment in a slow, approving fashion. In answer to the look she smiled.

"Are you thinking I should forsake black," she questioned, trying to speak lightly, "because it kills me?"

"No," but he spoke doubtfully; and, "You never wear flowers?" he questioned, noting the sombreness of her attire.

"I got out of the habit in the tropics, I suppose; they faded too quickly."

"But you will wear these to-night," he said, touching some delicate heliotrope and maidenhair fern on the table beside him. "They are not tropical," as she hesitated. "Besides, they are from Hurst; that alone ought to be a recommendation. I went over for them this afternoon."

She took them from him in silence, but as she arranged them in the lace of her dress a sudden mist hid them from her sight. Standing beside her, in a moment he became aware of the half-turn of the head, which would have hidden from his watching eyes the gathering dimness, if a falling tear had not betrayed her.

"Graeme," he said, speaking quickly, stirred to speech of which the full import escaped him, "what is the matter? I did not mean to trouble you; I hoped you would like them."

"It is nothing, nothing," she answered, as she had done once before. "You are very good to me."

There was a break in her voice, a sudden clasping of her hands, as if she were in pain; but before he could speak the door was opened, and Mrs. Stapleton, radiant in yellow satin and diamonds, profuse in apologies for being so late, was with them, and a few minutes later they had all driven away, and further words, if such were needed, had become impossible.

So much had Graeme Beresford been living in the immediate

present, to the exclusion of other things, that it was something of a shock to her when, on entering the Edgbaston drawing-room, she saw Madame d'Ivoy.

There was no question about her looks under such circumstances, Mrs. Beresford was well aware, though there was unwonted disapproval in her recognition of the fact.

In the shaded light of the room there was nothing artificial in the soft bloom on her cheeks, in the distinct arch of the eyebrows. The rubies in her black hair and about her throat were a vivid setting, from which the dark, restless eyes looked forth, causing one to think less for the moment of the more coarsely moulded chin and mouth.

It was towards her Graeme found herself most often looking, and during the long dinner she was in a position to watch her easily, as she sat on the opposite side of the table by Jack Lyle's side.

It seemed to her afterwards that every look and word had been seen and heard, and yet at the same time she was conscious of a semi-wonder as to what they were talking about.

Back in the drawing-room it was better: the dinner had been very long and dull; here at least she could wander about, and choose her own companion. Madame d'Ivoy exchanged a few words with her—but she was a woman who made little secret of taking no interest in other women—then, scarcely waiting for the answer to her unimportant question, she had moved away, and was turning over the music that lay on the piano.

"You have not been into the conservatory, Mrs. Beresford; would you care to see it?" Miss Curzon's soft, girlish voice was a relief; Graeme turned to her with pleasure.

"I should indeed," she said. "I ought to remember it, but I hear it has had so much done to it lately that I am not likely to recognise it."

It was a beautiful conservatory, opening out of the drawing-room, and it was delightful to enter into its dim, scented lengths. The Chinese lanterns overhead, swaying lightly, cast softly moving shadows over the flowers beneath; it was so peaceful, so quiet, only a small fountain splashing into a marble basin breaking the silence, that after a few admiring words Graeme added nothing more, but was content, sitting by the fountain, to listen to the girl's fresh talk. She liked her now, seen no longer under the former disadvantageous circumstances; she admired her, admired in her more especially the scarcely conscious longing to pass through the gate which would

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She did not hear the answer. There were one or two faint musical vibrations, her presence, and in a minute she was standing under the archway that opened in the entrance to the flowery space beyond.

She did not dance to the other side, but she was aware that the man made a half-step towards her, and then fell back and stammered about her, by the companion's side, and that a moment later Madame d'Ivoy, seated at the piano, was singing a brilliant French song, whilst Jack Lyle stood by, turning over the leaves for her.

But Madame could not listen; through it all a passionate undertone was making itself heard, telling her that, if she had doubted before, she was quite of one accord with Mrs. Stapleton, that Madame d'Ivoy would be no suitable wife for him—not even if he loved her.

"I understand now why Cissy did not like it. Quite, quite," and yet she did not explain to herself what it was she disapproved. "If he loved her—yes, if so, what was there to disapprove?"

The song did not last long; for that she was almost sorry, for it seemed but a short space of time before Madame d'Ivoy was back, seated so close to her that the low-toned conversation she was carrying on with a tall stranger was distinctly audible through all the various conversations going on around. Mr. Lyle had not followed her, he was still standing by the piano, talking to Miss Curzon about her music.

"Will you dine with me on Thursday?" she heard the clear voice

Then the man's pleased acceptance, and Madame d'Ivoy's next words.

"We shall only be a small party : Miss Gray and myself the only ladies."

"Miss Gray," in answer to the man's slight interrogative look ; "she is my companion. No, she is not here to-night, though she generally goes everywhere with me. You smile, Captain Seymour, at the idea of my requiring a companion. The fact is, you have lived too much in India ; you are thinking of *grass* widows."

The word, uttered clearly, and Captain Seymour's following laugh were heard distinctly by more than one person present. To Graeme it seemed as if she were within the circle of fascination of a snake that she was powerless to avoid. It was impossible to escape the words that she knew were coming ; she knew she must listen to them.

"No," the speaker did not turn her head, but that was unnecessary. "However absurd it may be, we must attend to *les convenances*. Grass widows, as of course you know, hold an unofficial position, so it does not matter what they do."

To most of those present the words were those of a woman who had gained a reputation for saying sharp things. Captain Seymour laughed—the others smiled. To Graeme they were a stab, under the pain of which she could not cry out—an insult it was impossible to notice. Almost unconsciously she raised her eyes, full of passionate pain, to where Jack Lyle still stood by the piano, for the moment turning towards the first person whose sympathy she could count on, amidst these many uncomprehending strangers. And, almost as if she had cried aloud for help, he answered the appeal.

With a few steps he stood beside her, and standing thus, still talking to Miss Curzon, he rested his hand on the back of her chair. She was conscious of it, conscious of the thought that had prompted the action—that she should realise she was not alone, that whatever the new feelings might be, the old held a sufficiently tender place in his memory, to make him wish to spare her what he could. Gradually, under the protective sense of his presence, she grew calmer, the red flush in her cheeks faded, the beating of her heart grew quieter, though even when Mrs. Stapleton told her the carriage was waiting, he, standing above her, could note the still passionate pulsations that stirred the laces in which his flowers were fading.

But after Mrs. Stapleton had spoken, leaning down, he said, "We must not keep the horses waiting, you know." And at the quiet words she rose and said good-bye to her hostess.

She was aware as she did so that Madame d'Ivoy had risen and

was also making her adieux; but nothing was very clear. Had it not been for Mr. Lyle's tall form by her side, it seemed as if she could not have found her way towards Mrs. Stapleton's retreating figure.

"Good-night, Mrs. Beresford."

She turned her head at Madame d'Ivoy's words, but it was not to them she was attending, but to those of Mr. Lyle spoken in reply—"I have been thinking over your kind invitation to dine on Thursday, Madame. It is, I am sorry to say, impossible."

There was no change in Madame d'Ivoy's face as she turned her dark, smiling eyes to young Mr. Drummond, who was standing beside her.

"Then the invitation is now given to you, Mr. Drummond. You know how limited my table is in size, which obliges me to draw a line at six. You will come, even on such short notice, I am sure, because, with only six, one leaves a blank. As to you, Mr. Lyle, I am sorry—but, after all, I suppose we shall soon meet in London." She looked at him, but as she spoke she took Graeme's hand in hers, was conscious of the momentary tremor at her words, was probably assured of all she wished to know, and turned away.

The clear autumn night—a splendid harvest moon shining in a cloudless sky—was reviving. Standing outside on the steps, it was to Graeme Beresford as if she were slowly regaining consciousness, as if memory stopped short at those words which had hurt so cruelly, and that since then she had only been dimly aware of a kind presence that had striven to shield and shelter her. But now, coming from those warm, scented rooms, into this refreshing night air, indistinctness was vanishing and reality returning. And the one strongest instinct that remained was gratitude. Almost unknowingly she turned to where Jack Lyle stood beside her, waiting for her to follow Mrs. Stapleton to the carriage, and, endeavouring to find some expression in words, only clasped his hand in hers.

"Thank you," she faltered. It was all she could think of, and, because of the tears that were so near, her voice shook.

But he heard, or perhaps understood, for he drew her a little nearer to him, and when she furtively lifted her hand to her eyes to brush away the mist that was making it difficult to see her way, he touched with a kind caress the hand that rested on his arm. At the movement one quick sob escaped her.

"Graeme!" He bent his head, his voice shook a little. What was he about to say? Perhaps he himself hardly knew, but there was time for nothing more.

The carriage was reached ; Mr. Stapleton, standing by the door, was waiting for Mrs. Beresford.

But after Graeme had seated herself by Mrs. Stapleton's side, there was a moment's pause, and then, "No, thanks," in Mr. Lyle's voice, "I am going to walk." And in answer to Mrs. Stapleton's exclamations, "No, thanks," he repeated; "the night is too tempting—but it is useless asking you to try and imagine the united charms of a cigar and moonlight."

"Yes, quite impossible." She smiled, and then added, "Pleasant thoughts." But as they drove away, "I withdraw that observation," she said to her husband, "if it means he is thinking of that horrid woman."

"That is probably the reason," Mr. Stapleton replied, "that he decided it would be easier to think *not* in your presence."

Mrs. Stapleton turned for sympathy to Graeme, but it was evident she had not heard. She was leaning back in her corner, her face in shadow so dark that it hid the sad droop of the mouth, the passionate light that still shone in her grey eyes. To kind Mrs. Stapleton her companion was stealing a little surreptitious rest, and she also relapsed into silence.

It was late the following afternoon before Graeme appeared. When she awoke, after a troubled, restless sleep, she had felt such nervous unwillingness to see Mr. Lyle, with the remembrance of the previous night in her mind, that she had taken refuge in the unaccustomed excuse of being overtired, and had remained in her own room ; and when at last she made her appearance he had gone out.

"He asked for you," Mrs. Stapleton informed her. "He was very anxious to see you, but, as I consider rest far better for you, I told him you would be invisible for hours."

Graeme smiled. "I dare say it was nothing very important : it will probably keep."

"This is his last night here," Mrs. Stapleton added, "at least, so he says. Edward has been exasperating me by telling me that it is because Madame d'Ivoy is going to London, but I do not think so. Nothing would make me believe now that she has the slightest influence over him."

"Why *now*? What has made you change your opinion?"

"Because I know him better, I suppose. I don't believe, unless it was simply to annoy me, that he would do it. Why, he could never look you in the face again ! No, Graeme, I watched him

several times last night, and I am pretty nearly sure that she did not shine when seen near Miss Curzon." And, as Graeme softly laughed,

"Shine!" repeated Mrs. Stapleton, "that is a wrong word, of course. She shone, like Solomon in all his glory. I know I wished I was dressed in sackcloth and ashes!"

"It would have been a contrast, Cissy; but you looked much better as you were."

"Did I look as if I rouged, and darkened my eyebrows? Probably I did," raising her hand to the rich, soft colour on her cheeks. "I am sure there are moments when I would give anything to be as white—as white as you are, and when she sailed into the room was one of them!"

It was impossible not to laugh. The very unconsciousness of her remarks roused all Graeme's sense of humour.

But, whatever Cissy Stapleton said or did, it was from her heart. If she was prejudiced in her dislikes, no one could be warmer in her friendships.

"We have got back to where we started from," was her next remark, "and that is, that this is Mr. Lyle's last night here. I promised that we would walk up with him to Hurst after dinner, unless you are still tired. He wanted me to go this afternoon, but after he had described his moonlight walk I was fired to try one, and so he suggested this."

"It will be delightful," Graeme assented.

"And short," emphasized Mrs. Stapleton. "A walk that takes only ten minutes in accomplishing even I can contemplate with equanimity. And if you took hours, you could not see much more of the moonlight."

Tea over, Mrs. Beresford slipped back once more to her own room; she did not know why, but she felt happier alone, out of the region of Mrs. Stapleton's cheerful talk, which for the moment was unwelcome. She drew a chair up to the window, and sat watching the shadows creep stealthily across the lawn as the sun slowly set.

Of late she had so often felt rebellious and passionate, unwilling to acknowledge—what to herself she was obliged to own—that she had been wrong, that this return was a sadly significant seal to the acknowledgment. Even last night she had been stirred to the very depths by a cruel word flung at her by a stranger—a word not worth the passion it had evoked.

But to-night it was all different. Storm and passion were alike hushed, over her soul brooded a peace as calm and satisfying as

that which rested over the world towards which her eyes were turned.

"There is a moment," she found herself thinking, "when I suppose even the most passionate nature wears itself out and rest follows."

She was so occupied with her thoughts that she was late for dinner, and the others were already seated at the table when she made her late entrance and, with a hasty apology, took her vacant seat.

"We gave you no law, Mrs. Beresford," Mr. Stapleton observed; "but that was Cissy's doing."

"It is much kinder," that lady observed, "than all waiting, counting the moments until you come."

"It is indeed," Graeme assented; then she lifted her eyes to meet those of Jack Lyle. "It is late to say good-morning," she said, "but this is our first meeting."

"Yes," he answered, and he added nothing; but he did not turn his eyes away.

She was conscious he was watching her with something of the slow, careful observance of a stranger. But if she wondered for a moment, it did not disturb her for long; the peace that had held her in its quiet, soothing influence all day was yet strong about her; under it even her troubled life that lay beyond its charmed circle was forgotten.

The dinner was bright and pleasant; they had so much in common, these four people, that even occasional silences were not to be feared as symbols of dulness. And the talk, when it did come, was fresh and intimate.

Cissy's frank laugh and honest enjoyment of life were a great help. No one ever felt dull whom she cared to enliven, and Graeme Beresford was one of these, and, for the moment, so was Jack Lyle.

It was Mrs. Beresford who suggested immediately dinner was over that the moon was ready, and so was she.

"We are all prepared to be converted, Mr. Lyle, and to agree with you that it is a waste of opportunity to stay indoors on a fine night; but I am glad to think we shall be back so soon—that Hurst is such a short distance off. When you live there——"

"That is not likely to come to pass," he said quietly, but the laughing denial on Mrs. Stapleton's lips remained unuttered when she saw no answering smile on his.

"You are coming, Graeme?" he questioned, as if in surprise, when she appeared amongst them, a tall, slender, black-robed figure, her

hair shrouded under a lace mantilla. "I feared you were too tired. But not like that," he added, with a significant glance towards Mrs. Stapleton's furs; "it is much colder than it looks."

"I dare say." She spoke as if her mind were not with her words, but she submitted to his wrapping her in a fur cloak that hung in the hall.

"I should have thought," he said, "all your foreign experience would have taught you to be more careful." He was standing in front of her wrapping the cloak about her. She lifted her eyes and said slowly, "I think, on the contrary, it has only taught me that it does not matter."

Whatever meaning there was to be deduced from her words it was impossible to realise. In her slow, even, unaccented tones there might be none; in the words themselves there might be so much. But it was impossible to question, even had there been opportunity. Mrs. Stapleton was by his side informing him that she was ready, and he turned away with her.

Up the narrow moonlit lane, which in the cloudless autumn sunshine he had trodden so often of late; but in this new environment it was all so different.

To Graeme Beresford it had the brilliant beauty of something that was unreal, and had in nowise to do with the petty aims and cares of life, or its intense and bitter sorrows.

Magic—a realm where you entered in, and found that brooding peace that had hovered about her all day. She was very silent, there seemed little to say; and Edward Stapleton, sauntering along by her side, was very willing to enjoy his cigar in peace.

The narrow lane ended in the dark drive, the tall hollies on each side casting a clear, distinct shadow on to the moonlit path they trod.

In far distant lands she had seen other moonlight nights, had watched the weird magic touch the world, casting across it its shadows, black and distinct; she had seen a fairer sight yet—the moon rising softly over smooth tropic seas, silvering each crested wave; but she had never felt her feet so nearly set within the magic kingdom as she did to-night.

"It is home," she thought. "Wander as we may, there is no place that touches us so nearly, and holds so truly the secret of happiness, as the place where we have been happy."

Amid the shadowy walks of the old garden the same thought followed her; Mr. Stapleton's occasional observations she responded to as in a dream.

"Edward," Mrs. Stapleton's voice interrupted her dreams, "I want you to walk with me down to the lodge. Mr. Lyle is going to point out the objects of interest to Graeme." She nodded and smiled, and, almost before Graeme had realised her change of companion, she was standing alone in the dark narrow path, Jack Lyle by her side.

"Graeme," he scarcely waited till Mrs. Stapleton had turned away, "I have wanted to see you all day, to ask you—to say to you——"

"What?"

He stopped. What was he about to say? That he was hurt at the words that had hurt her, to add to her pain by enforcing upon her the fact that he had heard them?

"No, no," she said, quickly lifting her hand with a warning gesture, as if to stop him. And she succeeded.

"You are right," he spoke more quietly; "it is useless speaking of what I cannot help."

Without another word they turned their steps out of this dark sombre path to where the moonlit turf led to the fountain, and a few minutes later they stood beside it. The heavy yew hedge on one side cast shadows across the path on which they stood, whilst high into the air the water rose, sparkling in the weird light like a spray of diamonds. Graeme, watching it, thought of the day when she had stood in the schoolroom and had noted it rising and falling in the clear autumn sunlight, the while she had passionately resented the tragedy of her life.

Now no passion tore her soul, there was soft music in the rhythmic rise and fall of the water.

There was a rustic seat in the thick shadow of the yew hedge, and she sat down, still watching, her hands clasped tightly in her lap.

"You are going to-morrow, Cissy tells me," she said at length, roused to consciousness of the quiet figure standing beside her, and of the long silence that had followed her last words.

"Yes."

He rested his hand on the arm of the seat on which she was. Something in the movement brought back a faint shadow of the previous night's pain, a strong reminder of his kindness then, and she lifted her eyes to his, eyes soft and tender in the dim light.

"Let me speak once," he said. "You would, if you realised what it is to leave you like this, to know that you are at the mercy of any cruel tongue that chooses to speak, that I can do nothing, absolutely

nothing, but go away and leave you to fight the world as best you can."

Her eyes no longer met his, they had turned back to the rising and falling water. Stunned and bewildered, she was trying as she watched to guess what it might mean. Though, after all, did she doubt?—was any guessing necessary? But she made no answer; said nothing even when she felt his hand push back the lace from her head and lightly touch her hair. Her breath came a little quicker, her hands no longer lay idly on her lap. With something of despair in the movement, she rested her arms on the wooden bar of the seat and hid her face in them.

"Graeme," he said, "you understand me. Yes, you must; though, perhaps, after all, you do not. I did not understand myself till last night. And there is no use in it all, is there? The slightest word, the slightest act on my part, and it is all ten times worse for you. All I can do for you is to go away. Is it not?"

Silence, whilst the water splashed, and the man's low words were the only sounds that broke the stillness. His hand still rested on her hair; she did not move from her forlorn attitude. When at last she spoke, her voice was so low that he bent his head to hear it.

"Are you going away?"

"Is it not the only thing left me to do?"

After the man's quick, passionate answer, there was again silence, whilst God only knows what battle was fought in the still autumn night.

To Graeme Beresford the passion that stirred her troubled soul was all directed against the cruel fate that had lured her of late into this semblance of peace, that under its influence she should have come so near to the magic circle, that her feet had almost strayed within it; that whilst she unknowingly had accepted the peace as the faint prophecy of the warfare accomplished, it was in truth but a new phase of the terrible battle which all her life she had been fighting. Only last night she had taken comfort to herself in the thought that there was one who would shelter her as far as he could from the world's cruelty, and lo! she was awaking to find that she had built vainly, that the airy fabric she had dreamed of was reared in the magic lands to which she had once fondly hoped she had found the key, and that the false peace that had lulled her all day was the result of the opiate under whose influence she had found her way hither.

But its effect was now wearing off, the numbed sensation was passing; soon now she would be aware of the pain that was already dimly making itself felt.

With an effort she sat upright, lifting her eyes to his with that same mute appeal for help that had touched and brought him to her side the night before.

"Jack," she said, unsteadily; "oh! Jack, help me!"

"Yes." His voice was quiet now, and he took her slender, cold hand in his strong one. "You may trust me; you know it, I think; but there seems only the one way—to go away."

The tears had gathered in her eyes at the despairing words, and they fell now on to her black gown.

"Oh, Graeme, dear Graeme!" and, as he spoke, kneeling on the turf by her side, he took her hands in his; "do not cry: it takes away all my courage. Listen to me this once: it can do no good, but let me say it once—I love you! Do you know what that means? That it gives me the strength to do whatever is best for you, that it gives me the courage to go away."

She had lifted the veil now, and had learnt the secret of the soft peace that had hallowed everything about her. But with beating heart and misty eyes she faltered a moment ere dropping the curtain and turning away; an unsheathed sword lay across the threshold forbidding her entrance therein, and she was not one who would have dared to brave such stern forbidding.

"Let *me* go away," was what she said at length. "I am used to exile; what will a few years more matter? and you—you will settle down here; you meant to come home."

"You do not think I shall say Yes. You know me too well for that. Why, the only ray of comfort is that I am leaving you near those who will care for you."

"Listen, Graeme," he went on, after a moment; "if I am to blame, have you any idea what it is to suffer as I do—to know that you want some one to care for you and fight your battles, and that I am powerless to lift a finger? I have been a fool, of course. I wasted the spring, and have, therefore, only myself to thank that the autumn brings no harvest. I might once have stood between you and your ignorance, but I did not. It has all been one miserable failure, and it is now too late to alter it."

"Poor Jack!" she said softly. "No, you are wrong: we cannot spoil each other's lives, we can only spoil our own."

When she had spoken she leaned forward, resting her soft cheek against his coat-sleeve, laying her hand on it the while, with a little caressing touch.

But the action roused her, perhaps the look in the passionate dark eyes that met her own.

"The matter is settled, and I am going to the
 house to see the children and tell them the news. I shall
 see you when I come back."

"But what is the matter, Jack? What is it?" "When you
 asked me to go to the house to see the children, I thought it was the
 first time you had asked me to go there. I shall go there for you
 and see the children. I shall tell them the news. Tell me,
 what is the matter?"

"What is the matter?" she cried, sitting on her hands. "Oh! Jack, be
 good to me and tell me. I have been told that it is true; but
 you are always so kind to me. You look—your look—
 your eyes—they are looking at me!"

"What a word he used! His look of her turning away, waiting
 with folded arms by the little rippling fountain, and he was aware that
 she was once more standing by his side."

"Jack!"

At her voice he looked at her; she did not lift her bent head,
 but he felt her hand touch his, and he took it in his strong, kind
 clasp.

"Jack, do not be angry; I do not wish to hurt you. You are
 quite right, of course—you must go away—this is good-bye—anyhow
 that would be sad to say." She hesitated a moment. "If you ever
 think of coming back here, you will let me know, will you not?"

"Yes."

"Good-bye," she said softly. "I am glad, as it has to be said,
 that I can say it here"—her voice dropped a little, but he heard the
 last words, nevertheless—"where I have been happy. It is not to
 you only I am saying good-bye," she added: "it is to many other
 things that I did not know were mine, till I find I have to give
 them up."

He did not speak, words were difficult; but he stooped and kissed
 her hair where his hand had rested.

Her hand was still in his as they walked away, back to the
 broader moonlit path, past the quiet old-fashioned house, towards
 the garden, through which Mr. and Mrs. Stapleton had just passed.

Mrs. Stapleton, exchanging laughing words with her husband,
 turned her head as they appeared to congratulate Mr. Lyle on his
 happy suggestion; and as the other pair made no attempt to
 overtake them, she moved on.

Slowly down the dark avenue the other two followed them, in
 silence so complete that there seemed no possibility of breaking it.
 To Graeme, no words would come; she scarcely desired any: the

quiet, protective presence was so calming in itself. Her hand was resting on his arm ; she was so close that he was aware of the quickened breathing, now and again of the passionate sigh that told of the subsiding storm that had so lately shaken her.

But all the comfort he could offer was the tender touch of the hand that now and again caressed the one that rested on his arm.

"If ever you need me," he said, suddenly stooping, "if I could be of the slightest help or comfort, you will not think of the world, will you?—You will send for me?"

"I will not think of the world," she answered gently, "but of you."

"If you speak like that"—he stood still and looked at her—"I shall not go. Why, what do you suppose it will do to me?"

"It might prevent you forgetting," she sighed.

"Do you wish me to forget? Leave me that, at least."

"It is for your own sake. Cannot you see that exile is terrible, heart-breaking?" with a sudden sob. "I would give anything to spare you that."

"It is not that that need trouble you. I think last night, when your eyes appealed to me for help, and I recognised that I was powerless to help you ; and later, when I fought it out during the night, and found out what it all meant—then, I think, I learnt all there was to suffer."

"You will go," she repeated, "and one day you will forget."

"You say so, but you do not think it," he said passionately, "neither do you wish it."

She made no answer, but shrunk away a little from him as if frightened, and when he spoke again the passion had died away, and it was almost in silence they passed the remainder of the way that lay between the two houses.

To Graeme the magic of the moonlight was gone ; it seemed now that her only wish was to find herself once more beyond the reach of this strong, overpowering influence that was depriving her of all power of resistance. It seemed sometimes that it was merely a question of the time this walk lasted, as to whether she should speak aloud all the pain that was rending her soul.

But it was over now. They had reached the house, through whose still-open door Cissy Stapleton and her husband had vanished ; for a moment they were alone under the quiet skies, the moon sailing along overhead. Almost involuntarily she paused at the foot of the steps. She must say something—but what? Claspings her hands, she strove to steady voice and brain, difficult as it was.

"Jack—let me tell you that we all here she could not part like this."

"What is it? What do you want to say?"

He had almost finished his last sentence some strange word.

"You are afraid to say anything but that about her; and as she knows the truth—you are something: you must not say out any more. I am not going to let you."

She took a step away from him then in silence almost as if she had not heard his last "something" but having done so, she turned and looked into his eyes where he stood beneath her, and again he felt that as if a necessity.

"You have something you want to say," he said. "What is it? What can there be that you are afraid to say to me?"

"No, no!" she spoke decidedly, but immediately, with all a woman's hesitancy, she stopped a little, clasping her two hands about her arms, and with sudden despairing passion in her voice, "Jack—you will not marry her!" she cried.

In the moonlight even, as he stood looking up at her, he was able to see the quick flame of colour her words had brought into her thin cheeks, could note the passionate pulsations that stirred her heart.

He bent his head and kissed the hand on his sleeve, and then, lifting his dark eyes to hers, "You know I shall not," he said. "You know more than that—you know that yesterday we met for the last time."

She made no comment on his words, only gave one quick sigh, that might have been relief, then turned away and vanished into the dark hall.

There she did not pause. She did not follow where Mrs. Stapleton's cheerful tones sounded in the drawing-room, but made her way up the wide oak staircase to her room, the room where she had spent so much of this day. Inside it was dark, but the window was still wide open.

She walked over to it and looked at the lights and shades, as she had so often done in these late evenings; then with slow, weary steps crossed the room to where, on a table, was a candle, which she lighted.

Having done so, she noted a slender glass beside it, in which was some fading heliotrope—fading, but still sweet. There were other flowers in the room, but these were just as she had put them in water the previous night.

She hesitated a moment, and then taking them from the glass, crossed the room once more, and knelt down by the open casement.

Kneeling thus, she lifted the flowers to her lips, kissing their fading beauty with something of despairing tenderness, and then, stretching out her hand, flung them into the darkness below.

Long, long afterwards she was still kneeling by the open window, looking now to the cold brilliance overhead, which seemed a type of all she had once hoped and dreamed, now to the sad earth below, which had received her flowers into its mysterious darkness.

A PROTRACTED WEDDING.

I DO not think anything but a wedding of magnificent proportions, and the festivity attending thereon, will ever take anybody to Telos, an insignificant island off the coast of Asia Minor, unapproached by steamer, rarely visited even by sailing boats, and comprising only two small villages, one of which is known as "the town" and the other as "the other place," no more elaborate nomenclature being thought necessary.

These villages offer absolutely no attractions, and are, as my friend in Rhodes told me, who excited my curiosity by accounts of the weddings, full of lepers; "there is not a clean house on the island," he added, wishing to dissuade me from my desire to go. But we went, my wife and I, and our servant Matthew, and with us we carried our beds, our frying pan, and numerous little comforts, determined to brave the dangers of leprosy and starvation, with the sole object of seeing two foolish young Telotes joined together in holy matrimony.

On the eve of a fine February day we reached Telos in a small sailing craft, thankful enough to have escaped the treacheries of a winter's sail in these dangerous waters, and, as we approached, some few inhabitants came down to stare at us, prior to beating a hasty retreat, and for some time after we landed we could not induce them to approach. "They take you for pirates," said our sailors, and, to assure them that our intentions were anything but hostile, we despatched Matthew to open negotiations. Very soon we were surrounded by a gathering crowd to whom it conveyed nothing when

I that England was our name place; their only tangible and idea was Constantinople, and England they supposed some neighbouring village.

The first appearances of life on Telos were all women, with enough on their heads and were a red-headed crop; foreign clothes were seen on old men and so forth a few of the men and women were seen in the distance of the island, but the rest of the island was a desert.

of their poor ears was distorted in a truly revolting manner. They had on dark-brown coats of coarse home-spun material, which came below the knee, and they were girt with a red girdle; beneath this coat peeped their white shirt, rich at the edge with many-coloured embroidery; as for their feet, they were bare just now, and their long yellow leather shoes, with pointed ends, were cast on one side, for the women down here were washerwomen, engaged in treading flannel clothes and other things on boards; for the Teliote women wash in this fashion with their feet, like Nausicaa and her maidens, who "bore the clothes to the black water, and briskly trod them down in the trenches in busy rivalry."

We were soon excellent friends, and, as the shades of evening were coming on, the quaint females offered to carry our luggage for us up to "the town"; they led the way with an agile bounding step, making nothing of the weights they carried, and when we reached "the town" after half an hour's walk we were almost breathless. Not all the inhabitants of Telos were so wanting in education as our first acquaintances. Mr. Kammas, to whom we had a letter from Rhodes, knew all about England, and what an important place it was; but still neither he, nor the Superior of the convent, nor the schoolmaster, appeared to be conversant with the topics of the day. The Russo-Turkish war was our chief theme of conversation, and was treated as if it was quite the latest piece of news on record. During the winter months there is no communication with the outer world, and only on great occasions, when Mr. Kammas goes to Rhodes to sell a cargo of grain, and buy with the proceeds European wonders with which to dazzle the Teliote eyes, does news penetrate thus far.

Late in the evening the Superior conducted us to his convent, which was to be our home during our stay on Telos, and after making minute and satisfactory inquiries with regard to leprosy and its relation to monks, we retired to the cell which was set apart for us. This was a fair-sized airy room, for the windows had no glass in them, only shutters: nevertheless, when these were shut, our abode was haunted by several smells, for each of which we subsequently discovered a sufficient reason. Smell number one arose from the fact that the Superior was by trade a maker of those long yellow shoes we had seen the women wear, and the cell adjoining ours was the depôt for his indifferently cured hides. Smell number two arose from the fact that the Superior kept and fattened snails for his own table in a cupboard beneath the settee which ran along one side of the cell. Many of these dainties lay dead at the bottom of their prison, and the survivors did not look at all inviting. Numerous

which were not to be forgotten if the "rites" in the temple were to be of any use in the resurrection.

During a "dark night" we were told the great fact that the temple was not to be used in the morning if there was any rain or snow, but as we had no other choice we went on in the morning as planned. A great messenger at once to know whether a certain feast was to be held in the temple this year or not, and every one of the messengers we required in great numbers for the purpose of the feast in Telos would be at the feast.

It was during the feast that we learned that the parents of Vana had decided that their children should remain in the temple this year, and that the crowning ceremony would be on the following Friday fortnight, and, although we disliked the long ceremony among the lepers of Telos, we decided to remain and see it all to the bitter end.

Never shall I forget our first walk through "the town" under the guidance of our host. I tried to sketch some of the women as they sat spinning on their roofs, but they either flew into a passion, threatening dire revenge, or ran hurriedly away. No bribe whatsoever would induce any of them to stand for a photograph; they believed that we intended to work magic on them, and that, if their image appeared on paper, they would pine away and die.

We entered with trepidation some of the dark houses, which crept like the steps of a giant's ladder up the mountain side. Some of the inmates were crouching on the floor, taking their midday meal, which they eat, like swine, out of a large round trough called a *skaphos*, which is placed in the midst; on a festival day the meal consists of rice, onions, and oil, all boiled together, poured into this trough, and eaten with a wooden spoon; on ordinary days they eat nothing but bread and olives. This trough, too, serves for other purposes; on the seventh day after birth they choose the child's name saint after this fashion: the trough is put in the middle of the room, and the infant, according to its sex, is placed naked on a bundle of its father's or mother's clothes in the trough; around it burn seven candles of equal length, each dedicated to a saint; in solemn silence the family sit around, singing and praying, until one candle goes out and determines the patron saint and name of the infant.

The invalids of Telos soon found us out, and came to us with all manner of strange sores and diseases to be healed. No doctor lives on this remote island, they have no drugs and they live and die as the birds of the air. Our limited pharmacopoeia which chiefly consisted

of pills, quinine, and vaseline, was taxed to the utmost ; this latter remedy was the only one we had to offer to the "decayed men," as they call the lepers, who lurk in the dark corners of the houses, dreading to show their faces to strangers, for the Bishop of Rhodes is in treaty with the Government for the removal of these smitten creatures to the proper hospitals, and the ties of home and friendship are strong, and banishment to the island rock, where lepers are sent, is for them banishment for ever.

It was on a Monday, nearly a fortnight before the appointed day for "the crowning," that the festivities for the wedding of Peter and Catharine began. The several families and friends of the bride and bridegroom, dressed in their best, came to the house of Catharine's parents. The bride elect was a somewhat wild defiant-looking young person, with her bright red cap and long yellow shoes : around her neck she wore rings of glass beads, and no less than fourteen bangles were suspended from her poor ears, through the holes in the lobes of which one could easily have passed a sixpence. She would have made an excellent model for a gipsy queen with her raven locks wandering over her rich mahogany-coloured cheeks tanned with exposure to the sun ; her eyes were jet-black, her eyebrows deeply pencilled, her nose aquiline, and her teeth snow-white. On several occasions I tried to draw her, but she always darted away, until one day she fell into a great rage with me and I was warned to desist. When we left Telos, Catharine the bride carried some of our luggage to the boat, and when we pushed off from the shore I took out my book and pretended to draw, whereat she and the other women shook their fists at me and darted behind a rock.

Peter, the bridegroom, was just a clodhopping yokel unaccustomed to fine clothes, so he sat very erect in his embroidered waistcoat with red back and sleeves, looking anything but the happy man who was about to wed an heiress. Here, in Telos, the laws of succession are curious : a first-born daughter inherits all her mother's property, clothes, and jewellery—even the stone slab in the woman's quarter in church, on which her maternal ancestors have stood and knelt for generations. The eldest son inherits his father's property, whereas younger daughters and younger sons inherit nothing, the result being that Teliote society is flooded with old maids, and younger sons go away to seek their fortunes elsewhere. Love matches and romance are unknown, and marriages are settled by the parents before the young people know anything about it. No wonder Peter had a scared look on his face, for he was being driven into matrimony much as we should send a boy to school ; and, further-

more, he was to receive with Catharine a goodly dower of lands, and this is a serious consideration to a Teliote, for in Telos everybody tills his own lands, and consequently the richest man is the greatest slave ; so the position of a man about to wed an heiress appears under quite a different aspect in this primitive society.

Presently Papa Nicolaos walked in to give his blessing on the auspicious occasion, which we might designate a sort of public betrothal ; but the Teliotes call it "the lesser flour," from the fact that a small portion of flour is ground in a handmill, blessed by the priest, and distributed to the guests ; it is called the "lesser," to distinguish it from "the greater flour," a wedding ceremony which took place on the following Wednesday. With the lesser flour the festivities are thoroughly inaugurated ; henceforth the bride's house presented a scene of perpetual bustle, for here were gathered together all her female relatives day by day, to assist in the preparation of the trousseau, which in Telos is not very elaborate.

It must be understood that the bride always provides the house, and it is the first care of a Teliote parent to obtain a house for his marriageable daughter, to which she may bring home her man, on which occasion they throw stones into it with lichen attached expressing a wish, as they do so, that the man may cleave to his new home like the lichen to the stone. Catharine's house consisted of one large windowless room, as yet unfurnished, except for the raised platform at one end, where the beds would be spread, approached from the mud floor by two steep steps ; beneath this was the cupboard where Catharine would keep her stores ; all round the room were shelves on which would be placed the crockery, and from the ceiling hung a sort of net on a round stick, in which would be kept the bread. From another nail hung the branch of a tree, on which the wedding macaroni would be hung, and on the mud floor sat the women, stitching and sewing, and singing snatches of songs as they worked.

Papa Nicolaos was a constant visitor in our monastic cell, and he had many interesting things to tell us, which illustrated the superstitions and ignorance of our Teliote friends ; amongst other things, he told us anecdotes about the devil and his influence over certain classes of diseases ; epilepsy, nightmare, anything wrong with the stomach, are all attributed to the direct influence of his Satanic majesty.

I questioned him much on this subject, and to my utter confusion, at the conclusion of our conversation—for I did not think that my thirst for knowledge would be thus interpreted—he solemnly stated :

"If you are afraid you have a devil, burn incense at your door, light a candle to St. Basil, and all will go well."

Our wedding festivities were renewed on Wednesday, when many guests wended their way to Catharine's house, bearing baskets of grain. In Telos wedding presents are exceedingly practical, and partake chiefly of the nature of food to be consumed at the wedding festivities ; and towards evening on this day, when all the baskets of grain had been gathered together, the young men of the village distributed it to be ground in the hand-mills, and for the space of two hours nothing was to be heard in the town save the monotonous grinding of the two stones and the equally monotonous songs of the women engaged in this occupation. It was nearly dark when Peter, the bridegroom elect, was informed that all the flour was ground ; whereupon certain young men of his acquaintance, with flutes, bagpipes, and lyres, escorted him from house to house to collect this flour in large sacks. At each house they tarried for a little time, the instruments played, and the young men and maidens danced a curious little dance, in which one man and one maid alone take part, at the same time singing little love songs as they move to and fro.

From house to house they wandered, singing and dancing all the evening, and when the flour was collected they took it to Catharine's house, where a table was spread, at which the women who had ground the grain and the young men who had accompanied the bridegroom were entertained. After this meal, and when all were merry with wine, the dancing began again, and continued well into the night ; it was very interesting and pretty to watch the interlaced Cretan dance, the quiet, stately, singing dances, and the brilliant acrobatic feats of the leader of the circular dance. Thus ended the great prenuptial ceremony of "the greater flour." Now the flour was all ready for the making of the macaroni and the bread, and Peter's shyness was beginning to wear off, and he accepted his position of hero of the occasion with a certain amount of grace, for which, at our first acquaintance, we had not given him credit.

We will hurry over the events of a few days passed by us in our cell as best we could in endeavouring, for the most part in vain, to contend with our surrounding discomforts ; we visited the cottages, wandered over the hills, made an expedition to "the other place," and killed time as those only can do whose interests are diversified.

The Sunday before "the crowning" is the day on which the wedding festivities begin in real earnest. On the morning of that day, after the early service in the church, all Catharine's female friends assembled at her house to assist in making the macaroni for the succeeding

feasts ; each woman brought with her her gifts—baskets of almonds, figs, and other produce of their gardens—and very hard they worked all that day, kneeling round the low wooden table, on which the long strings of macaroni are rolled and then put out in the sun to dry. As the shades of evening draw on another festive gathering of men and maidens assembles ; they collect the macaroni, bring it into the house with music and with song, and then hang it up on the tree branch from the ceiling to which we have already alluded.

Then again a table is spread, groaning with the presents of food and jugs of wine, and after all are satisfied and sufficiently hilarious they fall to dancing again. The capacity of a modern Greek for dancing is perfectly extraordinary ; at weddings, at Eastertide, at pilgrimages, they will dance for whole days and nights with only sufficient interludes for the consumption of food and wine ; it is the height of a young Greek's bliss to wave round perpetually in the enchanting circle like the Nereid goddesses which, they still tell you, haunt their glens, and whose passions for dancing can never be satiated.

Monday and Tuesday were again busy days of preparation—sewing, singing, and talking—but on the Wednesday before “the crowning” the festivities commenced in uninterrupted succession. On the morning of this day Peter, the bridegroom, sent out his young male friends to the mountains to collect firewood for cooking the wedding meals, and towards evening, accompanied by all the youth and gaiety of Telos, he set forth to meet them on their return at a certain point, where they tarried to play, sing, and let off guns. It was a curious and pretty sight to see this cavalcade return home—the young men with their huge bundles of brushwood on their backs, others playing bagpipes and lyres, others singing, all excessively hilarious, and Peter heading the procession, gun in hand, which he constantly let off to indicate the exuberance of his feelings ; and again the evening was closed with a feast and a dance.

The Thursday preceding the wedding is always devoted to catching fish for the wedding feast, if the sea be calm and the weather propitious. The day was everything that could be desired, and, as soon as the first rays of the sun appeared over the hills which encircle “the town,” Peter was astir, collecting his friends, and despatching them with their nets down to the shore. During the course of the day we went down ourselves to watch them ; the method of fishing in vogue in Telos is called the *grypos*, and consists of throwing a very long net with corks attached out of a boat in a semicircle, at each end of which were long ropes, which the men pulled to draw in

their spoil. It was a very picturesque sight indeed to see these simple-minded islanders at their work, cheering one another on with many a quaint saying and snatch of song ; their legs were bare ; their blue baggy trowsers were tucked up behind, and on each head was a weather-stained cap, which had once been red. As the day drew to a close Peter came down to see how his companions had fared, bringing with him the musicians and guns to fire off ; and the procession homewards was again formed, baskets full of fish and dripping nets being this time the trophies. These were all deposited on the threshing-floor adjoining Catharine's house, and as soon as a portion of the fish had been fried they fell to their evening meal with hearty goodwill, and again the evening was passed in revelry and dancing.

Friday, too, had its special ceremony, and this time the young men were despatched by Peter to the shepherds on the mountain sides to purchase lambs and kids for the wedding feast, and in the afternoon he went forth again with the same retinue to meet them on their return. The victims were all slaughtered on the bride's threshing-floor, and were skinned according to a process of their own, namely, by blowing under the skin with a tube. Many of the mountain shepherds had come down to join in the fun—wild, unkempt-looking men, who appeared to enjoy the evening meal immensely, and added to the riotous character of the ensuing dance by their wild laughter and curious antics.

Saturday was a very busy day indeed, for on the afternoon of this day Peter was to move ; that is to say, all his clothes and personal effects were carried with music and much pomp from his father's house to that of his bride. They sang quaint little distichs as they carried the things, and Peter himself, whose voice was none of the sweetest, on leaving his father's roof, had to sing what I was told every Teliote bridegroom sings on a like occasion—some verses alluding in a poetical fashion to the bark which was about to set sail on the matrimonial ocean, and which began in this fashion: "Rig the bulwarks, cast in ballast, this evening we must see that the ship is secure."

On reaching the bride's house they deposited all the bundles on the floor, and dancing began ; but this night it was only for a limited time, for at nine o'clock the music was peremptorily stopped, and the more solemn duties of the evening began. The fathers and mothers of the happy pair then proceeded to publicly announce what previously had only been arranged in private—the portions which they were prepared to bestow on their children. In this primitive society it is astonishing to see what sacrifices parents will make occasionally to secure

what they think is a good match for their children. An old mother will give up everything to a daughter, and she will live as a menial in her daughter's house for the pleasure of speaking of her son-in-law the captain, or the schoolmaster. Old age is in no way respected, and at a certain time of life it would seem that they think that the declining generation ought to give place to others who are robust and in their prime.

The parents of Peter and Catharine no doubt did their duty on this point, but, not being intimately acquainted with their circumstances, I could not gauge the extent of their sacrifice. As soon as the business of the settlements was over, the clothes of the bride and bridegroom were spread out on the floor to receive the blessing of the priest. We admired the richly embroidered dresses which the mother was handing over to the sole and separate use of Catharine ; the bright red Phrygian cap, decked with gold, for the coming wedding ; the coarse silver jewellery, the weighty earrings, and the yellow shoes. All the guests assembled stood devoutly in a row as the priest pronounced his benediction, and after the clothes were properly blessed Papa Nicolaos turned round and blessed us all, in return for which attention everyone produced a coin and put it on a plate which was handed round. Papa Nicolaos himself handed round the dish, with honey and sesame seeds on it, after he had muttered a prayer over it, and, in the absence of spoons, each guest helped himself to some of this with his fingers ; and, as he ate it, addressed the young couple with these words, "May your union be as sweet as honey, and as fruitful as the seeds of sesame."

The most curious ceremony of all came next, namely, the hanging up the clothes (*κρεμμαστρά* as they call it). First of all, above the nuptial couch, the priest hung up with his own hands over a pole a piece of rich embroidery which is known as the *sperveri*, which, I imagine, corresponds to the *aski* or canopy which is hung over a Turkish bride ; but I have no clue to the origin of the custom. Every family has a *sperveri* in its possession. Some of them are old and tattered, but they are regarded with especial veneration.

From a pole suspended over the entrance into the house the young men next proceeded to suspend the clothes of both bride and bridegroom ; and as each article was hung up eight young girls, four arm-in-arm at each side of the door, sang distichs as follows : First came an embroidered robe of Catharine's, and the maidens sang : "The bride, the lovely bride, is like a well-freighted vessel, laden with golden apparel." Then came a pair of blue baggy trousers appertaining to Peter, and they sang : "To-day the hand-

some Pallicari has gained the queen, to-day they have read the firman from the city.”¹ And so on until all the clothes were hanging from the pole, and each garment had been greeted by a song. These are not the clothes for the wedding, it must be understood, but the wardrobe which will last the young couple for their lives and be handed down to their children ; and here they will be left to hang for forty days, after the expiration of which time the priest comes to bless them again, and they are taken down and put into the chests.

For some time after this the young men and maidens continued their singing and their work, adorning the walls of the cottage with pieces of rich embroidery ; and, having hung up the family pitchers to nails on the wall, and having arranged the family plates along the shelf, they then contemplated their work with satisfaction, as, indeed, they might, for they had converted the miserable hovel into a handsomely decorated drawing-room, such as no æsthetic lady of our refined age would have despised ; and when it was all over every one retired for the night—all, indeed, except poor Peter, who was left to pass the last night of his bachelor life in solitude in his new home. The door was locked upon him by his best man, who carried off the key, and Catharine, the bride, was conducted to the house of her future mother-in-law, there to sleep her last maiden sleep.

Peter was released at an early hour by his best man, and came forth shy and diffident, though radiant in his new clothes ; the bridesmaids were busy decking Catharine in her bridal attire ; the crowns were made amidst singing, drinking, and general mirth ; “ the town ” was a lively scene of bustle and excitement, and towards mid-day the ceremony of “ crowning ” took place in the church according to the usual rites of the Greek Church, which do not require to be described here, and Peter and Catharine came forth man and wife, to be embraced by an excited crowd in the courtyard of the church, and to have cotton seeds, almonds, and grain showered on their heads.

They were forthwith conducted to the bride’s house, and, as the newly-married pair crossed the threshold, Peter threw in a rose and bruised it with his heel, symbolising thereby love and concord, and days to be passed as sweetly as the scent of the rose. His mother-in-law was there to meet him, holding in her hand the share of a plough, in which she had put some burning charcoal ashes ; this she waved before the newly-married couple after the fashion of incense, and I was afterwards told that this ceremony is called the incensing

¹ A relic of some old custom of getting a permit from Constantinople.

of the share (*τὸ θυμιάμα τοῦ ἑννίου*): by this she is supposed to augur for them both strength, like the iron of the share, and success in agriculture.

Peter and Catharine entered their home, and were placed on a settee, to be stared at by their friends: she sat upright and defiant, as if quite accustomed to be married every day; he lolled awkwardly by her side, and played with his red-silk sash in a nervous fashion. Trays of sweets and rakki were handed round, bits of Turkish delight and honey cake, and, after the priestly blessing, the wedding party repaired to the bride's threshing-floor, where they danced until the shades of evening and the pangs of hunger obliged them to retire for the bridal banquet, at which a marvellous amount of fish and lamb was consumed.

Thus they cook their lambs in Telos: the flesh is cut into square lumps, and these are thrown into a huge cauldron which simmers for hours over a slow charcoal fire outside the door, casting its fragrance around to hungry nostrils. Each guest had a plateful of this savoury stew, besides much fish, much macaroni, and very much wine, so that when they returned again to the threshing-floor to resume the dance many steps were unsteady and many voices husky. They did not remain long here, for the rain came on and put out the torches which illumined the scene, but they repaired to the bride's house, there to continue the orgy, whilst we, sickened by the stifling smell, preferred to bid adieu to the revellers and return to our monastic cell; and long after we were in our beds we heard the uproarious shouts of drunken men as they returned home from the nuptial feast.

Monday morning betimes Peter came forth from his new home in answer to the summons of his friends, who, having slept off their potations of the previous night, were anxious to plunge again into further dissipations. After partaking of a light repast of bread and olives the young men proceeded round "the town" and issued invitations to what is called "the false wedding." "To-day is my wedding-day," jocularly says the best man; "let us celebrate it with more dancing and more drinking," and the entertainment and food provided for that day is generally paid for by the best man. In short, it was an exact repetition of the previous day's festivities—more dancing, more singing, more drinking. Though these Greek islanders on similar occasions eat, drink, and make merry to excess, they are by no means drunkards; as a rule, they drink nothing but water, and eat nothing but bread and olives; but at Easter time, pilgrimages, and weddings it is almost part of their creed to get drunk.

On Tuesday the same festivities occurred, but this time they took place on the threshing-floor and at the expense of a near relation.

On the Wednesday we had planned to depart, but the winds were unfavourable. So we had to be present at what they called "the cooks' day," on which all who have cooked, or otherwise exerted themselves in making the wedding festivities pass off well, are regaled. That evening we took a last farewell of our Teliote friends, who warmly pressed us to stay for other festivities—"the return wedding" on the following Sunday, the ceremony of taking down the clothes and hangings from the walls of the bride's house on the fortieth day. Nay, even they pressed us with their unbounded hospitality to stay till the anniversary of the wedding, when we should see the priest with his own hands take down the *sperveri* from over the nuptial couch, and Catharine would promise to take charge of it until the marriage of her eldest daughter. But we had had enough of such ceremonies, and felt that we could very well imagine the rest; so next morning we set sail from Telos and left behind us the lepers and the smells.

J. THEODORE BENT.

THE ORIGINAL MUNCHAUSEN.

IN 1785 appeared "Baron Munchausen's Narrative of his Marvellous Travels and Campaigns in Russia." This book was published in London, and was written by one R. E. Raspe, born in 1737, who had been professor and librarian and custodian of the medals, coins, and engraved gems at Cassel. His antecedents were not good. He had bolted from Cassel with the coins and gems, and had sold them in London. Not daring to return to his native land he remained in England, picking up a precarious living from literature. Ten years after his arrival he produced the book which will rank with Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver, as one of the three books of imaginary travels secure of immortality.

Raspe was no original genius like Defoe and Swift: he borrowed from Lucian's "Veritable History," a satirical work written to ridicule the fables told by classic poets and historians; from household German folk-tales; and from the "Deliciæ Academicæ" of Lange, published at Heilbronn in 1665.

The sources from which Raspe drew might be pointed out, but this is not our intention. Raspe took his material from any accessible quarter, and the merit of the book, such as it is, consists in its arrangement. That it was intended as a sneer at poor Bruce, the African traveller to the sources of the Nile, helped to give it popularity.

Our object in this paper is to point out the original from whom Raspe took the name.

The Münchhausens are a family of importance and widely spread. Tradition says that it was near extinction, the only representative being a monk, to whom accordingly the Pope gave a dispensation to marry, and that thenceforth the name was changed from Hausen to Münch-hausen. But this is quite unfounded. The original seat of the family was in Thuringia; in the thirteenth century it separated into two branches, the so-called white and black branches, from the tinctures of their arms. It owned large estates in Thuringia and in Hanover, in the latter as many as thirteen manors. Gerlach Adolf, Baron Münch-

hausen, who died in 1770, was prime minister in Hanover from 1765 to his death ; he was married to a daughter of the great house of Schulenburg. His father had been master of the horse and chamberlain to the Great Elector in Prussia.¹

At the time that Raspe lived there was a Baron Carl Friedrich Jerome Münchhausen living on his estate at Bodenwerder, in Hanover, and as he had in his youth been in the Russian service as a cavalry officer, it has been supposed that Raspe thought of him and took his name. But there is no evidence that this baron was more given to exaggeration than other old soldiers and huntsmen. Moreover, it is questionable whether Raspe ever met, or even heard of, this baron.

There was, however, another man who called himself by the title, and who obtained a widespread notoriety. He lived before Raspe's date, but his story was such that it was not speedily forgotten. He was well known as a typical boaster, and we cannot doubt that this man, whose extravagant pretensions and tragic fate made him to be long talked about, was the real original who furnished Raspe with the name and title of his hero.

The history of this man is sufficiently curious to be given.

In the spring of the year 1702, there appeared in Halberstadt a handsome, well-dressed stranger, with distinguished manners, who called himself Baron Carl Friedrich Münchhausen. He came there, he said, to claim some estates that belonged to his family, but which had been leased, and the leases were about to expire. He gave out that he belonged to that branch of the family which was settled in Courland, near Golding. His father, Lieutenant-Colonel Münchhausen, was dead, and the supervision of the family property had devolved on himself. He had travelled much, and had met with surprising adventures.

Through his lawyer he made the acquaintance of a middle-aged spinster named Anne Margaret Heintz, daughter and heiress of a councillor lately deceased. As she was well dowered her hand was sought by several impecunious gentlemen, but when the Baron appeared as a suitor, he was preferred, and a few weeks of acquaintance led to marriage.

Both parties were content : the lady, because her husband had given her a title ; the gentleman, because he was at the time embarrassed for money, and his bride was ready to let him sell one or two of her houses in Halberstadt to provide the funds he needed.

¹ Another son, a brother of Gerlach, was Baron Philip Adolphus Münchhausen, Hanoverian prime minister in London 1641 ; d. 1663. Horace Walpole mentions him.

The Baron treated her with kindness and courtesy, and dazzled her vain mind with the pictures he drew of the wealth that would eventually come to him, and of the distinguished acquaintances that he had made, and friends that he had retained. He had property, he informed her, at Bremen, in Hamburg, at Verden, in the duchy of Mecklenburg, and in Jeverland, as well as the leased estates near Halberstadt, and his patrimony in Courland. Besides all this, he was engaged in a lawsuit with the Count of Schauenburg for the sum of nearly £4,000.

The Baron and Baroness lived as though they were already in receipt of the revenues of estates which were all, curiously enough, in dispute, and could only be recovered by actions at law ; and to pay for this extravagance, more of the Baroness's property had to be sold.

In order to expedite legal proceedings the Baron now proposed to visit the north of Germany with his wife ; she saw no objection, and they went together to Hamburg, where the Baron assumed the blue ribbon of the Garter, which had been conferred on him by Queen Anne, for his distinguished services in delicate diplomatic transactions with the Imperial and other courts. At the same time he donned a diamond cross of some unspecified order of knighthood which had been conferred on him by the Emperor.

Having engaged a lawyer at Hamburg the Baron went with his wife to Verden, and then to Bremen, where he also engaged advocates to enforce his claims. The lawyer at Verden was so impressed by the manners and prospects of his client, that he entreated him to take his son, a boy of thirteen, with him as his page. The Baron graciously consented.

In May 1703, the travellers arrived at Jever, where the Drost, or high sheriff, was a Münchhausen. In the neighbourhood was property belonging to the Courland Münchhausens, and on this the Baron attempted to raise mortgages. The tenants received him with respect, not doubting for an instant that the stately noble with ribbon and star was their lord ; the notaries doubted quite as little. Only the money-lenders desired delay and inspection of the title-deeds.

As in duty bound, directly on their arrival, the Baron and Baroness called on their relatives the Drost Münchhausen and his wife, and claimed a kinship, which could be proved by pedigree, and which established a certain cousinship. It does not seem that the sheriff doubted that his visitor was what he pretended, and received him accordingly. Entertainments were given, and the Baron and

Baroness were introduced to the best society of the neighbourhood. The cousinship, it was true, was distant, for the Courland Münchhausens were a branch somewhat remote, but a stout, well-endowed branch, not to be disregarded. The Baron talked a great deal about his travels. He had been to the Holy Land, had been in Greece, in Dalmatia, had met with extraordinary adventures among savages, had explored Egypt to Nubia—it was hard to say where he had not been. He was asked if he had learned among the savage tribes of Africa any lessons in the Black Art. He frankly admitted that he had, and offered to perform some experiments, but the company were frightened, and declined. One day the Baron informed Madame von Münchhausen that his first wife had been a daughter of Major-General von Werder, and that his wife had died in childbirth. Then he told a romantic story of a second engagement to a young lady in Ratisbon. His rival had been Count Trauttmansdorf, and they had fought a duel for the hand of the lady, in which he had shot the count dead. Thereupon he, the Baron, had been arrested and had been sentenced to death. The scaffold had been raised, he was led forth to execution, when suddenly fire broke out in the town, creating such a diversion, that he leaped from the scaffold and escaped. The young lady died of excitement, and left him a handsome income.

Madame von Münchhausen was puzzled, as it happened that she knew the von Werders, and next day when the Baron called, she told him that his story perplexed her, as Major-General von Werder had but one daughter, who was married to a gentleman named Haseler, in Saxony. The Baron turned crimson, stuttered, and finally admitted that his story had been rodomontade, that he had never been married before he took his present wife.

One would have supposed that this would have opened the eyes of the neighbourhood to the character of the man, and provoked inquiries. But it did not. People laughed and said he was a boaster, and that perhaps his travels were as fictitious as his matrimonial adventures, but it did not occur to them that he was not the Baron Münchhausen he gave himself out to be.

Another thing was suspicious. As it chanced, there lived in Jever a furrier named Ohr, who was a Courlander, and actually a native of Golding, where was the seat of the branch of the Münchhausens of which the Baron was head. Moreover, Ohr had often worked in the house of the late Baron at Golding. It was, however, five-and-twenty years since he had left the place. The Baron visited this man, talked to him, and asked him to write out a certificate that he was the Baron

Swedish army and had been created baron by the King of Sweden for his distinguished services. Then he had served in the Gyldenstern regiment in Holstein—that was the broad outline of his story.

His papers were now examined, and among them were found letters addressed to "Fabian von Sternburg, Baron Scharrenschild, lord of Neundorf and Hausminden." Was he a Baron Scharrenschild and not a Münchhausen? That was the question now agitated.

The examining magistrate asked the Baron about his Order of the Garter and the cross he had received from the Emperor. He admitted that he had not been given the Order of the Garter by the Queen of England, and that his star or cross had not been received from the King of Sweden. After a little pressing he allowed that he got it from a lady whose father had been a knight of either a Swedish or an imperial order, he was not certain which.

He was further questioned relative to the letter addressed to him as Imperial Marshal from the authorities at Saxe Coburg. He allowed that he never had been a marshal, and that the letter was written by his near relative, the Baroness Sternburg, as a hoax for his wife. On being further pressed, he reluctantly admitted that he was himself, in reality, the Baron Sternburg, and that he had assumed the name of Münchhausen. As for his travels, he had never been in Palestine or Greece or Egypt, or been among the savages of the Mountains of the Moon, near the sources of the Nile.

For a long time the magistrates of Jever were in doubt as to who the man really was. Of his guilt they had little doubt. He was embarrassed for money, and he had made his wife draw out a will constituting him her sole heir in the event of her death.

Whilst the Jever magistrates were still in perplexity, on August 17, there appeared before them a woman named Katherine Hercels, who claimed to be the legitimate wife of the prisoner. She was the widow of a Captain Robbig, in Brunswick, who had been left money by her father a goldsmith, and by her husband. Baron Münchhausen had courted her, and flattered by having a nobleman for a suitor, she had married him in 1699. In 1701 she became mother of a son by him, and he took advantage of her confinement not only to make away with most of her capital, but also to disappear himself.

It further transpired that this poor woman was not his legitimate wife, for the Baron, under the name of Scharrenschild, had been already married to another. But of this the Court only

knew by rumour. It now resolved to apply to the magistrates of Golding. But already the Baron had made an attempt to forestall them, and poison the springs of information. He wrote a letter to his "Heart's dearest mother," Madame Münchhausen, at Golding, to request her to send him her formal attestation that he was her son; that he had been created a baron by the king of Sweden; that his name was Carl Friedrich Münchhausen; and that his brother-in-law was Fabian of Sternburg, Baron Scharrenschild. He informed her that he had accidentally shot a lady, and that it was necessary, to secure his discharge, that she should send the desired attestations.

The answer came, but quite other from what he desired, and with it came information from the magistrates of Golding. The Baron had some years ago appeared at Golding under the name of Fabian Sternburg, Baron Scharrenschild, and had boasted of his estates in the neighbourhood of Ratisbon. He said he had already been married to a Hungarian Countess Altesse, who was dead, leaving him a little daughter, whom he brought with him. Struck by his manner, and relying on his assurances, the Münchhausens had allowed him to enter their house, propose to and marry one of the daughters. After the marriage the Baron sponged on his mother-in-law, got into debt, and finally deserted his wife. His letters to this deserted wife, full of unctuous piety and affection were produced—written by him at the very time he was marrying other women for their little properties. He had written to his stepmother, to endeavour to wring out of her a false attestation that he was her son and not her stepson.

In February 1704, the Baron was put to the torture to extract a confession, but though he confessed, he would not admit that the murder was premeditated. He had quarrelled with his wife about a pet dog, which slept on the mat at the door, and disturbed him when asleep. He had intended to shoot the dog and had accidentally killed his wife. On examination this explanation was proved to be false. His wife had not had such a dog. Then he confessed that he had shot her in a fit of drunkenness; but the servants gave evidence that the Baron was not drunk on the night in question.

Sentence was pronounced against him that he should be broken on the wheel, but the Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst commuted the sentence to execution with the sword. Then he made another attempt to save himself. He wrote to the Duke of Anhalt that he had discovered a gold mine on his estates, that was rich in promise, and that he would reveal its position if his life were accorded him. The Duke,

however, had no trust in his promises, and ordered that the law should take its course. On Saturday, August 30, 1704, the wretched impostor was executed, under the name of Fabian von Sternburg, Baron Scharrenschild, but it was never discovered who he really was, whence he came, and what were his antecedents before he appeared at Golding under that name and title. The daughter he had brought with him was left to the care of his wife, who was a Münchhausen.

Such is the curious and tragic story of Baron Münchhausen, a story that was talked about throughout Germany, and was not readily forgotten. Any impostor who appeared in a place without credentials, who gave himself out to be a baron, and talked of his wonderful travels, the duels he had fought, his adventures among savages, was said to be another Baron Münchhausen; and we cannot but think that this is what induced Raspe to adopt the name. It will be observed that both the impostor Baron and the real Baron, who was Raspe's contemporary, were Carl Friedrich. In Raspe's tale the Christian name is not, however, given.

S. BARING GOULD.

NIGHTFALL IN THE FIELDS.

A SKETCH.

THE sun set two hours ago, but there is still a ruddy glow in the western sky, and against it the tree trunks, with the thicket of leaves above them, stand out in dark relief. All the human life and movement of this slow country side have settled into rest, and but for a distant calling, or the shutting of some cottage door, sounds which the clear summer air carries far, nothing disturbs the evening stillness. But the birds and beasts are not all asleep. The clamorous rooks are quiet at last, and only a sleepy "caw" now and again reminds us of their presence in the high elm trees, where hundreds of them roost. For long after sundown they rose and settled and rose again, wheeling in great crying companies with vast calculated curves, now for a moment in seeming confusion and then breaking into strange fresh formations, of which part rose higher and higher and higher until they were little spots in the far sky above, again settling with a great rushing rustle of innumerable wings, to rest and dream of fat worms and endless stores of luscious ants' eggs ready for breakfast time to-morrow. Come quietly down the white dusty road, and you shall see life and movement enough, if your eyes are watchful. Right across the path hurries a hunted field-mouse, and as he stops in the middle of the roadway, fearful of our footfall, the relentless weasel is upon him, and indifferent to our approach, picks him up as a cat would her kitten, and carries him home for the expectant little weasels in the hedgebank. That is a fox's bark from the copse on the left; he is picking over the bones of a dead calf which the sporting farmer has put out in the wood to help Mrs. Vixen with her hungry cubs. All too soon, poor Reynard, wilt thou need all the skill and cunning with which nursery song and fable have endowed thee, to save that bushy tail, and those sharp ears, from the hounds! The rooks are uneasy, even on their high perches, or they are mocking him, for two or three drowsily murmur in a sharp sleepy caw, "Aw, aw—a fox," and then lapse into silence. Lean against this white field-gate, keeping well under the over-reaching nut

boughs and brambles—be as still as sleep, and watch. Do you see that dusky figure lopping carelessly along by the ditch, now stopping to nibble some juicy leaf, then sitting up with his long sensitive ears lifted to listen? It is an old buck rabbit out for a ramble. While he wanders away, a ghost-like soundless shadow floats across the grass and is gone ; again it passes, and this time with a slumberous “churr-r-ing” sound ; a night-jar, still happily not rare, although between the old fancy—as old as Aristotle, for he mentions it—which named him, and killed him, as the “goat-sucker”—even the scientific people call him “caprimulgus”—and the latter-day game-keeper who first shoots him, and then nails him on his gibbet, with the happy harmless jay, the vagabond cat, and the useful mole, he stands little chance of long survival. A small schoolboy, many years ago, formed no small opinion of the cleverness of this strange-looking bird. He had found two week-old fledglings in the little hollow among the pine needles which serves the night-jar for a nest, and ambitious to secure the old ones, with vast cunning constructed a trap, of bricks stolen and laboriously carried from a far-off and dilapidated barn. Under the poised trap-cover the hapless nestlings were laid, in a deep hole, while ingeniously crossed sticks barred the entrance of any rescuer. Next morning very early, he ran, secure of triumph, to carry home the prize. But the best laid schemes of mice and men “gang aft agley,” for those marvellous birds had picked out their captive little ones and left the bricks and sticks and all, unmoved ! How they did it is a mystery, and with the real story of the man with the iron mask, and other things of like nature, must so remain : but I know that the baby goat-suckers were gone, for I set the trap.

Let us go back to the gate. Hark ! that pitiful cry from the hedge across the meadow must be our harmless rabbit in trouble. Either he is held by the leg in the keeper's cruel clam-trap to suffer through the careless summer night unhelped, or some marauding stoat has him by the neck, and is sucking away his life. What tragedies are all round us in this peaceful field ; that hurrying murdered mouse, the hungry night-jar, the tortured rabbit, and a hundred more unseen ! There is a movement under our feet, a veritable earthquake, for the grass is lifted and the mould below is thrown up into a heap ; it is that persevering ground digger the mole—not sightless, as the country people say, although his little beady eyes are hard to find. What a worker he is, with those great spade-like front paws ! Catch one, lay him out in the open field, shut your eyes for two minutes and he is gone, down through the clay and out of sight, as though the land were water. Feel his fur, softer than seal-

skin, every hair so fixed that it is smooth, brushed any way ; the villagers cutting off his head and pulling the whole skin off tailwards in one piece, have a ready-made purse, needing only a string at the top.

But the western afterglow has faded, the stars come out one by one, and the night has fallen. None but night birds and beasts, and strange winged things, and curious insects are about ; yet, although it is so still, great multitudes of these wild creatures are moving everywhere in field, in bush, in ditch and woodland, where we cannot see them. Their strange rustlings and subdued squeakings and faint querulous cryings hardly disturb the silence. Over us the passionless stars and the illimitable space ; round about us the dark, quiet fields ; one solitary fluttering bat crosses the air before us, as a wandering star shoots down towards the distant hills. Let us go home.

EDWARD CLAYTON.

THE WORSHIP OF MASCULINITY.

PERHAPS the most curious phenomenon of what is called the woman's movement is the gradual resolution of its tenets into a worship of masculinity. Woman, as such, is disclaimed by the nineteenth century reformer; woman as distinct from man, as type of the ideal virtues, is rejected, and in her place is set up a being which proves to be a lesser kind of man, a sexless thing, whose woman-nature is spoilt by its alloy of masculinity, whose manliness is but a counterfeit. Not in her womanliness, not in the attributes of purity, selflessness, and love, which have hitherto been regarded as her characteristics, and which through ages of darkness have in some mysterious way so made their presence and their value felt that man has bent the knee to them instinctively and worshipped; not in these qualities, which cannot be seen and weighed by the common sense, because they hold something of the divine, impalpable, imponderable; not in some subtle, marvellous suggestion of higher things, but in an actual, appreciable, practical power of masculinity, muscular and mental, we are told to-day lies woman's worth. For those virtues we have hitherto believed to be her special attributes, which have appeared to be her function, and which had not seemed to us to need apology for their existence, the reformer now excuses her, and hastens to show how they are but the symbol of her ignorance and undevelopment. Woman, says he (or she), is by no means an entity distinct from man in mind or body; she has seemed different only because she has never reached maturity, her mind and muscles never have become adult. She has been always as inherently manly as she is proving herself to-day, but until this bright era of her existence she had not found her masculine voice; she has spoken in feminine whispers because men's fists were hard and freely used; her silence, her patience, and selflessness of life have sprung from cowardice and not from courage; the virtues which have been accredited to womanhood, we find, are but the deficiencies of immaturity; her grace and tenderness are but the undeveloped passiveness of manly strength; her sensibilities and intuition are but the untaught ignorance of manly

intellect, her devotion and purity but the impotent form of manly power. Sex does not of necessity imply special tendencies, capabilities, or failings; these, which have hitherto existed and have seemed inherent to it, are merely the result of special training or want of training, and their boundary lines will soon be trodden under by the feet of time. Womanliness is not an added factor by which humanity is richer, it is an ignorance by which it is impoverished; for woman is but man, who through weakness and surrender of her powers has remained through ages of progress and civilisation uncivilised and unprogressive, has stood still in the savage garb of nakedness while her active brother has adorned himself from century to century with the ever-richer clothing of advancing culture. Only now, when first she has tasted of the tree of knowledge, does she know that she is naked, and learn to be ashamed of the woman limbs that betray her; only now is she first donning the trappings of her brother, hiding her woman tenderness beneath the dress of masculinity, labouring with her mate in the sweat of her brow, that she may be as worthy of her hire as he, that she may throw off the symbols of this sex which are but the signs of her barbarity.

Such are a few of the arguments used in favour of the so-called higher education of women, arguments it may be interesting to consider; and the following appears to be at least one conclusion to which they tend. If woman's best powers be the same in quality as, and only less in quantity than, those of man, she is distinctly an inferior development; if she add nothing of special grace or beauty to the physical world, her value on the physical plane is nothing; if she bring no new thing to the great human consciousness, her value on the mental plane is also nil, and so she might appear to be no great acquisition to mankind—and this very serious suspicion of worthlessness would be confirmed were we to credit the tale that is told of her unprogression through the ages. Fortunately there is another and a more hopeful than the reformer's view. If, for example, we do not accept his proposition, and doubt him when he tells us that in her latent manliness is woman's greatest worth; if we do not believe the story of her undevelopment, but are confident that through the long night of her so-called subjection she has been keeping her level, has been speaking in her still small voice with brain and body adult, and evolving in proportion with, though in different kind from, that of her brother; that not because of her ignorance, but because of nature's wisdom, her intellect is dissimilar from his; that in the place of that lesser power of expression, which

has been the basis of the reformer's operations, she has qualities of consciousness which weigh as heavy in the balance of human perfectness ; if we believe that woman is a special creation, the measure of whose difference from man is the measure of her value—then we give her a value inherent to and inseparable from her sex, we establish her position on the ground of her own natural worth, instead of judging her by the plumage of her brother.

Recognising the essential differences of the sexes in all their attributes and powers, we should not measure them by the same standard. No comparison can be instituted between dissimilars. A man is not as beautiful, physically, as a woman; nor is a woman as beautiful, physically, as a man. She has not his strength and massiveness, nor has he her grace and delicacy. The same dissimilarity is in their minds: in place of his talent for sustained effort, his practical sense and intellectual breadth, she has a power of quick imagination, of subtle perception and sympathy, of higher moral sensitiveness and intuition, a hundred variable, delicate half-tones of thought and feeling, which, could they be separated and massed together, would equal the stronger lights and shadows of the masculine mind; but because their mode is different, they are differently and more delicately shown. Art would be crude and bare without its semitones of sound and colour; so life would lose half its beauty without these subtler shades of human sense.

Dr. Richardson, writing some time since in *Longman's Magazine*, says: "It is now admitted that the peculiarities in women which were held to render them constitutionally incapable of performing work in equality with men were not due to any inherent capacity of sex, but to failure of development incident to the mode in which the so-called gentler sex had been brought up. . . . Women, equally with men, are capable of developing into a physical and mental capacity for any kind of skill, invention, strength, or endurance. One woman has shown such mathematical learning as to put male wranglers themselves on their best mettle; another, in a mixed examination of the most excruciating kind, has come out against her male competitors with what are called 'honours of the first class'; and a third competing in trials of strength, skill, and endurance, such as tricycling, has carried herself over country roads a hundred and sixty miles in a single day; and thousands of women have shown, since the introduction of games like lawn tennis, that the idea of the deficiency of women, anatomically, was a delusion of the past."

Taking into consideration the array of similar facts with which we meet daily, it would seem probable that either sex possesses all the human faculties, but that their proportional development, one to another,

is according to the sex ; that those faculties which, under ordinary conditions, are not needed in great degree, remain latent, leaving the energy necessary to their full development at the disposal of other more essential faculties : yet that, by stimulation and use, powers normally latent may be developed up. But by the disuse of certain powers the one sex is able to bring to a higher perfection its own especial qualities (for adult capacity is absolutely limited, and what is spent in one must fail in some other direction), and it is likely that the latent powers subtending those more fully developed modify and assist these ; that the latent masculinity of woman strengthens her womanliness, the latent feminineness of man gives him an underlying touch of tenderness—this fibre of the other which is knit into either being the chord of common sympathy. There is no doubt but that by exercise and stimulation it is possible to develop up faculties which are normally latent, to bring to the surface a stratum of characteristics naturally beneath it ; but this can be done only at the expense of special power ; the alloy of masculinity will spoil the ring of the womanly metal, the added feminine power will neutralise the manliness.

Men see life from a rational, women from an emotional standpoint, and it is this emotional sense, the characteristic of her sex, which the reformer seeks to depose, because it interferes with commercial calculation and composure ; this which, in truth, subtends the noblest human instincts he calls hysteria, a nervous derangement due to feather-bed training, a morbid state whose sentimental symptoms will disappear before the *régime* of dumb-bell muscular development and the scientific strengthening of the senses. Train women like men, say she ; let them walk, run, play cricket, row, swim, and in all ways develop up their physical strength, as do their brothers ; let them learn the same things, strive for the same intellectual levels, pass the same examinations, and the bugbear of sentiment and high-strung feeling will vanish ; the profitless romance, the idle idealism, the vain aspirations of young womanhood will disappear.

The reformer is right in his facts, but wrong in his inferences. It is true that before the masculine *régime* the woman-nature will yield ; but in the realm of morbid mental pathology, not in the region of health, we may seek the explanation of the phenomenon. As Mr. Herbert Spencer tells us, "the unfolding of an organism after its special type has its approximately uniform course, taking its tolerably-definite time, and no treatment that may be devised will fundamentally change or greatly accelerate these ; the best that can be done is to maintain the required favourable conditions. *But it is quite easy to*

adopt a treatment which shall dwarf or deform, or otherwise injure ; the processes of growth and development may be, and very often are, hindered or deranged, though they cannot be artificially bettered."

A masculine mental training is as certainly destructive of the delicate emotional organisation of woman's mind as is a masculine muscular training destructive of the grace and beauty of her body. Nature is kind, but her bounty has a limit. She will not give to one sex the attributes of both ; if woman be willing to forego her own natural gifts, she is capable of developing up those of her brother, but strictly and absolutely at the expense of her own. "If," says Epictetus, "you wish for anything which belongs to another, you lose that which is your own." Something of native masculinity it is well for her to cultivate, so that the underlying strengthening sense may not die from disuse ; but though she increase the strength that is her motive-power, do not let her alter the direction of her nature, let her strength be used to make of her a strong-hearted rather than a strong-minded woman ; the artificial masculine growth should not be permitted to feed upon her beautiful womanliness. Do not let her be persuaded that her duty to her sex lies in the cultivation of her potential masculinity, let her turn this always to the perfecting of her womanhood : so best will she establish the honour of her kind and do her utmost for humanity. The fact of a power latent is no argument for its development. In the progress of evolution, muscles and organs no longer needed gradually dwindle till they are but a suggestion of what was : a suggestion which is rightly interpreted as an echo of the past, not as the key-note of the future.

Where women are compelled by the exigencies of existence to develop masculine capabilities, no one may doubt their right to do so—necessity is a hard mother, who will not be questioned—but the fact that one woman can and must carry coals for her living is no reason for putting all women through a training which would fit them to be colliers. Every student of anatomy knows that the feminine muscles are similar in number and kind to those of the male ; that is no new discovery, nor is it a novelty of nineteenth-century civilisation to find that women can work as hard as men : among all uncivilised races it is customary for the so-called weaker sex to bear the greater burden of life's toil. To advance this fact is by no means to prove the equality of the sexes, for it is amongst those peoples where woman works hardest that her inferiority is most an accepted fact. Rather than to seek equality with men upon the muscular plane, she should claim the undoubted inferiority of her muscles as a proof of a special superiority, her system being in evolution's van, the

first to shadow forth a new departure by dwindling with humanity's progress from mere physical to higher planes of life.

Agassiz draws attention to the fact that among the South American Indians males and females differ less than they do among the negroes and higher races, pointing to the fact that sex, so far from being a remnant of barbarism, is a symptom of civilisation, a further differentiation of special physical, mental, and moral characteristics, which with evolution become more clearly defined, more fully expressed, and this we see exemplified in the women of our kind; the least developed and more primitive female differing immensely less from the male of her kind than does her cultured, delicately-nurtured sister. It appears, then, that by attempting to assimilate the sexes, to approximate their modes of thought and feeling, we are going distinctly against nature, in whose school they learn to grow unlike; therefore, in all cases where this artificial stimulation of masculine characteristics is practised, as we have first to overcome a natural disability, it follows that there must always be a distinct loss of energy, so that woman will always reach upon the masculine plane a lower level of attainment than does man, because he is working with and not against the tide of his nature. We get the most and best from human powers when we apply them to the uses for which they have most aptitude; were we to send our poets into scientific laboratories, our scientists into art studios, we should get very unsatisfactory results, because in each case the worker would be hindered by opposing, instead of being assisted by like faculties. So women, doubtless, can do men's work, but they cannot do it as well as men can, nor can they do it as well and as happily as the work to which their natural faculties incline them. Far better than to thrust women indiscriminately into masculine laborious occupations, would it be to determine, so to speak, the sex of industries, and to apportion these according to the sex most fitted for them. The present paper does not deal with the politico-economical, but only with the sociological view of the question—whether or not it is for the benefit of humanity that woman should develop up her latent masculinity, or whether, on the other hand, all means should not be used to enable her to retain and cultivate to their utmost her own especial gifts. That the stern necessities of life send women—*nolentes volentes*—into the strife and struggle of the labour market, is no proof that that is a desirable condition and one to be striven for when all women's work is of commercial value. It is the leisure classes of society who develop and encourage the arts and refinements of life; the poor man, whose whole energy is spent in the problem of bread-and-

cheese, has neither time nor means for the luxuries of imagination, nor for any of the extravagances of social culture. Women are the leisure classes of humanity, and because they do not need to spend their all in the bustle of the market-place, they are able in the quiet of their homes to cultivate the art of nobler living, they are able to devote some thought to life's better essentials ; the virgin soil of their minds, unexhausted by commercial production, yields the richer human harvest.

Let us not be persuaded into extremes of utilitarianism, though in this age of rush and struggle, with materialism coming upon us like a premature middle-age, killing hopes, enthusiasms, and all the glow and glory of youth, it becomes difficult to estimate the factors of existence without reference to their hard-cash value ; still, let us cling on to the belief that all human worth cannot be represented by the price it brings in the shop ; let us keep in our homes proof that life holds something richer than the gold of the market ; let us be able to value our mothers, wives, and daughters for their essential human worth, not according to the shillings, pounds, and pence the toil of their fingers brings in. After all, it is the noblest human work that is not paid for ; woman need not fear the stigma that may wrongly attach to unsalaried duty. Instead of increasing life's manifold difficulties by rushing headlong into the battle, one cannot help thinking that woman's duty lies rather in the direction of lessening these complexities, in simplifying life's methods, and, in so doing, lifting some of the weight from the shoulders of the over-taxed bread-winners. We have heaped upon ourselves so many obligations, we are weighed down by so many useless customs and fashions, we are so over-run by unprofitable unpleasurable luxuries, that in the discharge of all the offices of what we call civilised life we make ourselves slaves morally that we may be rulers financially.

What aileth thee, myself? Alas, thy hands
Are tired with old opinions, heir and son—
Thou hast inherited thy father's lands
And all his debts thereon.

It belongs to woman to show how simplicity of living may be made more beautiful, nobler, and fuller of true dignity than are the artificial-gold-encrusted tawdry lives we lead to-day. "You will do the greatest service to the State," says Epictetus, "if you shall raise the roofs of the houses but the souls of the citizens, for it is better that great souls should dwell in small houses than for mean souls to lurk in great houses."
A woman whose motive-power is money, and her best energies

devoted to the task of getting it, comes to her home with voice shrill from the contest of the market, with mind set to the level of little gain or loss ; she brings there nothing of nobility of thought, of repose of nature, of help or solace to the toilers ; she breaks up the peace of her household by the atmosphere of the outer world she introduces there, she makes no haven of rest where the workers may seek stillness from the strife : she cannot be a good wife or mother whose best powers are spent in commerce.

And this brings us to the most important aspect of the woman question, viz. the effect which the masculine training and occupation of the mothers will have upon the race. The reformer tells us that the woman of masculine muscular and mental development will produce a finer race of sons and daughters, that the power evolved in the mother will be so transmitted to the children, and that mankind will therefore greatly benefit by the "higher education." It is curious that so important a question—one might suppose, the most important of the many questions with which we harass ourselves—should not have received more attention. Strange that, while scientists are studying the propagation and culture of bacilli, they should yet leave the great problem of human evolution and development not only unsolved, but its solution actually untried ; strange that the conditions which assist or retard the progress of mankind should be far less considered or understood than questions relating to the breeding of farm-stock. Without appeal to facts, without any actual study of the subject, it has been assumed *a priori* that the treadmill of mental training which passes to-day for education, what Mr. Herbert Spencer refreshingly calls "the detestable cramming system," the "second-hand knowledge of books," will, if extended to our womenkind, have distinctly improving effect upon future generations.

Motherhood, says the reformer, is a natural physical function, similar to digestion, and there is nothing to prevent an expectant mother, provided she be healthy, from undertaking physical exertions, from studying for her degree, or from discharging the duties of a profession. This is one of the mysteries of womanhood, concerning which the reformer (masculine or feminine) shows an utter ignorance ; and perhaps no greater argument against the masculine training of women is needed than the fact that the women who advocate and have themselves experienced it know absolutely nothing of the true nature, the real worth and destiny of their kind.

With but few exceptions, those who have done woman justice, those who have appreciated her subtle psychic and moral—her highest—gifts, have not been of her own, but of the opposite sex.

Men have honoured her in literature, in art, and in actuality for her beauty of nature, her purity of mind, her sanctity and selflessness of life ; women bring her to the earth-level, and seek to establish her upon a muscular and a commercial plane. And these are they who describe motherhood, with all its marvel, its mighty possibilities and sacred trust, as a function the discharge of which—this, the greatest human trust—is secondary to, and need not at all interfere with, the business of the market, or the furthering of some small talent of head or hand. Wife- and mother-hood, they urge, are but incidents in her life; the market-place and platform are woman's, as they are man's, true sphere ; the house cannot hold the talent of the educated woman, cannot bound the energies of the amazon ; woman has so enlarged her sphere of action that home is but a speck upon the horizon of her more extended view. One may see to the ordering of a house, may produce children, may maintain a strict rule over their feeding, clothing, and education, and yet be neither woman, wife, nor mother in the highest sense ; she, only, fulfils these duties that she has undertaken who gives her best energies and interests to home and children ; she whose best efforts are spent elsewhere, can bring to the home only the dregs of her nature, can leave for the sustenance of her unborn infant only the remnants of her spent vitality, can give to her children only a grudging stepmother care. She whose mind is too great for the training of little children, whose love is not equal to the sacrifice of self the task demands, is wrong to undertake a mother's responsibilities ; for if she give her best to her art, she leaves only her second best for her offspring ; those children can be but human paupers whose mother spent their birthright in her own assertion.

Such conditions can but result in the gravest consequences, and these will appear in a rapid race-deterioration ; somewhere nature must store for the next generation, somewhere must she conserve her energies for the coming race, somewhere must the evolving powers lie latent, evolving and quickening to the ever farther-reaching human touch ; and to this end woman was made quiet, unassertive, receptive in heart and mind, conservative, not spending all her powers, because some inner-sense had taught her that not all her strength was hers, some mother-intuition held her talents silent that these might find nobler speech in the nature of her children. Slowly and gradually through the ages man has emerged from the darkness into the light, has developed from the savage to a condition in which righteousness of life, nobility of thought and purpose, have come to be in greater or less degree the portion of all, and this has

been the work of womanhood, this has been her silent task who surrendered herself to the toil and travail of motherhood, and bore the reproach of inferiority with meekness, because in the light of her children's eyes, in some vague intuitive way, she saw the dawn of brighter things, she read the truth of woman's power, and reaped the harvest of her selflessness. Not only to her honour, though, did Nature leave this trust; the all-wise Mother put a bond of inability upon her strength, held her talent latent by her woman-languor—gave her full capacity of mind and body, but limited her capability to use it—claimed some of her active power for potential motherhood. Woman differs from man, not in her quantum of capacity, but in her power to express it; there is a like ability, but its method is unlike; some of her force is latent, and because of this latency her resources are not all exhausted in actual effort; they store, and in their vital quiescence quicken to the spontaneous evolution of human progress; the stored force, because it does not so readily find outlet upon the lower, overflows on to a higher plane of consciousness—her talents, conserved from outward expenditure, take different form, and go to the perfecting of her nature, and in her that of her offspring. (The term storing is crude and ineffectual, for not the filling of a reservoir is implied, not a *condition* but a *method* of conservation is meant.) The differences engendered in the male and female by these respective forms of their capacity make the one assertive, the other receptive; so that man, by his greater faculty of expression, cultivates the talent and accentuates the individuality of the race; while woman, by her powers of conservation, develops its nature and evolves its human qualities.

It is imperative that there be this twofold presentment of mankind, and it is necessary that the two presentments be of opposite kind, so that they may modify one another. Woman is by nature harmonious and assimilative, that she may level up and down the irregularities and deficiencies which, were there not such an adjustive power, would rapidly increase in the world's economy; but this only can she do in proportion to her woman-power; out of the measure of her womanliness can she alone rectify the errors which man, in his self-assertive haste, leaves yawning in the world's way.

"The human mind," says Emerson, "stands ever in perplexity, demanding intellect, demanding sanctity, impatient equally of each without the other." Intellect does nothing for the sanctity of life: it formulates the moral sense, which, with its germs of spontaneous springing, leaven the human consciousness; but what we understand by intellect is not a power of moral feeling or intention—the ma-

whose brain conceives the finest ideal is by no means necessarily the man who lives the noblest life. And this moral power, which is not intellect, is the characteristic of the feminine consciousness; this mode of mind, which is not reason nor emotion, but a vague, subtle product of the two, something that is manufactured in that marvellous inner laboratory where human sense is transmuted to the thing called righteousness—the highest product of human thought—this is that to which the silent consciousness of woman tends. And the very essential of this evolution of the human mind is spontaneity; “if I define, I confine and am less”; if we bring under control all the elements of consciousness, if we hold our powers in our hands, we chain them to our volition, which at best is but an ignorance; their very value being their power to point new ways, their means the liberty we give. It is in the half-slumbering consciousness of woman that the higher sense of humanity wakes, it is her silent sense that hears the finer notes of evolution’s song; somewhere must there be this quietness, somewhere must man keep silence wherein to hold communion with great Mother Nature, out of whose Mighty Silence is born the Beauty of the Earth.

Woman is the Artist of Humanity, her pictures, multiplying, reproducing, ever living, carry into the ages the beauties she bestowed. What greater art than this should she desire? why need she ask the brush and canvas of the painter, who paints in feeling, breathing life? why should she crave the pen and paper of the poet, whose poems speak the truth and loveliness of noble human living? Ages roll on, and the symbols that one æon holds as signs of the highest culture are but nothing in the eyes of races that will come. Our Miltons, our Shakespeares, and our Newtons will be obsolete, our giants will be dwarfs, our wisdom be but childish foolishness; for the culture of an age is only a finger-mark in sand, a mark which the great tide of time will wash away with the tiny waves that tell its coming; but the mighty moral worth, the divine truth of humankind, will live into eternity, and her mark that is woven in the nobler fibre of her ever-living children is a thread of

lasting length.

If evolution are absolutely dependent, are the resources of humanity’s life for herself—and she is able to do on; only when she is intelligent to her house, will her children get the worth that is their birthright. That its mothers’ minds, warping their civility into small side issues of com-

merce, distorting their general sympathies to a special focus, spending their strength in life's market or play-ground, is defeating the object of nature who gave it to woman to keep the world's rest, that her children might wake to a beautiful morning of health. But motherhood with all its mighty possibilities and trust has come to be regarded as an irksome duty, an obligation to be shirked, a toilsome necessity, because it interferes with the pleasures of society, the study of sciences, the perfecting of some mechanical art, the furthering of some one or another egotism; this, the greatest of life's functions, upon whose right fulfilment depends the future of mankind, is looked upon not only as the meanest of woman's powers, but as the symbol, indeed, of her inferiority. Spurred on to dissatisfaction by agitators who teach her that life's essentials are in commercial rather than in human things, tempted by an artificial ambition to distinguish herself in the world of art, of science, or of letters, seduced by selfishness to spend her strength in social dissipations, the woman of to-day despises motherhood.

The giving birth to a sentient, wonderful life, the creation of such a "Possible Permanence of Sensation" as shall enable the possessor to vibrate with vital sensitiveness to all the joys and woes and marvellous experiences of a human lifetime, the interpretation of the ideal into the real—childbearing, in a word—she has come to believe is but an unimportant incident of existence and not the consummation of her nature. Yet to this end, and not for some little latent power of manliness, not for some faculty of making verse or painting canvases, not for some small scientific achievement, but to the end of motherhood—the noble motherhood of noble human types—is woman born; in this absolute power, that she holds or withholds, of perfecting mankind, is her value; and for this reason, that her children may inherit the wholeness of nature that is theirs by right, must the mother maintain her natural sweet health of mind and body.

All great men have been the children of great mothers, women of large natural ability, not women who have achieved great things in the world of work, but those whose powers have turned to the development of general character rather than to the accentuation and expression of some special mental focus. "Clever women," women who have developed their potential motherhood to active powers, have often given evidence in their children of exhausted maternal ability, for (with but rare exceptions) their sons have been puny of mind and body, effeminate and effete. And this is a revenge which woman may take upon the other sex for all the reproaches it has heaped upon her impotence. She may spend her motherhood, may squander

the maternal inheritance of her children, and give the world a sickly and effete mankind; for, contrary to the reformer's doctrine that the amazon will transmit her masculinity, the truth is, that she spends in her own powers her children's potentialities; by developing her own she is by no means cultivating the muscles of her latent sons—she is, on the contrary, developing up those latent sons for the supply of her own muscles, she is using their masculinity that she may show a manly front to the world.

If woman choose she may so revenge herself, but with Antigone of old—Antigone who had not the advantages of “higher education”—she will still make answer, “My nature turns to love, not hate,” and true motherhood to all time will gladly surrender itself for the children's good. As has been said, the surrender is assisted by natural inclination and healthy disability, but the power of revolt against her condition, and the substitution of another, is there, if she only make the effort to reach it; nature has chained her, but free-will being a factor essential to full growth, the chain is such that it can be broken.

The deterioration of its women is the first symptom—because it is the cause—of a nation's decline. The inferior race produced by an inferior motherhood suffers in the purity of its types, and with the loss of its masculine and feminine extremes—whose distance is the measure of their attraction—the love of man and woman, Nature's touchstone whereby she transmutes the real to the ideal, loses its divine impulse. The gain of fresh power in woman entails its loss in her mate; the weakness of her nature, which was the key-note of his strength, meets no longer with its old response, the talents of the one sex no more are devoted to the failings of the other, the mutual dependence and help it was once so sweet to need and to supply no longer strike the chords of noblest human action. No power reaches perfection when it is alloyed by its complementary factor—the leap of joy with which Nature exemplifies her rule that like attracts unlike, soon settles to a jog-trot pace.

To the woman who has not the trust of wife- and mother-hood belongs, of course, much more freedom of action; she is free to use her powers, for the reason that they are all hers; she may spend her constitutional capital, because she has no heirs. But that she is not wife or mother is no excuse for spoiling her womanliness; there is in the world plenty of work that can be done only by her; let her see, then, that she preserve her natural faculties in order that she may the

it. Recognising that in her dissimilarity and not in her man is her use upon all planes of existence, let her cul-

tivate this unlikeness to its highest product, that so she may best express her womanhood, and give the world a new source of human consciousness. There is among women-students and workers a striving to think as men think, to act as men do, even to look like men, and this is certainly an error—this straining their vision to a masculine focus, when the power to see with other eyes is their very value. They should, on the contrary, strive against all difficulties (and these are many) to retain their special methods of thought and feeling. Impressed with the special worth of their sex, let them be brave to think and act as women in all branches of art or industry which occupy them ; recognising their special abilities and disabilities, let them work according to their powers, instead of spoiling their own natural talents by straining their natures to tasks for which they are unfitted. We do not seek to turn our sopranos into tenors, our contraltos into basses, because we recognise how distinct a loss such metamorphoses would make ; why, then, should we try to turn the sweeter, clearer notes of the feminine consciousness to the masculine deeper tones ? In science, in literature, and in art, there are the elements of sex, and the mind and hand whose sex is most accentuated will be the better able to deal with those to which they correspond. Applied to the myriad unsolved problems of the day, woman's special powers may help in the solution the other sex has, unaided, failed to find, but this will be done only by the cultivation and accentuation of her own faculties.

The subject is so wide, and its issues are so many, that it is possible here only to touch them, and to touch them with so light a contact as to set them rolling, perhaps, as much in the direction of error as of truth. The writer had intended to keep this paper strictly to a consideration of woman's work in its effect upon the race, its relationship to motherhood, but a mention, even though so incomplete, of woman independently of maternal responsibilities, seemed called for. What is of vital consequence is that woman, recognising the actual responsibilities attaching to motherhood, should choose it with full knowledge that it demands the sacrifice of self in the foregoing of a large portion of her powers. If she do not feel that the joys of wife- and mother-hood are compensation for her sacrifice, she is at liberty to forego these for others that she may prefer. But her mind must be made up, there may be no turning back, for in such she betrays the great trust of humanity, and entails upon her offspring an inheritance of puny sickliness, physical, mental, or moral, which no human being has the right to put upon another.

The writer hopes that in no sense will this paper be mistaken for :

protest against woman's education and liberty ; on the contrary, because so much depends upon her, because she fills so important a place in life's economy, whether she spend her powers in motherhood, or in fulfilling other womanly functions, her absolute value and worth of development cannot be too strongly asserted ; but that a system of forcing, cramming, and overwork should not be interpreted as higher education is imperative in her case, since her more delicate physique and psychic nature are so much the more readily injured than that of the man : "the purer the golden vessel," says Jean Paul Richter, "the more readily it is bent ; the higher worth of women is sooner lost than that of men."

The following remarks which Mr. Herbert Spencer makes with regard to modern education, the system which breaks the health and warps the minds of so many of our men, apply with special force to the training of our girls :

This belief in the moralising effects of intellectual culture, flatly contradicted by facts, is absurd *à priori*. What imaginable connection is there between the learning that certain clusters of marks on paper stand for certain words, and the getting a higher sense of duty ? What possible effect can acquirement of facility in making written signs of sounds have in strengthening the desire to do right ? How does knowledge of the multiplication table, or quickness in adding and dividing, so increase the sympathies as to restrain the tendency to trespass against fellow-creatures ? In what way can the attainment of accuracy in spelling and parsing, &c., make the sentiment of justice more powerful than it was ? or why from stores of geographical information perseveringly gained is there likely to come increased regard for truth ? The irrelation between such causes and effects is almost as great as that between exercise of the fingers and strengthening of the legs. This faith in lesson-books and reading is one of the superstitions of the age. Even as appliances to intellectual culture, books are greatly over-estimated. Instead of second-hand knowledge being regarded as of less value than first-hand knowledge, and as a knowledge to be sought where first-hand knowledge cannot be had, it is actually regarded as of greater value. Something gathered from printed pages is supposed to enter into a course of education, but if gathered by observation of life and nature, it is supposed not thus to enter. Reading is seeing by proxy—is learning indirectly through another man's faculties, instead of directly through one's own faculties, and such is the prevailing bias that the indirect learning is thought preferable to the direct learning, and usurps the name of cultivation. . . . And this delusion, injurious in its effects even on intellectual culture, produces effects still more injurious on moral culture, by generating the assumption that this too can be got by reading and repeating of lessons.

Woman's power in the world being so essentially a moral one, her forte a compensatory one, it follows that her education should point these ways, and a special bias in the other sex be taken as the signal for her departure and development in another and an opposite direction, so that the one-sided impulse given to humanity in its

masculine may be counteracted and modified by an opposing influence in its feminine half. The fact that cramming and one-sided focus of talent are the masculine fashion of the day is the strongest possible reason against, and not for, its adoption by our women. Let these, on the contrary, oppose the artificiality of nineteenth-century culture by the culture of nature—of that generous, bountiful nature whence springs the perfect health of mind and body—the source of all progress. “Genius,” says Emerson, “is the generation of mind, it is the marriage of thought with nature.” That which is needed in this our day is Nature high enough to marry with the Thought—beautiful, free, spontaneous nature, which shall give birth to a Spirit of Genius “to inherit all that has yet existed and to dictate to the Unborn.”

ARABELLA KENEALY.

GUTHRAM, DANE-KING, AND THE DANES AT BARKING.

THE slanting beams of the setting sun, as I advanced into this district on an autumn afternoon, were flooding the landscape with mellow light, and painting with golden hue the steep sides of an artificial earthen eminence of obvious antiquity which bounded the view eastward. To the right the twenty-foot breadth of the flete under the same magic spell sparkled and glittered as its waves gladsofely hurried onwards, while beyond the outlengthened line of the ancient work to the left and right the dimmer "farness" was filled with a soft "religious" light, with which a gentle all-pervading stillness seemed to consort, broken only by some tiny sound of winged insect or the soft "champ-champ" of the horse grazing hard by.

The whole scene, with the grim earthwork frowning a history of ancient war and strife, might fitly have been thought to be a hundred miles from London, instead of, what was actually the fact, not eleven miles straight as the crow flies over the intervening lowlands from England's capital, whose cathedral dome could be just faintly made out ; while, straight in front, the shade of Shooter's Hill, five miles over Thames in Kent, loomed as if within speaking hail.

"That fort was built by the Romans, sir," said a man whom I had gone out of my way to see from the report that he had books "all along" of this earthwork; more, be it said, with the hope of gleaning some fragment of forgotten tradition or history hidden in odd corners than with confidence in the man's actual knowledge. "There was a battle fought hereabouts by them with four kings ; and we have a street called 'The Four Kings,' after them, now."

"But of what nation were those four kings ?"

"Britons, sir," and his blue eyes flashed and his shoulders perceptibly lifted. "I have it all writ down in a book."

"Stop a minute ! 'Britons,' you say ? And the street is named 'Four Kings' after them ? Are you aware that 'Four Kings' are

English words, and that the Britons did not speak English, but a kind of Welsh, and that 'Four Kings' in Welsh would be something like 'Ll-bb-dd-ll' ——?" and I strove to utter a few Welsh gutturals. "You evidently think the Britons and the English are the same race, whereas the English did not come into Britain until four hundred years after these events you are alluding to. . . . I see you would suggest the English handed the report on. But it is against reason to suppose that any new and conquering race would concern itself about perpetuating the earlier deeds of the race it had vanquished."

"Well, sir, I can't argue it with you ; but I've got it all writ down in this book. I'll show it you."

He handed me a bound copy of one of those illustrated histories of England which were published at so much a part some time ago, and which are more remarkable for their classical erudition than for their English knowledge. I thanked him, but declined its perusal.

"Too large for a camp ; it must, therefore, have been the site of a Roman town," thought the writer, whose description we quote later on. Far from being too large, its dimensions are only just ample enough to accommodate 10,000 troops of to-day, with their baggage, whose accommodation needs could not have been much above the requirements of a like body of troops of a former period ; while the strongest evidence against its being the site of a Roman town is the fact that no Roman pottery, coins, or vestige of any kind referable to that period has ever been found here.

"Square in plan, it cannot be Danish ; it is probably Roman, or, more likely, from its irregular outline, British," say higher authorities ; yet the well-known Danish work at Sittingbourne, the handiwork of Hæstan the Dane, is square, as are those works of the Danes at Danesfield, Hnutshilling, and Quarley, on the hills around Winchester, or those at Ashbury and Hardwall in Berkshire.

With keener sense of chronological fitness some have thought, from the statement of Gulielmus Pictaviensis, that William stayed at Barking while the Tower of London was being built, that this was a temporary camp thrown up by his troops during his stay. Such a suggestion is, undoubtedly, truthseeming, for the earthwork is certainly adaptable for such a purpose, if it were not, albeit within sight of London, slightly too far off for any useful purpose. But William was the guest of the Abbess of Barking, whose wealthy establishment—she kept her own court, with gentlemen-at-arms, ladies, and yeomen, and had a seat in Parliament—was the objective of more than one Royal visit. The suggestion is, moreover, unfortunate from the fact

that there is certain historical evidence which shows that the earthwork was in existence long before the Gallo-Norman period.

Neither in its ground-plan nor in its structure does this earthwork differ from any of the many *geworcs* (variously translated by historians as "castles," "citadels," "fortresses") which Saxons and Danes are known to have thrown up at manifold times. A "*geworc*" of this kind was that raised in a few days by the Danes in 871 near Reading, between the Thames and the Kennet, from whose five gates they sallied forth, it is said, like wolves, and fought with the utmost desperation, and which work defied the whole warlike might of Æthered and Ælfred. Another such was that raised by the Danes in 894, on an "*iggath*," or ait, in the Colne River, when fleeing from their overthrow at Farnham, to shelter temporarily their wounded king. A third was that thrown up by the Saxons at Chippenham, described by them as "no more of a fortification than a *geworc*, thrown up after our fashion ;" yet which work, by reason of a strong position, withstood both siege and assault.

When this earthwork, which is situated on the farm of Uphall, about a quarter of a mile from Barking Town, was in a far more perfect state than it now is—namely, at the beginning of this century—it was described as irregular in shape but tending to a square ; its circumference being 1,792 yards (1 mile 32 yards), and enclosing an area of 48 acres, 1 rood, 34 perches. On its north, east, and west sides it was single-ditched ; but the ground on the north and east sides being arable land and dry and level, the ditch, from frequent ploughing, had become almost filled up. On the south side it was flanked by a deep marsh ; on the west side, which ran and runs parallel with the Roding, and at a short distance from it, were a double ditch and bank. At the north-western corner of the work an outlet to a very fine spring of water existed, guarded by an inner work and a high keep of earth.

Of the earthwork's former plan and extent as above described, only one-half of the west wall, together with the keep, now remains intact. Of the remainder, the other half of the west wall may be traced in the high level of the land along the line, and the south wall may still be seen to stand two feet sheer above the level of the field beyond—formerly, and within living memory, the marsh, but now a market-garden, the inner side of the wall falling away in a gentle slope from the cleave of the ploughshare. The south-west and the south-east corners are also to be clearly marked ; and the twin slopes of the eastern wall can be followed, particularly as it nears the north-east corner, where the angle and some 20 feet of the east and north

walls stand 4 feet above the level, though sadly marred by a heavy crop of potatoes just taken off them. Delving for sand has completed the destruction of the rest of the northern wall line, as it has also marred the levelled surface of the interior. The spring, situated beyond what is now a kitchen-garden, still remains, but has degenerated into a rank slime-clad pool. Of the ditch-defences which formerly engirt the work no trace is now to be marked.

The authors and the history of this ancient earthwork, which have defied the collective wisdom of so many able authorities, we shall seek hereafter to narrate.

In the year of Salvation 670 there was reared at Beddenham—"the ham (farm or town) in the mead"—on the banks of the Roding flete, a Benedictine monastery dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The East Saxons were only just beginning to forsake the worship of Wodin and Thor, and the profession of Christianity took on more of the kind of the culture of the wealthy trickling downward and leavening the lower standings. Hence it was that while Erkenwald, its founder, and afterwards first bishop of London, was himself a great grandson of Uffa, first king of Northumbria, the four first abbesses (Ethelburgh, Hildelitha (hero leader), Oswyth, and Cuthburgh) were of the blood royal of sundry Saxon kingly houses. The charter of this monastery is the oldest surviving Anglo-Saxon deed of its kind, and therein it is said that Sebbi and Sigheard, kings of East Saxons, at the request, and with the help of their father Hodelried, "for the good of their souls," had determined to found this house; and then follows the list of the rich lordships of the building's endowment, viz.: "Ridingahaam, Budenhaam, Deccanhaam-agen-Labesham," and "lands at Widmandsfelt." The first of these, if not Rainham, is possibly the ancient town represented by Aldborough, not far from the Roding, from which it seems to have taken its name; the second is Bodenham (of which more anon); and the third is Dagenham overagainst Lewesham or Lesingham. The last named has curiously been sundered into two appellations by over-ingenious glossarists—"Angenlavesham," while the whole of these lordships are said to be "unrecognisable at this day." Widmandsfelt is doubtless Wanstead (the steading in the woodman's field), and marked the utmost encroachment on the Weald of that day. The deed is subscribed by the above-named kings and by a doubtful "King Suebred," by Erkenwald and two other bishops, Wulfrid and Raedde, and by three priests, Eggbald, Hacon, and Hooc. Thus the monastery stood and flourished for just two hundred years. The Weald yielded its honey, its nuts, and its mast for the swine, and its wood; the

yeomen and churls, who held under the monastery, told their "*gafol*" in kind or in coin minted in Lundenburgh, of which one of Burhred, the last Mercian king, exiled by the Danes, has been found within the Abbey walls; the fisher-folk, who plied their calling in the Roding, the Thames, and even in salt water, brought their share of the harvest of the seas, other wealthy lordships were added from time to time to its endowments, and the cause of Christ and of the townsfolk seemed destined evermore to go on and flourish. But no!

In the year 871 there appeared in the mouth of the Roding a Viking bearing the foreboding name of Guthram (*guth orrm*, in Danish, war worm or serpent), with a Danish "shiphære" or fleet. Both town and monastery went up in flames at their hands, the monks and nuns were slaughtered, and the wealth of the building went to swell the "*herehuð*," or spoil of war of the victors. Beddenham—the town in the mead—and the House of God were no more. When next we hear of this spot it is called Beddenham no longer, but Barking, and the whole aroundlying landscape belongs to that part of the Danelagh which Guthram claimed in his right as the Danish kingling of Essex. The substitution of the warlike *borg* for the peaceful *ham*, of the *äng* for the *bedd*—the Danish terms for the Saxon—tell as plainly as record by monkish scribe or sagaman what were the events that followed the burning of the monastery. Hence we may learn that hard by the stead of the monastery and the town they had burned the heathen Danes reared what in their tongue they called a *borg*, to make good their hold of the broad lands of the Saxons they had acquired. That, far from being a mere transitory freebooting raid, as it is the fashion to describe at large their deeds, they meant in this case nothing less than a lasting settlement on the lands of the dispossessed Saxons; and that the extent of this settlement was not inconsiderable is indicated by the fact that of forty holders of lordships hercabouts in the time of Edward the Confessor all but three are Danish.

That there are considerations that made the position of the earthworks an important one is apparent, for it was situated not far from two of the frontier lines of the Essex Danelagh—the Thames and the Lea, and within sight and signalling "farness" of London and important points in four shires—Kent, Berks, Herts, and Essex—not to speak of its being the place of the royal abode of Guthram, of which we have evidence in the fact of his "*hegning*" or enclosing a large stretch of the Weald northeastward of the earthworks some years later. Thus the change of the name of the town is synonymous with a complete change of the actors and doers, and enables

us to fill in the outlines of a hitherto overlooked page of our national history. Thus ended Beddenham, monastery and town. When—again after the flight of another period of one hundred years—in 980, the Saxon king Edgar, to atone for the violation of a nun's chastity, sought to set up again the monastery of St. Mary, it is recorded that it was "at the town of Barking" that it was done. The endowment of the second monastery was a munificent one, enabling it to entertain royalty on several occasions in superb style, and it stood till the rough reforming blast that overwhelmed so many like buildings overtook it in the reign of the Eighth Harry, when most of its superstructure was evened with the ground. Of Edgar's monastery, however, there still stands, it is said, one of the gate-towers of the "hegn" or enclosure-walls, which has, however, been much modified in the Perpendicular and other architectural periods. The tower of Barking Church is also said to bear traces of fore-Norman architecture, and it is not unlikely that it formed a part of the old monastery buildings, of the ground-plan of which considerable portions were lately made bare in the churchyard and just beyond.

No unimportant page of history, therefore, has this earthwork, now so still and peaceful, been witness of. It has seen the glittering panoply and fluttering Raven banner of the grim Danish chief, and the shimmer of helm and ringburnie, shield and spear of his huscarles and weaponed followers. Along the Roding, within its sight after the burning of the monastery and town, here have gone the long keels of the "wicinga," their rowers rowing upstanding, their faces set grimly stemwards, on their way to the great warfields higher up Lea, at Ambresbury or Hertford, or further inland, to the great Danish meeting-stead at Thetford. And time and again its interior has been thronged with cattle and spoil of war, with valuable hostages or prisoners, or Danish women and children who had followed the men to resettle this land, temporarily sheltering during the stress of the times.

Guthram's troop, it is well known, formed part of the Danish host which was at Cambridge and Repton in the following year, and it no doubt accompanied the same "wicinga here" in its descent on Wessex in 871 and helped to throw up the earthwork at Reading; and equally probable is it that Guthram took his full share in the "nine battles" and the "countless attacks" which Ælthered, Ælfred and the Saxons had to withstand in 872; for the Danish army which took up its "winter-setl" at London at the end of that year was marching under the banner of Guthram as sole leader in the following year. Doubtless the death of King Bacseg and eight of his

jarls on the bloody field of Ashdown helped towards this consummation.

Now, however, for some reason—be it that their forces were weakened by the withdrawal of large bodies of troops to help Rollo, who was now engaged in conquering—“throughfaring” is the disparaging description of the Saxon monkish scribe—Neustria (Normandy), or that they had become unwary from the ease with which they had subjugated all England north of the Thames, or that the Saxons of Wessex had got a better measure of their foes, but most likely the first—the Goddess of Victory stayed from hovering o’er the war-banners of the Danes. First in order was their heavy overthrow at Wareham in 876, whenafter the Danes were compelled “aðas sweron on tham halgon beage”—to swear oaths on the holy arm-rings—“þa hi nanre þeode n’olde”—which they had never done before to any folk—to leave the kingdom. Then came the disaster to the independent descent of the youngest of the three sons of Ragnar Lodbrog, Ubba, in Devonshire, with the slaughter of 800 Danes and 50 jarls, and the death of the leader himself—besides, what was worse than all, the loss of the holy banner or “guðvana” (war vane) “þa þe Raven hiht”—which was hight the Raven—and the yielding up of “foregislas” or chief hostages—terms which, it is recorded, the proud Conquerors of the North had never before submitted to. Lastly came the surprise and crushing overthrow at Ethandune, described as “the worst they had ever experienced,” which, after fourteen days’ beleaguering in his geworc, ended the campaign for Guthram by the arranging between him and Ælfred of the Frith or Peace of Wedmore, by which he was confirmed in the overlordship of all Essex north of Thames and Lea, but to which was appended the curious stipulation that he should accept Christianity. This he and thirty of his jarls actually did, and on a set day they repaired to Ælfred’s camp, passed the usual eight days’ preparation of the neophytes, were baptized, and the “cristm-losning” of Guthram (now Athelstan) performed by Ælfred himself, who afterwards entertained his guests for eight days and richly begifted them. These extraordinary proceedings of a great victory, crowned by the conversion of the vanquished, are only explained by the character of the actors and the thoughts of the times. A representative Saxon, Ælfred’s character was capable of considerable moral grandeur, but it was warped by the narrow ascetic and even superstitious form of the primitive Christianity of the day, which claimed control over the minutest detail of life, even to the dangerous extent of moulding the operations of armies in the field. Guthram, ruthless bloodshedder as befitted a

true son of Odin, unfettered by ghostly influences, was as far-seeing as his landsmen generally, who had again and again chosen saints' days and Sundays to begin their battles, and been converted at command with an ease only equalled by their afterbackslidings, and taken every advantage of the errors of strategy, of character, and of the idiosyncrasies of their Saxon foes. In the present case, however, Guthram's disappearance hereafter from the field of war shows that the Frith arranged between him and Ælfred was a piece of the wisest statecraft. The warfare between Saxon and Dane might not, and indeed did not stop, but it was carried on by other hands than his, and in other fields.

The deed of the Frith between Ælfred and Guthram first sets forth the bounds of the latter's kingdom: "The whole of the north bank of the Thames up to the Lea's mouth; then along the Lea up to Bedford; then along the Ouse up to Watling Street." The preamble recites that the Frith which Ælfred and Guthram had arranged was that each should love one God and willingly throw off heathendom; that they should each set up worthy laws (*steora*) each for the things that he wist, for otherwise they might not many steer. Then follow the prime stipulations that "church frith"—peace of the Church—within its walls, and "King's hand frith"—both should stand inviolate—"efne unwemmede." It is plaintively admitted, significant of the times and the men, that "not many men n'would to godlike offer, else bow as they should;" but nevertheless they, Ælfred and Guthram, set up these laws, alike for Christ and for King; and whoever would not godlike do, his "wite" was to be according to the bishop's direction. Then follows the statement that henceforth to both kings English and Danes are to be held "alike dear"—"efne deor"—but each are to be deemed by their own laws—breach of which rendered the Danes guilty of "*lahslit*" (law slit or breach) and amerciable in "*ores*" and "*marks*"—coins still current in the North—and the English guilty of "wite" and penalisable in "*shillings*."

Thus were the Danes confirmed at this early period in the holding of the whole of this region right up to the Lea, and all through the district, as is to be looked for, they have left their mark deep on town and toft, and field and weald, all statements to the contrary notwithstanding. The frontier of the Danelagh southward might be now the Lea, anon the Thames, or later coterminous with all England, as when Sweyn or Knud stepped to the throne; but, at all events, Essex up to the Lea was Daneland from 870 onwards. This is authoritatively shown by the list of the holders of lordships of

Edward the Confessor's day, when Danish *udallers*, *holds*, or freeholders, are seen to hold almost every foot of land in this neighbourhood. Thus, to name them : Anketil, Ralf, and Doth held Ilford ; Swein Swart, Alfi, and Halfdan held Wanstead ; Haldan held Higham Benstead, named after a former owner Biörn, probably a forefather of that Biörnson (Brianson) who held Thurshaugh (Thurrock), a little lower down Thames, under Edward I. ; Orgar held Chingford ; Ulfhelm held a *tun*, still bearing his name, though now sadly corrupted into Wolverston ; not to speak of Ulmar, Ingelric, Tovi, Earl Waltheof, and others, in the neighbourhood higher up around Ambresbury, Theyndon, and beyond. Guthram is said to have wedded Ælfred's niece Thyra, whose son, later on, was father of Sweyn of Denmark, Iringe of Northumbria, and Gunhilda, Queen of Wales ; but these important events, and how far they led to the complete conquest of England, are too large to follow here. On his death the overlordship of the Essex Danelagh was continued by his two sons.

Standing on the earthen keep of the burgwall, as many another Dane before us has done, the commanding sweep of outlook which it yields is at once seen. Away to the south there, about five miles as the crow flies, over Thames flood, is Shooter's Hill in Kent, and the ease with which communications could be set up with the Danes there is obvious, for the whole of Kent was at this time "through-fared" by them ; but it was not till later that, as quaint old Leland has it, "a flete of 200 Danish ships lay at rode for two whole yeeres at Woolwich"—exactly in midway ; whither was brought to them Alphege, Canterbury's Archbishop, to be ruthlessly slain by his own three-day-old Danish convert Thrym. Backwards to the east the gaze just makes out the dark streak on the skyline of Laindon and Warley heights, and the beacon's warning gleam would be seen there as well as at the tweenlying wark at Brentwood, and be wafted southward to Rayleigh and the wark at Thames-mouth, or more eastward to Danesbury and the eastern shore thirty miles beyond. Northward from the square wark in the holt on the ridge (Ruckholt) the fitful answering gleam might just be seen cresting the horizon, flitting the message still further northward, to Ambresbury and beyond, or northeastward to the round "grave in the Weald," next the knaves' stoke (Navestock), and to the wark at South Weald, a mile behind Ilford, which lies a bow-shot northward of us.

Thus the Danes at Barking stood in the narrowest unity with their fellows north, south, and east, and thus were they able to ripen plans of forays, or more regular warlike expeditions, with the greatest

ease and concentration. The thickly-strewn chain of forts were so many garrison posts, whence troops could be drawn at any moment by beacon fire or swift runner to withstand an attack or join a foray, and their command of the great waterways of the Thames, the Lea, and the Ouse, and other rivers and streams, lent terrible speed to their operations. With the Essex Danelagh thus securely within their grasp, it is not to be wondered at if towns grew up in the rear and under the shelter of these warks, which bear to this day marks in their namegiving of Danish settlement and holding, and if weald and field, slade and toft still attest the large inblending of Danish blood in all this Leaside and Weald neighbourhood. Thus, just ahead of the square Danish wark in the Ruggholt (ridgeholt), Siborne's Hill confesses to the holding of the undoubted Dane Sigbiörn (a family of Siborne still living there), while a little beyond this, the grove of a Dane named Gunnar is seen at Gunnar's Grove; and further eastward is Knud's steading at Knott's Green, while the nimble runner Snorre (Danish *snar* or *snorre*=swift) is besteaded a little more southward on the teemful banks of the brook which bears his name: Snaresbrook. The name of Hainhault itself—which has been so wonderfully puzzling to local historians and others—proclaims the Danish *hegn*, of which the Saxon equivalent is "hedge," and as to which *hegn* or enclosure there is more or less trustworthy written record linking it with the great Guthram himself. One particularly unmistakable Danish mark—but unintelligible to nowadays Dano-Saxons—outlives in a spot a little ahead of Snorre's *setl*, and still part of the Weald, named by the Danes the "peel in the shaw" or Sky Peel (from Danish *skov-pól*), otherwise "the shaw marsh." Westwards of the Barking earthwork is the distinctively Danish appellation of "holm," in East and West Ham, which in winter and at flood-tides still bear out the appropriateness of their early designation. Even Stratford, from its position on Lea side, may just as well be the Swedish *streta-ford*—mead-ford—as from a Roman *stratus*, as to which latter, as well as with regard to the various river and sea walls, more reasonable is it—not to say more patriotic—to ascribe them to the Saxon offspring of the "amphibious Cheruscii" of Tacitus—not to speak of the extensive works of the kind well known to have been done by the monks of the middle ages—than to the so-called "Imperial colonists," who, if all accounts of their doings be correct, must have left a perfect paradise here for the inheritance of our doubtless thankful Teutonic forefathers. This view receives very great support from the researches of Mr. Spurrell, who showed, before the British Archæological Association in 1885, that the width

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the River Thames has vastly increased since Roman times, and at the Roman river banks, with houses and cemeteries, now lie, in deep water, many feet beyond the present river walls. The Lea itself—*pace* Mr. Loftie's absurd derivation from *l'eau*—is a duplication of the North Sleswick Leabeck, and points out the exact position in the German fatherland whence the first Saxon settlers of Essex came. Curiously, the Sleswick Lea has also its ancient "kloster." The Roding or Roothing bears a blended Saxon and Danish character, being from, first, the Saxon *hreddan*—"to fell, to clear," and the cognate Scandinavian or Icelandic *hrioda*, of the same meaning (the local spelling is still "Rhoden"), its earliest title being, doubtless—as the charter of the monastery shows—Ridinge-àà, "the river of the clearing," still outliving in Aythorp Roding, "river thorp of the clearing." East of Barking the most noteworthy Danish mark is the name of the Rom bourn, or "marsh burn," from Danish *rom*, "a marsh," whence the town name Romford—"marsh-ford"—which appellation the breadth of the stretch of the water of the burn here makes peculiarly fit. This, of course is to the confusion of the belated English antiquaries who have seen in the name of the burn only another mark of the "Roman sandal." The Ripple is not quite so decidedly Danish, but beyond it is the Ingerbourne, said to be named after Hingwar, one of Ragnar Lodbrog's grim sons, but more likely from the Danish *anger*, "a sloping meadbank."

A considerable minority of the folk of Barking still betoken their primitive thoroughbred Danish or Saxon origin, and whole families here and there of blue-eyed, sturdy-limbed, fair-haired boys and girls, each the reflect of the other, may be met with. But the big city's nondescript "mongrel horde," and the dark-hued labouring classes, mostly Irish, from the neighbouring Beckton gasworks, the sewage and other newly-started large undertakings, threaten to swamp the early husbandry and fishing community of Barking by sheer force of numbers, and Barking of yore, as to its folk, as well as with regard to its buildings and other landmarks, may even soon be a thing of the past. There, however, still survive at this day in the surnames some indication of the former Danish "wicinga" population, as well as also a few of the ancients Saxon. Thus the Dane *Wettil* or *Thurketil* is still represented by *Thirtle*; *Anlaff* by *Olive*; *Ingvaldrorm* (? *Ingvaldrorm*, "Englishoverlording orm or serpent") by *Orm*, kindred, may be, of that *Ingelram de Bruyn* whose effigy, 1370, lies still in *Thurrock Church*: *Hjern* by *Hiorns*; *Orm* by *Nike* by *Nighy*; *Snorre* (recalling *Snorre Sturlason* of the

Prose Edda and others) by Snarry ; one Essex owner of this name, it is curious to observe, bears in his coat-of-arms the figure of a snai, obviously from the idea that that was the significance of his patronymic. Shade of the first Snorre ! what a contrast between the *snor* or *snorre*, the “nimble-footed, the swift,” and a snail !

The folk-speech of Essex, like that of the rest of England, bears its witness to the second Teutonic blend in the national speech as in the national kin-stock. Peculiarly Danish is the omission of the *s* in the third person endings of verbs—“He tell me he com Sundays.” The Norse *bonder* or farmer class is still represented among Essex husbandmen by the “bont,” now, however, warped to the single meaning of “old man,” and the kine of the bont has still his “huse” or “husk” (the Danish *høes*).

Other evidence there is from the antiquities discovered from time to time that affirms the same tale of former Danish ownership, but unluckily most of it, from the “Roman” prepossessions of the finders, or from being stowed away in far-off private collections, is lost for purposes of reference. One antiquity discovered not far from Ruckholt earthwork at the end of the last century was a stone coffin, which on opening was found to contain bones and armour, and was forthwith claimed, of course, by the antiquaries of the time as a Roman relic. Modern research, however, has decided that “armour burials” are not Roman ; either a Saxon or Danish burial it was, and most likely the latter ; probably the head man or “here-kong” of a Viking troop, one of the many “Englandifari” whom the sagas record were buried in “stone troughs” in the Westerland.

F. T. NORRIS.

A HEATHEN MORALIST.

THE Kural of Tiruvalluvar is held in honour wherever the Tamil language is spoken ; that is to say, by more than thirteen millions of people resident in Southern India, Northern Ceylon, and other parts. They call it the First of Works, and regard it as the finest composition in their language ; nor did the French writer, M. Ariel, overstate the case when he pronounced it "one of the highest and purest expressions of human thought." To judge fairly of the higher levels of thought sometimes attained by heathenism in India, it is as necessary to know something of the Kural as of the Dhammapadam or the Bhagavad Gita.

No one knows who Tiruvalluvar was, or when he lived. The name means the divine soothsayer, priest, or prophet. Tradition makes him a weaver and a pariah, and a resident of S. Thomé, or Mylipur, near Madras. Dr. Graul, his German translator, places his date between 200 A.D. and 800 ; whilst Mr. Pope, his latest English translator, suggests a date between 800 A.D. and 1000. But in the very previous sentence he had expressly asserted the absence of all data whatever for fixing it with precision, so that, intrinsically, a pre-Christian date is as likely as any other.

The chronology of Indian literature is among the most perplexing of all problems in the world, but it is made more difficult still by the not uncommon determination of many writers to attribute certain writings or ideas to Christian influence ; and for the following remarks Mr. Pope shows no authority at all : "Remembering," he says, "that its author was not fettered by caste prejudices, that his greatest friend was a sea-captain, that he lived at S. Thomé, that he was evidently an 'eclectic,' that Christian influences were at work at the time in the neighbourhood, and that many passages are strikingly Christian in their spirit, I cannot feel any hesitation in saying that the Christian scriptures were among the sources from which the poet derived his inspiration."

But none of the reasons given justify the conclusion. What has a sea-captain to say to it ? or how can the proof of Christian influences

in the neighbourhood be connected with the mere tradition that the poet lived at S. Thomé? Mr. Pope says further : " We may fairly picture him pacing along the sea-shore with the Christian teachers, and imbibing Christian ideas, tinged with the peculiarities of the Alexandrian school, and day by day working them into his own wonderful Kural." This allusion to the Alexandrian school refers to Pantænus, the Stoic of Alexandria, who became a Christian, and is said to have gone as first missionary to India (though the best authorities think Arabia Felix was meant), in the second century of our era. Clearly, therefore, the second century is here suggested as the time when Tiruvalluvar paced the sea-shore, and imbibed Alexandrian-Christian ideas, although Mr. Pope expressly names a date in the ninth or tenth centuries as the time when the poet flourished ; a difference at the lowest of half a millennium !

In quoting, therefore, in the sequel from Mr. Drew's unfinished translation of the Kural, rather than from Mr. Pope's, which is in rhymed metre, the assumption will be that the poem is a purely heathen production, uninfluenced at all by the Malabar Christians, if such there were at the utterly unknown period at which the poem was composed. The German theologian, Dr. Graul, has also expressly declared his inability to detect either Christian or Mahometan influences in the work ; and indeed internal evidence points rather to Jain or Buddhist influence, for most of its ideas are common to those religions.

The first book begins as follows :

As the letter A is the first of all letters, so the Eternal God is first in the world.

The fourth chapter is on the Power of Virtue, and contains, among others, the following verses :

Virtue will confer heaven and wealth ; what greater source of happiness can man possess ?

There can be no greater source of good than virtue ; than the forgetfulness of it no greater source of evil.

Whatever is done with a pure mind is virtue ; all else is vain show.

That conduct is virtue which is free from these four things—malice, desire, anger, and bitter speech.

Say not, we will hereafter make choice of virtue ; be virtuous now ; in the hour of death she will be to you a deathless help.

From the fifth chapter, on the Domestic State, the following verses sustain the high moral level of the poem :

He will be said to flourish in domestic virtue who aids the forsaken, the poor, and the dead (the latter in the undertaking of suitable obsequies).

If the married life possess love and virtue, these will be both its duty and reward.

He who on earth has lived in the conjugal state as he should live, will be placed among the gods who dwell in heaven,

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Gratitude in the Kural, from
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The wise will remember through their sevenfold births the love of those who have wiped away the falling tear from their eyes.

It is not good to forget a benefit ; it is good to forget an injury even at the moment of infliction.

He who has killed every virtue may yet escape : there is no escape for him who has killed a benefit.

The author's ideas of equity and rectitude are contained in the twelfth chapter, and contain nothing upon which Christian or any other morality could possibly improve ; even a man's duties towards his enemies are not omitted.

That equity acting with equal regard to each of the divisions of men (*i.e.* to enemies, strangers, and friends), is a pre-eminent virtue.

The wealth of the man of rectitude will not perish, but will bring happiness to his posterity.

Forsake even at the moment of acquisition that gain which, though it shall bring advantage, is without equity.

The wise will not regard as poverty the low estate of the man who dwells in the virtue of equity.

To incline to neither side, but to rest impartial as the even fixed scale is the ornament of the wise.

The true merchandise of merchants is to guard and do by others as they do by their own.

The virtue of self-control is thus eulogised :

Let self-control be guarded as a treasure ; there is no greater source of good for man than that.

Humility is good in all ; but especially in the rich it is a higher riches.

Though you guard nothing else, guard your tongue ; as for those who do not guard it, their words will be drawn into evil and they will suffer distress.

The wound which has been burnt in by fire may heal, but a wound burnt in by the tongue will never heal.

Difference of birth or caste is declared to be of less importance than propriety of conduct ; a sentiment common, perhaps, to all creeds, but one that has been of no more practical effect in Christianity than it has been in Buddhism or Stoicism.

Propriety of conduct is true greatness of birth ; improper conduct will sink into a mean birth.

A Brahmin, though he should forget the Veda, may recover it by reading ; but if he fail in propriety of conduct even his high birth will be destroyed.

Propriety of conduct is the seed of virtue ; impropriety will ever cause sorrow.

In the chapter on Patience are expressions on the duty of forgiveness and forbearance, which are an additional refutation, if any were needed, of the common but utterly false assertion, that such a duty was unknown to any heathen or pagan system of ethics.

To bear with those who revile us, even as the earth bears up those who dig it, is the first of virtues,

Charity and benevolence are scarcely distinguishable, and on the former virtue the Tamil poet is no less impressive than on the latter.

To give to the destitute is true charity.

To beg is evil, even though it were said that it is a good path to heaven. To give is good, even though it were said that those who do so cannot obtain heaven.

The punishment of those who have done evil to you, is to put them to shame by showing greater kindness to them.

What benefit has he derived from his knowledge who does not try to keep off pain from another as much as from himself.

It is the chief of virtues not knowingly to do mean things, in the least degree, at any time towards any person.

Why does a man inflict upon other creatures those sufferings which he has found by experience are sufferings to himself?

He who destroys the pride which says "I" and "mine" will enter a world which is even above the gods.

There is in this world no excellence equal to the freedom from desire; and even in the other, there is nothing like it.

The second book of the Kural deals with the subject of Property, and chiefly of the duties of a good king. A great deal of it consists of the usual commonplaces of all nations on such a subject; but the following may be selected from the mass as indicating the general tone and spirit :

Never to fail in these four things, fearlessness, liberality, wisdom, and energy; this is the kingly character.

He is a king who, with manly modesty, swerves not from virtue and refrains from vice.

He is the light of kings who has these four things, beneficence, benevolence, rectitude, and care for his people.

Letters and numbers are the two eyes of man. Learning is the true imperishable riches; all other things are not riches.

The unlearned are like worthless barren land; all that can be said of them is that they exist.

In the Kural, as in all Hindoo works, there is an immense amount of tautology, and repetition of the same idea. From several chapters the following extracts will convey the Tamil moralist's teaching regarding Hypocrisy, Fraud, Truthfulness, Anger.

What avails an appearance (of sanctity) high as heaven, if the mind harbour conscious sin?

There is no need of a shaven crown, nor of tangled hair, if a man abstain from those deeds which the wise condemn.

Even the thought of sin is sin; think not then of craftily stealing the property of another.

That black knowledge which is called fraud is not in those who desire that greatness which is called rectitude,

Let us a man knowingly tell a lie; for after he has told the lie, his mind will hurt him.

The man of good will is all the time superior to those who make gifts and give no thought.

There is no power in the promise of never entering a falsehood; without giving any substance it will fail in every time.

Every day is a gift from God; purity of mind comes from truthfulness.

Anger is bad, even when it comes in, but; when it can injure, there is no greater evil.

Anger is good when it is every day; sometimes of evil come from it.

Though the man who is angry is as painful as if a bundle of fire had been put on his back; if it is possible not to be angry, it will be well.

It is the virtue of the good man to give sorrow to others, although they could obtain by a wealth which brings greatness.

It is the virtue of the good man to do evil in return, even to those who have been at enmity with and done evil to them.

To see men begging from us is disagreeable, until we see the pleasant countenance of those who beg.

The removal of the killing hunger of the poor is the place for one to lay up his wealth.

The fiery disease of hunger shall never touch him who habitually distributes his food to others.

Nothing is more joyless than death; yet even it is joyful when charity cannot be exercised.

Whatever is spoken in the world will abide a praise upon that man who gives one alms to the poor.

Can it then be said that no system of heathen ethics inculcates the duty of charity, or that the need of the missionary is very great where the poem in question is held in the greatest veneration, and has been for about 1,000 years? Whether the charity inculcated has been better practised by Tamilians than Christians cannot of course be known, and in no wise touches the argument.

Here are some of the author's maxims on Kindness.

The wealth of kindness is wealth of wealth.

They will never enter the world of darkness whose minds are the abode of kindness.

This great rich earth over which the wind blows is a witness that sorrow never comes upon the kind-hearted.

A chapter that vehemently denounces the sin of eating animal flesh, concludes with:

All creatures will join their hands together and worship him who has never taken away life, nor eaten flesh.

And another chapter on the same subject has the following:

Is it asked, What is the sum of all virtuous conduct? It is never to destroy life.

Is it asked, What is the good way? It is the path which considers how it may avoid killing any creature.

Let no one do that which would destroy life.

The words of the good are like a staff in a slippery place.

Wisdom is a weapon to ward off destruction ; it is an inner fortress which enemies cannot destroy.

To discern the truth in everything by whomsoever spoken : this is wisdom.

They who possess wisdom possess everything ; those who do not, whatever they possess is nothing.

The world will constantly embrace the feet of the great king who rules his subjects with love.

Patiently to bear with, and show kindness to those who grieve us, is the most excellent of all dispositions.

It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. Drew's translation stops short in the middle of the second book of the Kural. From that point an English reader is dependent on Mr. Pope's translation, which, however ingenious, is by the tyranny of rhyme forced into a phraseology, which jars, we must hope, less on the sense of the original than it does on the ear of the reader. The subject is the ruling of a State, and a few samples will show how much is lost by the change from the atmosphere of prose to that of poetry :

Before the bright ones shine as doth the light !

Before the dull ones be as purest stucco white !

As one to view the strife of elephants who takes his stand,
On hill he's climbed, is he who works with money in his hand.

Seek not the gamester's play ; though you should win,
Your gain is as the baited hook the fish takes in.

Who to his wife submits, his strange, unmanly mood
Will daily bring him shame among the good.

The drunkard's joy is sorrow to his mother's eyes ;
What must it be in presence of the truly wise ?

The thoughts contained in this part may be as excellent as those in the preceding, but they are simply unreadable in this doggerel rhyme. The third book of the Kural is on the subject of Love, a book which has been translated into German by Dr. Graul, by M. Ariel into French, and by Mr. Pope into English, though Mr. Drew declared that it could not be read with impunity by the purest mind, nor translated into any European language without exposing the translator to infamy. It is difficult to understand the justice of this verdict, judging from Mr. Pope's version, and the latter rightly reminds us of the mystical interpretation commonly placed in the East on this subject, which is a favourite allegory for the action of the Divine Spirit on the human soul.

Enough of the Kural has, at all events, been quoted to enable the reader to judge of the high level of thought reached, not merely by the poet who wrote the book, but by the people who, having received it with honour, have treasured it as an inspired work for, at the

lowest estimate, a thousand years. To have developed, unaided from without, so far as any evidence shows, so high a standard of life and morality as is displayed in the Kural, speaks highly for the character of the Tamil people, and proves how far more discriminate we ought to be than we are in the pity and contempt we so freely lavish on the heathen races of the world.

J. A. FARRER.

MADAME CÉLESTE.

THE change which has come over the spirit of theatrical biography latterly, although in exact accordance with the peculiar tenour of the times, is, unfortunately, not for the better. Under existing principles the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, can no longer be uttered. Nowadays, an actor of first-rate excellence barely attains the meridian of his career ere some enterprising writer or other bursts forth with an elaborate account of his life-work. Such is the feeling, indeed, that if not eulogised in this way, "the poor player," knowing how fleeting are the impressions of his art, seeks to forestall the hitherto unbiassed verdict of Posterity, by acting as his own judge and delivering his own charge to the jury. A very convenient arrangement, truly ! But does the existence of these books indicate a healthy and growing interest in the history of dramatic art ? I trow not. The great of to-day are bespattered with praise, while their compeers of yesterday are ignored. It needs no vast stretch of the imagination to picture the shades of many old footlight favourites revisiting the glimpses of the moon, and mourning in the pathetic words of Rip Van Winkle, "Are we, then, so soon forgot ? are we, then, so soon forgot ?" Among those who have been thus callously neglected not the least important is Madame Céleste. The following particulars of the career of this once-famous actress are now presented with the hope of temporarily bridging over the gap.

The exact date of Celine Céleste's birth remains matter for dispute. A woman's age is always a delicate subject to handle, and all the more so in the case of an actress whose youth or semblance of youth is frequently one of the principal items in her stock-in-trade. Many actresses hide their age even from themselves until failing memory makes its recalling an impossibility. Madame Céleste was certainly born at Paris ; and, I am inclined to believe, after examining all the *pros* and *cons*, on August 6, 1814. Hers was a career of remarkable brilliance, passed in many countries. Never was there actress more versatile, and never one that got through such a vast amount of diversified work with superior reputation.

As a child she made her *début* on the Parisian stage, and had played in her time with both Talma and Pasta. In this way she performed juvenile rôles in "Le Vieux Célibataire," and in Mayer's opera of "Medea." When Charles X. paid his state visit to the Salle Favart (then the leading Italian opera-house in Paris) it fell to little Céleste's lot to present that monarch with the usual bouquet. And right well did she acquit herself of the task. She was also the stock Cupid of the Académie Royale de Musique, where, as an articulated pupil, she had derived much of her early terpsichorean ability. In Paris she might have remained during the rest of her natural life had she not been luckily persuaded when in her thirteenth year to visit New York in company with the first troupe of French dancers that ever set foot in America. The Bowery Theatre, then under the management of Charles Gilsfert, had only been a short time opened, and there Mdle. Céleste made her bow for the first time to an American audience on June 27, 1827. On that occasion she danced a *pas seul* from the ballet of "The Twelve Pages," a performance of "The School for Scandal" having preceded. What with her graceful character dancing, her dark eyes, and pale impressive face (her appearance was much in advance of her years), the youthful *prima mima* achieved an immediate success—such, indeed, as justified her in making an extended tour of the United States without delay. Unfortunately, the young girl seems to have lacked the harmless necessary duenna. While at Baltimore, early in 1828, Mdle. Céleste was thrown into the society of a Mr. Elliot, a festive young gentleman, who previous to her arrival had almost succeeded in squandering the whole of a handsome fortune which the deceased livery-stable keeper, his father, had left him. They were married after a very short courtship, and then followed the darkest years of Madame Céleste's life. She supported her idle husband for some years in affluence by unremitting work, and then, finding the yoke galling beyond all endurance, abandoned him for good. There were those who did not hesitate to throw dirt at her at the time, but no one who knew the exact circumstances which occasioned the separation could honestly blame her action in the matter. Elliot died shortly afterwards, in 1840, and his daughter—the sole issue of this unfortunate union—who had remained with him to the last, was spirited away by the dead man's American relatives. She never returned to her heart-broken mother, and was married some fifteen years afterwards to Mr. Johnson, a partner in the eminent Baltimore banking firm of Messrs. Lee and Johnson.

Terminating her first American tour early in 1830, at New Orleans,

Madame Céleste sailed thence to Liverpool, where her first appearance on English boards was made as Fenella in "Masaniello." Subsequently she performed with much success in several other provincial theatres, making an unfavourable metropolitan *début* late in the year at Drury Lane, in the ballet of "La Bayadère." Up to this period her ignorance of the English language had prevented her from appearing in any other guise save that of a graceful and expressive dancer. At Drury Lane, however, she had shown the possibilities of pantomimic expression in a manner more subtle than had ever been seen before, and little or no time elapsed ere she was proffered an engagement at the Queen's Theatre in Tottenham Street—then under the same management as the Adelphi. Here she drew large houses for a considerable number of nights to see her graceful dancing and rapid changes of costume in "The French Spy." After an equally happy appearance in "The Arab Boy," Madame Céleste migrated to the Adelphi, where another hit was achieved as Narramattah and Hope Gough in "The Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish"—a play specially written for her by Mr. Bernard on the broad lines of Fenimore Cooper's novel of "The Borderers." In this piece the heroine is represented as simulating dumbness for her own purposes for so long that at last she really loses the gift of speech and memory. Both, however, are mercifully given back to her in her last earthly moments while embracing her child. "Mdlle. Céleste," wrote Leigh Hunt of this performance in *The Tatler*, November 22, 1831, "is made a dumb heroine, we presume, because she is unable to speak English. She ventures on the two words just mentioned in the dying scene, and by dint of not being bound to say them aloud manages them very well. We thought they became even the more touching on account of the foreign caution with which she spoke them. Her pantomime is striking and her dancing very much so; she has also a fine, earnest countenance, and looks remarkably well as the young cavalier." Having in my possession some twenty metropolitan notices on the original production of Bernard's melodrama, I am able to bear testimony to the wonderful unanimity of the critics regarding Céleste's miming in the two parts. The actress rather than the piece was the one theme of discussion throughout, although considerable praise was bestowed upon O. Smith for his picturesque impersonation of the Indian Chief. The *Literary Gazette* describes Céleste as "a fine looking creature, with magnificent eyes and teeth," and adds, "she seems wonderfully strong for so slight a figure." But hearken unto the *Morning Advertiser*: "Mademoiselle Céleste is certainly one of the most extraordinary women that ever appeared

on the English stage. Her acting in every respect deserved the repeated and rapturous applause with which she was greeted from beginning to end of the performance. She can rouse the different emotions and convey the portraiture of the various passions with ease, and so decidedly as not to be misunderstood. Her dying scene in 'The Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish' was witnessed by the audience in death-like silence, and seemed to be felt like the termination of the career of one they had admired. It is in such parts as the above, where her mental and physical energies are called into action, that she becomes attractive, nay, electrifying, carrying all before her by the vehemence of her action and intensity of her feeling. Her acting is of that character, that while the critic must admire it, the less profound will have his share of a more humble but equally satisfactory gratification. At the conclusion, the calls for Mademoiselle Céleste were vehement and general, and were continued for a long time. The young lady at length made her appearance, and announced the piece for repetition every evening, amidst loud and universal cheering." By the way, it is worthy of note that when "The Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish" was afterwards performed in the provinces it was billed as having been played "at eight theatres in London upwards of two hundred nights."

Having speedily established a good reputation in a peculiarly distinctive if somewhat artificial line of parts, Madame Céleste was agreeably surprised to find that much competition existed among managers of the minor theatres for the privilege of her services. Engagements in melodrama, lucrative to both artiste and manager, followed at the Surrey, Coburg, and New Strand theatres. Early in 1832 Céleste visited France, Germany, and Italy, and on her return made a successful tour of the British provinces. Her impersonation of the Indian Queen in Bernard's melodrama proved very acceptable to Parisian audiences, and so captivated the critics that the local manager at once begged her to prolong the engagement. *Le Corsair*, in announcing that Céleste had agreed to this proposition, dubs her "The Queen of Silent Eloquence," and says in conclusion, "We will embrace every convenient opportunity during her term to share the delights of the audience." *Le Temps* considered her without a rival in melodrama, and absolutely the best mime ever seen in Paris.

Needless to say that Céleste, in commencing her second tour of the provinces with remunerative visits to Liverpool and Manchester, found country playgoers extremely partial to her latest impersonation. At Brighton, where she ever remained a popular favourite, her first appearance was made on August 27 as Mathilde de Meru in "The

French Spy." Among other parts played there by her early in the next month was Antoine the Sailor-boy, in the melodrama of "The Death Plank."

A successful visit to Dublin was followed by an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh (then under Murray's management), where she became so popular that an extension of her sojourn was strenuously demanded. In March 1833 she appeared again in the rôle of *danseuse* at Drury Lane, and, notwithstanding her qualified failure there previously and the rival attractions of Mdlle. Duvernay, passed triumphantly through the ordeal. Drury Lane and Covent Garden were at that time under the single management of Alfred Bunn, and at one or other theatre she danced with success in "The Maid of Cashmere," "Prince Le Boo," and "The Revolt of the Harem."

Arrangements having now been made for her return to America, Céleste's "farewell benefit and last appearance in England" was announced to take place at the Theatre Royal, Bristol, September 26, 1834. The bill presented the drama of "Marie de Montville ; or, the Escape of Charles the Second," in which Céleste played the heroine. She then appeared in *The Danse des Folies* from the Opera of "Gustavus the Third," as identified with her success in the masked ball scene at Covent Garden during the previous season. The whole concluded with a nautical melodramatic romance called "The Wizard Skiff ; or, The Tongueless Pirate Boy," with Céleste in three rôles : Alexa, a Greek lady ; Alexis, chief of the wizard skiff ; and Agata, a Zingari boy.

By the way, as I have seen it stated that Céleste's part in "Marie de Montville" was an ordinary speaking character, it may be as well to point out here that much disparity of opinion exists regarding the exact date when the actress spoke at length in English. Mr. E. L. Blanchard puts it at Christmas 1837, when "St. Mary's Eve" was produced at the Adelphi, while Mr. Edward Stirling, on the other hand, in his "Old Drury Lane," says that this noteworthy transition took place some years afterwards at the Pavilion in a piece called "Prediction," in which he himself played the lover. Céleste's delivery was remarkable for its strong French accent, which remained a marked characteristic of her acting down to the day of her last appearance on the stage. This peculiarity frequently stood her in good stead, lending piquancy in rôles like Miami and Princess Katharine in "Henry V."

Madame Céleste left Liverpool for New York, October 1, 1834, and by three years of hard and unremitting work in the United States

brought in the large sum of forty thousand pounds. Capitally supported by the local stock company, Céleste made a brilliant re-appearance at the Bowery Theatre on November 17 in "The French Spy." Most of her new pieces were excellently put on the stage, and there still live a few old New Yorkers who delight in expatiating on the merits of J. R. Scott's Constantine in "The Wizard Skiff" (November 24), and of Billy Gates's Satisfaction Skunk in "The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish." During her second visit to America, Madame Céleste fulfilled two other engagements at the Bowery, one commencing July 4, 1835, and the other June 19, 1837. It would be a difficult matter at the present juncture to realise the enthusiasm which Céleste's acting evoked in those early days throughout the New World. No other actress was ever more popularly hailed there, and the memory of none ever remained so long green in the hearts of the American people. Cheered to the echo by the soldiery, affectionately greeted by the populace, and unanimously elected a Free Citizen of the States, her cup of joy was surely full to overflowing. In Kentucky not a seat remained untaken for several weeks before her advertised appearance. Moreover, when she reached Washington, General Jackson politely insisted upon introducing her to the members of the Cabinet, that she might receive the congratulations due to one who had been so recently honoured with the freedom of the States.

In September 1836 Madame Céleste reappeared in New York at the National Theatre, and in October produced there, for the first time in America, the ballet opera of "The Maid of Cashmere." Céleste had one amiable weakness. She was eternally having "farewell benefits." Two of these had been taken in the March and April of 1836, but her real farewell of America for the time being took place at the little Franklin Theatre in Chatham Square in July 1837. Flushed with honours, and light at heart, though heavy in pocket, Céleste sailed for England, and on October 7 following reappeared at Drury Lane, as Maurice, the dumb boy, in Planché's melodrama of "The Child of the Wreck." The new play was very successful, running thirty nights without intermission, and always enjoyed a large share of its original popularity when revived. Céleste's rôle was one requiring command of the entire gamut of human feeling, and she succeeded admirably in giving expression to the various passions by the sole aid of perspicuous gesticulation and significant face-play. Her physical gifts, too, were such as to render her at this time an excellent impersonator of male parts.

Following up her success in "The Child of the Wreck," Céleste appeared as the heroine in a piece called "The Indian Girl," and

then transferred her services to the Adelphi. Early in December she played the part of Victoire in a drama of the same name at the latter theatre, and confirmed the favourable impression thus made on patrons of that house by giving shortly afterwards a superb impersonation of Madeline in the two-act drama "St. Mary's Eve: a Story of the Solway." Thanks to the glamour of a peculiarly fascinating individuality, Madame Céleste had now succeeded in attaining a firm foothold on the metropolitan boards, and that in despite of the powerful opposition of many older and more widely experienced actresses. From the Adelphi she went to the Haymarket, and from thence to America for the third time, making her reappearance on the New York stage with the usual success at the National Theatre, September 27, 1838.¹ In the following year she gave frequent performances in the same city at the Bowery, National, and Park theatres, and in May, 1840, appeared there again at the New Chatham Theatre. Returning to England early in 1841, Céleste identified herself for a time with the fortunes of the Haymarket.

The present generation of playgoers have heard so much regarding the strongly marked and well nigh unique individuality of Madame Céleste, that they might well grow incredulous and demand some more tangible evidence than the mere *ipse dixit* of their elders. In that case I think they would find it ready to hand in the many attempts made from time to time by several adaptive playwrights to provide the actress with an entirely congenial part—attempts which, when the study of Céleste's idiosyncrasies had been complete, invariably resulted in a vivid analysis of female character, or else the working out of some striking psychological problem. With the one single exception of Sarah Bernhardt no other modern actress ever gave such remarkable inspiration to the dramatist. And what Sardou is to the latter-day tragédienne, Bernard, Buckstone, and Colonel Addison were in their time to Céleste.

These reflections are evoked by the production at the Haymarket, May 3, 1841, of Bernard's drama of "Marie Ducange." The play had originated in the manner already indicated, and provided Madame Céleste with a rôle which subsequently proved one of the most effective

¹ This date is noteworthy as marking Céleste's first appearance in a speaking rôle in the United States. As the play was "St. Mary's Eve," Mr. E. L. Blanchard is probably correct in fixing the period of her transition from mute characters at Christmas 1837. Céleste's part had been specially written for her. She represented a Frenchwoman whose domestication on this side of the Channel enabled her to speak in piquant broken English. By a happy thought of the dramatist she was made, under the influence of strong excitement, to revert to her original tongue.

in her repertory. Even at this period her impersonation of the demented heroine could not have been bettered by any contemporary actress, although, viewed by the standard afterwards furnished by herself, her acting was at once crude and impulsive. As an illustration of the scientific insight with which Céleste inspired her play-writing votaries, I am tempted to quote the following from a masterly account of the first production of the drama: "The heroine she had to portray was of the romantic and startling kind ; and there was besides a psychological element in it which had the appearance of profundity and conferred an importance on the theme. The loss and restoration of reason, by means cunningly contrived and suggestive of scientific insight, induced a process of thought, and took the drama out of the class of mere spectacle and melodramatic effect. At the same time there was much of the latter in the reproduction of the scenic circumstances by which the mental alienation has been caused, as the best means of renewing the association by which the patient might be recovered." Subsequently Céleste achieved a distinct success as St. Louis in "Foreign Affairs ; or, The Court of Queen Anne," a rôle created in the original by the famous Dejazet. On September 13 she brought this impersonation under the notice of her Brighton friends, and then returned to the Haymarket in the month following to play in "The Quadroon Slave."

Early in the autumn of 1842 a fourth visit was paid to the United States. Bowery playgoers were again given an opportunity of seeing their old favourite towards the end of September. After a brief sojourn of some two months Céleste returned to England, reappearing at the Haymarket December 7, 1842, in a slight piece from the French, called "The Bastille." Her noteworthy association as an actress with the fortunes of Benjamin Webster began about this time. Two of the earliest plays in which they appeared together with success were "Louison" and "Victor and Hortense." Céleste returned to America in 1843, reappearing at the Chatham Theatre, New York, on June 3,¹ but did not remain long away from England.

Having seen practical proof of Madame Céleste's genius for stage management during the brief period they had conjointly held the reins at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, Webster quietly insisted

¹ Mr. Pascoe, in the account given of this actress's career in his *Dramatic List*, states that she was performing at the Haymarket in "Louison" on this exact date. Colonel T. Allston Brown, the greatest living authority on the history of the drama in America, assures me, on the other hand, that the statement made above is correct.

that she should act as directress of the Adelphi when he became lessee of that house, in September 1844. Nothing could have been better than this arrangement, as Webster's time was fully absorbed for nearly ten years afterwards in the management of the unfortunate Haymarket.

Thanks to the attractions of a powerful company and the magnetic influence of the indefatigable directress, the success of the Adelphi under the new *régime* was assured from the first. The old house gradually lost its reputation for highly coloured melodrama, and in a few years became widely recognised as the home of the domestic drama. Here, too, on January 27, 1845, was produced the piece with which Céleste's name and fame will for ever remain indissolubly associated—Buckstone's "Green Bushes." Although several attempts had been previously made by Bernard and others to provide our heroine with a rôle that should give full scope for the play of all her distinctive qualities, no such success had been achieved as in the present instance. If "The Green Bushes" were really written to suit the requirements of the Adelphi Company (at that time comprising the names of O. Smith, Paul Bedford, Wright—the Liston of his day—Mrs. Yates, and Mrs. Fitzwilliam), I am inclined to believe that the central character was created first, and the plot woven around it. Given an actress pre-eminently adapted to lay bare all the workings of a wild, untutored mind, with physical gifts in correspondence—grace of action, picturesqueness of gesture, telepathic force of pantomimic expression, and a voice equally capable of doing justice to the thunder-rolls of passion as to the cooing zephyrs of sorrow, while unfortunately marked with a strong French accent. Query, to write her a part? Result, Miami, moccasined huntress of the Mississippi—a powerfully drawn character despite its somewhat mechanical origin, and one which has something of interest even for the evolutionist. Owing to a strange commingling of French and Indian blood, poor Miami's system becomes the battleground of the old antagonistic forces—civilisation and savageness, nature against art, brute strength against science. The contest ends as all such contests usually do, no matter how stubborn the resistance; but the victory is dearly earned, for the hour of triumph rings the death-knell of Miami. In constructing a plot for the proper development of this intricate character Mr. Buckstone was manifestly compelled to commit many extravagancies, of which the outraging of probability was perhaps the most heinous. But the superb acting of Madame Céleste, particularly in the second act, pulled the piece through the fire and won for it a high position among notable melodramas of the

ntleman's Magazine.

the vogue which "The Green Bushes" may be gleaned from the story of the season to visit this theatre at the end of every years, and, to his extreme amazement, piece save Buckstone's melodrama. It of his arrival in England were precisely play.

st 1845 Madame Céleste appeared as tion from the French called "The Boy disagreeable variety to her charms, returned the end of the year in Charles Selby's French ballet "Le Diable à Quatre." al engagements were then fulfilled, "The immensely popular with country playgoers. first appearance at Edinburgh, Monday, e played two rôles besides Miami—Leila of "The Woman Hater," and Madelon the character) in "The Trumpeter's Daughter." ast-mentioned, Webster and Céleste gave s danced by them upwards of five hundred

A return was then made to the Adelphi, benefit, June 27, playing Miami to a Wednesday, July 1, she appeared there as eake's new three-act drama "The Devil unable to make much of the rôle owing to general unsuitableness. The hit of the play h, who gave a picturesque and very powerful s, the hardened criminal. Céleste played in Thursday, September 17, following. This was m the French, entitled "Eugenia Claircille; me," rendered unacceptable by weak contentment. Céleste's part (that of a mysterious n male attire) was again unsuited to her ng in the final scene was invariably received Christmas of 1846 found our heroine per- two-act fairy spectacle of "The Phantom

phenomenal success of his "Green Bushes," vorking meanwhile with a will on another d at once fall in line with the traditions of iding each and every member of the company s or her capabilities. The result was "The

Flowers of the Forest," first produced on March 11, 1847, with Madame Céleste as Cynthia, Mrs. Fitzwilliam as Starlight Bess, Miss Woolgar as Lemuel, and Mr. "O." Smith as Ishmael the Wolf. Doubtless there was much that would nowadays be described as twaddle in these old Adelphi melodramas. But there are many hoary-headed playgoers still living who will testify that not all the triumphs of the modern realistic school can serve to efface memories of that enthralling scene where Cynthia in playing eavesdropper overhears the confession of Lemuel regarding the murder of her lover, and drags the boy off the stage in a whirlwind of passion despite the opposition of Starlight Bess.

M. Champfleury, who came over to London to witness the inauspicious *début* of Paul Legrand, his favourite mime, at the Adelphi, in December, 1847, pays tribute to the versatile talents of Madame Céleste in his "Souvenirs des Funambules." In all his experience of theatrical life in Paris, he had never, he tells us, seen a stage manager so intelligent or one equally capable of superintending everything, from the dances and processions to the costumes and *mise en scène*. She was eternally busying herself with a thousand things seemingly trivial in themselves but in reality of the utmost importance for the creation of a perfect *ensemble*.

When Tom Parry's play of "The Harvest Home" was produced at the Adelphi in April 1848 the principal characters were sustained by Madame Céleste and Mr. Henry Hughes, the popular Surrey actor. Subsequently the lady appeared as Ariel in "The Enchanted Island"—a capital travesty of "The Tempest," which enjoyed a prosperous run and brought its authors, the Brothers Brough, into prominence as writers of burlesque. When the Adelphi company transferred their services for a brief period to the boards of the Haymarket, in August 1849, Madame Céleste was of the number, and appeared there on their opening night, Monday, the 6th, as Miami. About the most noteworthy of the new plays produced at the Adelphi in the following year in which she appeared was the "Jessie Gray" of Messrs. Robert Brough and Bridgman. At Christmas, Albert Smith's burlesque choreographic spectacle, called "The Tarantula; or, The Spider King" (founded on the well-known ballet), was performed, with Céleste as Loretta, Miss Woolgar as Luigi, and Wright as the learned Doctor Omeopatico.

The opening of the year 1851 was marked at the Adelphi by the production on Monday, January 13, of "Belphegor, the Mountebank," the first English version of MM. Dennery and Marc Fournier's famous play entitled "Paillasse." Céleste had an inferior rôle in

Madeleine, but Webster as the Mountebank, and Miss Woolgar as Nina Flora Aphrodite Stiltz showed to great advantage. Late in the following March a new domestic drama, constructed on the old Adelphi principles, called "The Disowned ; or, Helen of the Hurst," was brought out, in which Céleste was afforded an excellent opportunity to display her melodramatic powers as the morose and vindictive West Indian. This was one of her best impersonations of male character. It is worthy of note that the only artiste ever seen in England during Céleste's lifetime whom connoisseurs allowed to be her equal as a *prima mima*, or actress of dumb parts, was Signorina Monti (daughter of the celebrated sculptor), who appeared at Her Majesty's in April 1851, as Fenella in Auber's "La Muette de Portici," and at once achieved a signal success. But it must be remembered that the Monti was then the leading pantomimiste in Italy—the birth-place and home of gesticulation and varying face-play. Equality with such an artiste was a triumph. It was surely something more than a mere coincidence that, precisely at the time when the miming of Signorina Monti was evoking recollections of Céleste's early career, one of the most striking of her early pieces should have been put up at the Adelphi. This was Bernard's "Marie Ducange," which bore frequent revival afterwards.

Previous to paying another visit to America, Madame Céleste took a farewell benefit at the Adelphi on Monday, September 22, 1851, when she appeared in "The Queen's Secret," and in (one is almost tempted to add *with*) "Flying Colours." Evidently intending this to be her farewell tour of the States, Céleste made an effective little speech at the conclusion of the performance which bubbled over with affectionate allusions to the land of her adoption, and to the debt of gratitude which had never yet been paid in full to the kind friends across the broad Atlantic who had first taken her by the hand. She reappeared on the New York stage at the Broadway Theatre on October 13, 1851, introducing for the first time to the notice of her American friends her impersonation of Miami. The verdict there was thoroughly in accord with that which had been passed in London and the provinces. Subsequently several of her former successes were repeated with much acceptance.

One of her principal creations on her return to the Adelphi was that of Cassy, in a long-anticipated version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," written by Mark Lemon and Tom Taylor, and produced as "Slave Life" late in November 1852. Contrary to custom, this dramatisation was no mere collection of disconnected scenes taken haphazard from the novel, but an original play complete in itself, and presenting

new characters and situations, although running on the broad lines of the novel and giving an analogous impression. Céleste as Cassy was the high-strung, sneering, and tainted woman to the life. Terrible is the only word which fittingly describes her acting in the situation where Cassy hovers over the insensible Legree with a drawn knife, only to be thwarted in the hour of triumph by the interposition of the pious-minded Tom.

On March 14, 1853, after sixteen years of unprofitable toiling and moiling as manager of the Haymarket, Benjamin Webster at last threw up the sponge and elected to combine his energies with Madame Céleste in the control of the Adelphi. On the Easter Monday following he inaugurated his more direct association with the latter theatre by appearing with Céleste in "The Pretty Girls of Stilberg," the directress herself showing to best advantage on that occasion in the melodrama of "Pepine, the Dumb Boy." The bill comprised in all five pieces, of which the first was an occasional trifle, called "Webster at Home," written for the purpose of formally introducing Leigh Murray, H. Bedford, Keeley, Parselle, and Miss F. Maskell, who had followed their old manager from the Haymarket, to the notice of Adelphi patrons.

Madame Céleste was acting at this time with an exquisite finish that gave to some of her melodramatic parts an almost tragic air. But although endowed with more than an average share of common sense she was often tempted by her position, and by too partial advisers, to appear in rôles utterly unsuited to her. Thus, when "Masks and Faces" was reproduced at the Adelphi in April 1853, with Webster as Triplet, and several other members of the original Haymarket cast in their old parts, she elected to succeed Mrs. Stirling in the rôle of Peg Woffington.

June 1853 saw the production at the Adelphi of Boucicault's version of "Le Chevalier de la Maison Rouge," entitled "Généviève; or, The Reign of Terror"—admirably played by Céleste, Webster, Alfred Wigan, Leigh Murray, and the Keeleys. There was an abundance of the lachrymose in the rôle of the heart-broken heroine, and Madame Céleste made the most of her many opportunities for eliciting sympathy.

When Webster's adaptation of the French sensational drama "La Prière des Naufragés" was produced at the Adelphi on the 5th of December following, under the title of "The Thirst of Gold," its success from the third tableau onwards was materially assisted by the acting of Madame Céleste as Unarita, "the wild flower of Mexico"—otherwise a new version of the old Miami. After this Céleste and

Webster generally appeared together in all the important pieces produced at the Adelphi under their control. Their powerful acting had much to do with the success of Tom Taylor and Charles Reade's high-class melodrama "Two Loves and a Life" when brought out there for the first time, on Monday, March 20, 1854. In this piece Madame Céleste had another opportunity afforded her of illustrating her capability for impersonating characters of a wild, untutored nature in Ruth Ravensear. The authors had deftly thrown the rôle into greater relief by providing an admirable foil in the shape of an altogether lovable woman, whose amiability was pleasantly indicated by Miss Woolgar.

Simply inestimable, indeed, was the value of Madame Céleste's services at this period at the Adelphi. Take Selby's adaptation of "The Marble Heart," as produced there on May 20, 1854. How thorough she was in her portrayal of the cold-hearted beauty to whom the acquirement of wealth was the sole purpose of existence, and in pursuit of which she stubbornly resisted all the promptings of her better nature! Webster, too—how energetically he worked in the rôles of Diogenes and Ferdinand Volage! They were both to the fore again on Monday, December 11, when an adaptation of the Odéon play, "François le Champ," was brought out in the shape of a rustic drama called "Pierre the Foundling." The theme of this piece had little charm for British playgoers, and was only rendered tolerable by the excellent acting of Webster, Keeley, Miss Woolgar, and Madame Céleste (Madeline Blanche). A more noteworthy production was the "Janet Pride" of Dion Boucicault, with Céleste as the mother and daughter, Keeley as the laughter-moving clockmaker, and Webster, Paul Bedford, and Bob Romer in prominent support. As first performed, on February 5, 1855, the play was a mere *réchauffé* of well-worn incidents—so skilfully put together, however, as to prove of engrossing interest to all lovers of melodrama. In the prologue, the mother's sufferings under the brutality of a drunken husband; her heroic self-sacrifice, which preserves the life of her child at the final expense of her own; and her agony of mind on finding herself compelled to consign her baby to the tender mercies of the Foundling Hospital—all called for a knowledge of histrionic art and a perfect command of the whole range of passion and tragic despair that only an actress of first-rate ability could possess. There was something about the scene as acted by Céleste and Webster that enthralled the attention of the most *blasé* and forbade the customary plaudits of the audience. When the act-drop fell upon the saddening

spectacle of the drunken, roystering husband staggering blindly through the streets of Paris, while the corpse of the heart-broken wife lay at his feet in its shroud of snow, a great lesson had been conveyed to all.

Taking advantage of the success of a new extravaganza at the Adelphi, and of Phelps's temporary absence from Sadler's Wells, Madame Céleste, early in May, appeared for a few nights at the latter house in "The Green Bushes," Mr. J. L. Toole being the Grinnidge. Although rendered fastidious by the refined work of Samuel Phelps, patrons of the famous old Islington play-house were fain to acknowledge that Céleste's Miami had a powerful fascination, and took deep hold of the emotions.

On her return to the Adelphi, Madame Céleste played Margaret to the Lorenz Hartmann of Benjamin Webster in Tom Taylor's play "Helping Hands," which had its first presentation on Wednesday, June 20, 1855. The part, however, gave her very few opportunities, and the success of the new piece, such as it was, must be attributed principally to the excellent comic acting of little Keeley and his wife. Céleste was infinitely more at home as the romantic heroine of "Marie Ducange," when Bernard's clever drama was revived on her behoof, November 19. Some fourteen years had elapsed since she first created this rôle, and the wide experience gained in the interim had so far mellowed the impersonation that it was properly reckoned one of the finest bits of character acting on the modern stage. Writing of this revival, a critic who had seen the original production of "Marie Ducange" at the Haymarket says, *inter alia*, "Madame Céleste is, in fact, an actress who wears well, and in this quality of lastingness (so to phrase it) has the advantage over many of her contemporaries. So far from remarking any failing in her energy of style we feel that she improves, and also that her improvement is in the higher qualities of her art."

On December 17 following, Oxenford's literal version of Molière's "Tartuffe" (which had been originally produced at the Haymarket in 1851) was revived at the Adelphi, with Webster as the wily hypocrite and Madame Céleste in the rôle of the much-tempted Elmire.

During recent years the heroine of these pages had reverted so seldom to her old profession of *danseuse*, that when she essayed to appear as harlequin *à la Watteau* in the Adelphi pantomime of "Jack and the Beanstalk," on Boxing Day 1855, she was made the subject of an attack similar to that which Madame Bernhardt experienced when she announced her intention of playing Pierrot.

The motives in both cases were equally misconstrued. Céleste's was a daring innovation, because the character had never been played by a woman before, much less a leading actress of established reputation. The real fact of the matter, however, was (as the cavillers might have known had they paid attention to the significant hint given in the dialogue which accompanied the usual transformation of characters) that the regular harlequinade performers had disappointed the management, and that Madame Céleste and three other members of the regular company had volunteered to fill the gap. Notwithstanding the protests thus evoked, the comic scenes proved a great success, and the directress was so well pleased with her reception as the dashing gallant of the Louis Quatorze period, that she subsequently repeated the character not only at the Adelphi but in the provinces.

Another addition to the already formidable list of effective but artificial pieces in which the interest lies in the mistakes occasioned by the personal resemblance of two individuals, was made at the Adelphi on April 9, 1856. This was "The Like and Unlike" of Messrs. Langford and Sorrell, which proved to be a two-act version of "Thérèse." Madame Céleste appeared as the two sisters of equivocal parentage—the Countess Kromowski, an operatic actress, and Lisette, an industrious sempstress—who were like in appearance, while utterly dissimilar in character. Perhaps the only novel feature in connection with the stereotyped system of juggling with the two rôles was the stage trick at the close, by means of which the spectator was momentarily deceived into believing that he saw both of the sisters before him at one and the same time. Accidentally wounded, the Countess is borne to a couch at the back of the scene, and at once hidden from sight by a group of sympathising friends. While they are thus busily engaged a surprise is sprung upon the audience by the sudden appearance of Lisette, who comes upon the scene from an entirely different direction. Needless to say, Madame Céleste was equal to all the demands—from rapid change of costume to subtle distinction of character. Towards the end of the year she returned again to her old love, appearing early in December in the fairy spectacle of "The Elves; or, The Statue Bride"; and on the Boxing Day following in the pantomime of "Mother Shipton; or, The Enchanted Piccolo Whistle." Wrote a contemporary: "Madame Céleste and Miss Wyndham, as Sir Bean and Constance, present two moving Watteau portraits which are perfectly charming; and the scenes that they move among—from the coast of Normandy to the scene in China where Harlequin and Columbine descend on the stage, in-

vested with the delicate honours of porcelain, and looking for all the world like an animated Dresden vase—are all appropriately distinguished for their fitness to unite in one pleasing impression that an exquisite invention has been diligent to bring together the choicest of its treasures, and excite those emotions which are only experienced when a true work of art is witnessed, and recognised as a ‘thing of beauty.’ ”

But the days of the old Adelphi were speedily drawing to a close. Watts Phillips’s “Poor Strollers” was produced there in February 1858, with Céleste and Webster as Marie and Pierre Leroux, and some four months afterwards the scene of their many triumphs disappeared to make way for the present theatre. The new Adelphi was opened late in the ensuing December, but January 3, 1859, found Madame Céleste at the Lyceum, where she was appearing as Marion de l’Orme, in a drama so called, from the French of M. Emile de la Roche. Provincial engagements followed, in the course of which Madame Céleste revived many of her old pieces, including “The Green Bushes,” “The Mysterious Stranger,” “A Sister’s Sacrifice,” and “The Child of the Wreck.” After a visit to Brighton early in September she returned to town to enter upon the management of the Lyceum Theatre. Céleste inaugurated her accession to power there on November 28 by the production of a new piece called “Paris and Pleasure ; or, Home and Happiness.” A dramatisation of “The Tale of Two Cities,” presented late in the January of 1860, is chiefly memorable for the superb acting of the manageress as Madame Dufarge, and for the late Henry Forrester’s praiseworthy rendering of Charles Darnley. Throughout her career Madame Céleste was invariably lucky in falling across playwrights eminently adapted to provide her with suitable parts. One of these was Colonel Addison, a pleasant man-about-town, who wrote her a piece of decidedly original flavour, called “The Abbé Vaudreuil,” which was produced with success at the Lyceum on March 19.

In September Céleste was acting again in the provinces, but returned to town in time to appear at her own theatre on October 12, in an interesting and cleverly-constructed drama called “Adrienne ; or, The Secret of a Life.” Mrs. Keeley was also in the cast. Another new piece, called “The House on the Bridge of Notre-Dame,” produced on February 11, 1861, was chiefly rendered acceptable by the picturesque acting of Madame Céleste in the dual rôle of Zambardo and Ernest de la Garde. Our heroine had discovered by this time, however, that artistic triumphs in the metropolis at her time of life, when unaccompanied by a great pecuniary

success, proved little or slip by not starring in the conjure with. In a word, and plunged with ardour Many old pieces, in which for years, were revived during the Countess of Rosedale in "The Colleen Bawn." When a performance of "The Pride of the Market" was given at the benefit of the distressed operatives in Lancashire, Madame Céleste appeared as Marton, supported by the officers of the 9th Lancers. She remained at London-super-Mare until the middle of December.

Early in 1863 Madame Céleste went upon an extended foreign tour, and in the course of five years of unsparing labour succeeded in recouping herself for the large sums which had been frittered away in managerial speculations. With deep regret she took her final farewell of New York at the Broadway Theatre on September 25, 1865, appearing as Rudiga in Stirling Coyne's drama "The Woman in Red." On her return to England, early in 1868, she was announced to play a farewell engagement of twelve nights, commencing April 13, at the St. James's Theatre, in the same piece. Similar leave-takings then took place in the provinces. Early in October Madame Céleste's Brighton friends were permitted to renew their acquaintance with "The Green Bushes," "The French Spy," and "The Flowers of the Forest," and were treated on the penultimate night of her engagement to a simple but exquisitely pathetic farewell address.

Much to their delight, however, metropolitan and provincial playgoers found they had not as yet seen the last of their old favourite. In May 1869 Madame Céleste was induced to create the part of Josephine Dubosc in Boucicault's "Presumptive Evidence," when she appeared at the Adelphi, the occasion of her theatre under the management of the late Mr. Addison. Still another "farewell performance" took place on December 17 following, at the Adelphi, by Mrs. Billington, but Madame Céleste when Boucicault transferred her to the autumn of 1862.

appeared in the second and most trying act of "The Green Bushes," and, finally, danced a minuet with Miss Furtado with all her old grace and *élan*. Three subsequent engagements were, strange to say, fulfilled by our actress at the Adelphi in the rôle of Miami, commencing September 1872, November 1873, and October 1874. Of these the first and third were of twelve nights' duration, and the second of eleven. Céleste's absolutely final engagement at Brighton ran from the 2nd to the 14th of December, 1872, the plays presented during that time being "The Green Bushes," "The Woman in Red," "St. Mary's Eve," "The Flowers of the Forest," and "The Mysterious Stranger." Her real farewell of the stage may be said to have been taken at the Adelphi in October 1874. After that she retired quietly into private life in Paris, from which she only emerged to appear along with her old friend Mrs. Keeley at the testimonial benefit given to their whilom associate, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, at Drury Lane, May 15, 1878. This, her last performance on the boards of a theatre, was signalled by an excellent impersonation of the old Miami. Only the second act of Buckstone's melodrama was played, but enough was done to convince the most sceptical that age had not yet marred the fascinating qualities, intellectual and physical, which had previously made Madame Céleste one of the most popular of English-speaking actresses. Not that she ever became thoroughly naturalised—far from it. French of the French were the characteristics that won her fame and fortune, and equally French were the instincts that prompted her to pass her declining years in Paris. There, on February 12, 1882, she journeyed tranquilly into the land of shadows, and was followed some four months afterwards by her old comrade-at-arms, Benjamin Webster.

With such a varied and remarkably unique career, it would be difficult to assign Madame Céleste's exact position among the leading actresses of the nineteenth century. Her style began and ended with herself—nay, *was* herself; hence there is positively no one on the stage at present who may be fittingly compared with her. The closest approximation to her talents as a *prima mima*, speaking now of her earlier career as a *danseuse*, were those exhibited some few years back by Mdle. Theodora de Gillert at the Alhambra.

It would be a mistake to imagine that "dumb" melodramas had no existence on our boards until the advent of Madame Céleste. As a matter of fact she had been satisfactorily preceded in those peculiar mute parts which call for little else beyond the possession of great powers of pantomimic expression by at least one competent exponent—Miss Decamp. But it would be idle to say that this

artificial kind of play had any vogue before Madame Céleste's time. Perhaps the highest tribute that can be paid to her powers in this way is that her excellent miming preserved the dumb melodrama for many years after the public had shown their desire to forsake the old blood-and-thunder school in favour of quieter and more realistic methods. Like the physician in Poe's thrilling tale, she had exercised her magic upon a dying body and succeeded in giving it some semblance of vitality. When she went over the passes and left the whole thing to its own devices it melted, of course, into thin air.

Taken in the aggregate, Madame Céleste has been curiously, if not inaptly, compared to Henry Irving. In their creative power and force of will there is certainly something analogous between the two ; moreover, both had the same genius for stage management and the same cravings for the weird and uncanny. Each won a high position on the stage, notwithstanding the drawbacks presented by a grating peculiarity of diction ; but the odds were surely greater against Madame Céleste, whose English was from first to last "not merely broken" (to quote Mr. Edmund Yates) "but smashed into fragments." A dangerous innovation this of seeking parallelisms between male and female artists ! Might not one with equal propriety dub Céleste a female Edmund Kean ? For both started from a similar pantomimic basis—both found their early practice in the humbler stage arts of eminent service when they became famous—and both had a kindred quality of magnetism and lightning-like vigour.

When we sink the actress and come to the woman, there is little need to skulk behind the old maxim *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Unsoured by an early marriage experience that would have warped the mind of most impressionable girls of her age, Madame Céleste was noted to the day of her death for her amiability, her generosity, and her toleration of others' weaknesses. She had the terrible gift which comes to not a few of us in this world, of easily acquiring mental ascendancy over those with whom she was closely associated. But she scorned to take a mean advantage, and never exercised her powers save for good.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

SCIENCE NOTES.

A MATERIAL FOR SURGICAL LIGATURES.

AT a recent meeting of the Berlin Physiological Society (July 6), Prof. Munk gave an account of his experience in the use of catgut ligatures, which of late have largely superseded those of silk for surgical purposes. The reason for this preference is that the catgut ligature or suture may be left in its place, where it becomes absorbed or remains harmlessly; but silk must be removed, either by withdrawal, or, as commonly occurs, by sloughing out. The advantage is especially great in the tying of arteries.

Prof. Munk, however, stated that he has reverted to the use of silk; that at first he used the catgut with excellent results, but suddenly found that each catgut ligature was accompanied by suppuration. This occurred with a second supply, derived from a source different from the first. However long the sample was subjected to disinfection, its use was always attended with suppuration. On returning to the first source of supply a harmless sample was obtained. He urges great caution in the use of catgut.

My son informs me that such caution is always used in Edinburgh, where he is doing clinical work, that the material ordinarily used for ligatures is left soaking in carbolic acid for a year or more; some is in use that has been continuously treated thus during ten to fifteen years, and is prized accordingly.

My chief object in writing this note is to make a practical suggestion. When in Norway I visited on three occasions a Lapp encampment in the Tromsdal, which has now become very easy of access to holiday tourists, and each time witnessed the process adopted by the women for making their sewing-thread from natural animal fibres obtained from the reindeer—from the leg tendons, I understood. These fibres resemble catgut, are very fine and strong, and about eighteen inches to two feet long. The women spin them into sewing-thread by the primitive device of laying them together, drawing them through the mouth, then twisting by rubbing the combination down the cheek with the palm of the hand. The thread thus prepared is so strong that salmon anglers use it for their lines.

My suggestion is that the single fibres should be tried for surgical ligatures, the probable advantage being that the risk of obtaining samples from diseased animals would be very small or *nil* in the case of the reindeer. It is very probable that Prof. Munk's No. 2 sample was prepared from the intestines of a diseased sheep. Tendons are far less liable to pestiferous disease than the intestinal membranes.

Whether the gelatin of tendon is more or less readily absorbable than that of intestinal membrane can only be decided by direct experiment ; but judging *à priori* by the experience of the cook, the tendon should have the advantage. Shin of beef is more readily made into soup than the skins of sausages. As hydration or solution must precede absorption, we are justified in anticipating a similar superiority of the tendon ligature.

THE LUMINIFEROUS ETHER.

AS most of my readers know, I have at various times perpetrated the serious heresy of speaking disrespectfully of the common practice of describing this fiction of the imagination as a positive physical fact.

The imagination has unquestionably an important place in science, especially in scientific research. The main element of scientific genius is that insight by which the investigator foresees by a sort of intuition the course of nature in regions yet unexplored. To this power the name of imagination is correctly applied, as it determines the direction of successful research by a mental prefiguring of the result.

The imagination may operate in another mode. It may picture to the mind the inner machinery by which nature works in the production of known phenomena, and therefrom deduce the unknown.

But in all such use of the imagination it should be consciously applied. The working hypothesis should never be confounded with ascertained fact, still less should it be described as fact. My quarrel with the luminiferous ether is not with its use as a mental image of the medium by which light is transmitted, but with the dogmatic assertion of its positive existence, which a certain school of scientists so ostentatiously perpetrate.

Prof. Fitzgerald, in his address as President of the Mathematical and Physical Section of the British Association, very neatly confirmed my description of the purely hypothetical or imaginary character of this ether when he said that "Its existence is a necessary consequence of the undulatory theory of light." The difference between an objective fact and the *consequence of a theory* is, I think, sufficiently evident.

POISONING BY CARBONIC OXIDE.

IN the *Comptes Rendus*, vol. 106, p. 289, is a paper by N. Gréhan on the poisonous action of carbonic oxide. He finds that if only 0·02 per cent., or one part in five thousand, exists in the air we breathe it is absorbed into the blood, and if the air contains one part in one thousand, half of the hæmoglobin in the blood will combine with this gas. Dogs were poisoned in an atmosphere containing this proportion of the gas.

Carbonic oxide is sometimes confounded with carbonic acid by those who have given no special study to chemistry, and this confusion is not diminished by the half-dozen of additional names which carbonic acid has recently received in order to make it fit into certain chemical theories. Both are products of the combustion of oxygen; carbonic oxide of imperfect combustion, carbonic acid of complete combustion, or such combustion as usually occurs when carbon, or a carbon compound, is freely exposed to the air. Thus the combustion proceeding in our own bodies, though it receives the name of "slow combustion," is nevertheless complete, inasmuch as it does not stop short at carbonic oxide, but results in the production of carbonic acid.

In ordinary fresh country air we have about one part in 2,500, more in towns and less over the sea. One-half of this quantity of carbonic oxide would punish us severely, would produce miserable headache, such as may be obtained in a room that is heated by a badly-constructed iron stove.

As carbonic oxide exists in the *midst* of every coal fire, *i.e.* where the supply of air is deficient and it passes through red-hot iron plates, even though of considerable thickness, all stoves that are liable to become externally red-hot should be abolished. Much of the prejudice against stove-heating that prevails in this country is an inheritance derived from the experience of those who formerly used small iron boxes, such as even now are sold as "workshop stoves." These were made red-hot, thereby poisoning the air with carbonic oxide.

The consequent headache and depression were formerly ascribed to the dryness of the air; a very illogical theory, seeing that dry air is, other conditions equal, especially exhilarating. Water vases and basins were accordingly placed on the top of such stoves with no advantage; then another theory arrived, *viz.* that the bad air was due to the roasting of organic particles floating in the air. This is similarly erroneous. The lightest of such particles are repelled from heated surfaces, and the roasting of heavier, *i.e.* the pathogenic bacteria, is a consummation most devoutly to be wished for.

TABLE TALK.

DOROTHY OSBORNE.

TO the female worthies whose names are dear to Englishmen will henceforth be added the name of Dorothy Osborne, subsequently Dorothy Temple. Somewhat tardily have I scraped acquaintance with this gentlewoman as she is seen in her letters to Sir William Temple, edited by Mr. S. A. Parry.¹ I cannot pretend to tell at length the story of the loves—long unprosperous, and at length successful—of Dorothy and her lover. For two years, 1652–4, she corresponded with him in secret, and her love-letters are now by a strange freak of fortune the possession and, I may say, the delight of a not inconsiderable section of society. Some of Dorothy's letters have been printed in Courtenay's "Life of Sir William Temple," whence portions of them were transferred by Macaulay, in his Essay upon that work, to the *Edinburgh Review*. On the strength of these extracts Macaulay pronounces Dorothy "a very charming young woman, modest, generous, affectionate, intelligent and sprightly . . . with a little turn for coquetry, which was yet perfectly compatible with warm and disinterested attachment, and a little turn for satire, which yet seldom passed the bounds of good nature." Dorothy is all this and more. She is a real woman, with all the charm of the best characters in fiction; something of Clarissa Harlowe, something of Diana Vernon, something too of Beatrice in "Much Ado about Nothing." If Lamb had had access to her letters he would have gone into rhapsodies over them and her.

HER LETTERS.

I CANNOT afford to quote at any length from Dorothy's letters, and to give an idea of their attraction I should have to occupy pages. The style, however, in a period when a prose style was not common, is a grace in itself. Her banter of her jealous, exacting, and unhappy lover is delicious. Here is the beginning of one letter: "Sir, I have been reckoning up how many faults you lay to my charge in your last letter, and I find I am severe, unjust, unmerciful, and

¹ Griffith, Farran, Okeden & Welsh.

unkind. Oh me ! how should one do to mend all these ! 'Tis work for an age, and, 'tis to be feared, I shall be so old before I am good, that 'twill not be considerable to any but myself whether I am so or not." Note, in perusing these letters, as every reader ought, how much is gained by reserve. Instead of overflowing ebullitions, such as are constantly read in the law courts when the ephemeral nature of human passion is illustrated *coram populo*, each letter begins with "Sir," and is subscribed "Your faithful friend and servant," or in some similar fashion. When, accordingly, towards the close of the correspondence, she ventures on the word "dear," the effect is almost startling. Lamb says that "we have gone retrograde in the noble heresy (of love) since the days when Sidney proselyted our nation." Assuredly we have "gone retrograde" from the temperance and truth of those days, and we now give pledges of eternal constancy that scarcely last the drying of the ink in which they are written, and, in praise of a passing fancy, exhaust every ecstatic superlative that imagination and rapture can coin.

OLD AND NEW VIEWS AS TO MARRIAGE.

A GREAT poet is, of course, a prophet, and an occupation of parliaments is to arrive at and record the views the poet was the first to promulgate. The speculations as to marriage and free love which during the "silly season" have occupied one of the daily papers, are of course anticipated by Shelley, who says, in the notes to "Queen Mab," vol. i. p. 169 of Chatto & Windus's edition : "A system could not well have been devised more studiously hostile to human happiness than marriage." Into the question I do not propose to enter. It is curious, however, to see the change in the views with regard to woman that a century has produced. Rousseau was in his day regarded as a sufficiently formidable innovator. We find him, however, maintaining, with regard to women, views that are absolutely startling, so conservative are they. Concerning the woman of letters he says, in his *Maxims*, that she is "the scourge of her husband, her children, her friends, her servants, of all the world. From the elevation of her genius she disdains the duties of womanhood and begins by unsexing herself. . . . Woman's dignity is to rest ignored, her glory is in the esteem of her husband, her pleasures are in the happiness of her family. When there are none but sensible men on the earth every woman of letters will remain unmarried." Instead of coming from a precursor of revolution, these sentiments might be the utterance of a Tory parson of fifty years ago, so quick is human development.

Gentleman's Magazine.

MAN IN MEDIÆVAL TIMES.

In all the centuries up to now to get rid of the man is a man's possession. There have, it is a sort of quasi-independence of the husband has the famous Courts of Love which, during the thirteenth centuries, were held at Avignon, Narbonne, Provence, Guyenne, Champagne, and Flanders, and in England, courts wholly composed of women, were promulgated. At one court, over which the Countess de Champagne, it was decided that love was between husband and wife. These whimsical decisions greatly to affect the status of woman with "Du côté de la barbe est la toute-puissance," it has remained. How a woman is to be taught is a story in "Il Conde Lucanor," the work of a thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, a new and which, published by Messrs. Pickering & Chatto, is a goodly volume. One of the stories in this is curious as to its origin, and to some extent in story, "The Taming of the Shrew." The general lesson, however, of the book is the applications of the prince: "You know it is that a man from the day of his marriage should understand that he himself is the master, so that if she has to pass." "Rule a Wife and have a Wife" is the title of a famous Elizabethan play (p. 40).

THE NEW DEVELOPMENT.

Even the greatest revolutions are not seldom those most noiselessly accomplished. Women have taken up the question of their subjection. I cannot but be struck around me; notice it perhaps with more of approval. Sylvanus Urban is impersonal, but his view is, as Kent says in "Lear," "Not so young as to be singing," and is a little inclined to favour the view, however, that marriage now comes to a woman not infrequently does not come at all, are regarded girls whose pride it would have been a general rule by the pedestals on which man likes to see them sit down and mingle in the active battle of life. This course, increase, and the relations between the sexes ultimately lead furnish a wide field for speculation.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1888.

THE BAND OF CRAPE.

By JOHN LONDON.

I.

I REALLY could not help it. I had no intention of playing the spy. It was the merest chance that made me take that short cut past the barns and across the fields instead of going by the avenue. And when I reached the hedge at the top of the bank, I had positively no choice but to become a witness of the scene. Unless by stooping and concealing myself behind the hedge, there was no getting out of it ; and, for all that passed, it hardly seemed worth while running the risk of an ignominious discovery in that undignified position.

It was the most charming little bit of comedy imaginable—a perfect little summer idyl. No picture could have been more artistically arranged. A background of dark green leaves, an old wooden gate, and two or three contemplative-looking ducks ; and in the foreground two young people, a hero and a heroine. The man's face has that look of manliness and health which seems the peculiar blessing of a country life, and the tight-fitting suit he wears seems made to show off his broad shoulders and well-shaped legs. The young lady who stands facing him is in riding costume. She is about the ordinary height, strongly made, and rounded in all her outlines. Her hair is of that shade of red which tells of parents who are both dark. Her attitude is bold, but not unbecoming ; and in her hand she has a riding whip with which she occasionally beats her leg, much as a man might do. In face they are decidedly handsome, both of them.

Evidently it is a parting scene ; but a parting by no means of the ordinary sentimental sort. The young man stands as if listening

when chance had made me stumble upon the little interview I have described.

To my delight, Raymond appeared very little concerned at my untimely arrival. For a minute we both stood still, looking after the retreating figure of the young lady ; then he came forward and held out both his hands to me and welcomed me heartily. I made my best apologies for what had happened. But without listening to them, he said carelessly:

"Never mind for that. We are already pretty well talked of together, and the addition of a fresh story will do little harm, even supposing you should repeat what has passed, which I know you will not."

II.

DINNER was over, and we were sitting over the fire smoking. We had been silent for some time.

"So you have had to put your horses out to livery," I said, by way of approaching the subject which I knew occupied both our minds.

"Yes," he replied, "my stable ruined me. I had three executions here in one month."

Alas, it was but too true! His stables had ruined him. One of those individuals in whom Nature seems to have implanted an inordinate love of horse-flesh, and over whom the attractions of the turf exercise an influence superior to all considerations of prudence Fred Raymond had in a few years contrived to entirely dissipate the modest fortune he had inherited. From boyhood, to own racers and win cups had been his great ambition. But he had been unfortunate throughout. Time after time his horses had unaccountably come lame to the post or been beaten by the shortest of heads. Hitherto he had never won any race of importance. To one of his scrupulous honour this could not but mean the loss of money ; and to him it had, in fact, meant utter ruin.

Even yet, however, he had not renounced the desperate game. What ruined man ever will, while yet a chance remains? His stud had disappeared ; but he had one horse left, the finest he had ever owned—"Beaver," to which his lady friend had so confidently referred in the morning. He had backed it very heavily for the Goodwood Stakes, and on its winning depended all his hopes.

We had relapsed into silence. Suddenly, however, Raymond began : "Langton, old man, I want to confess to you—I want your

advice. We have always been friends since we were boys at school together, and I know I can trust you. Maud Wyndham, that girl you saw this morning—do you know her?”

“Not in the least.” Then, seeing he hesitated, “Are you engaged?” I said bluntly.

“No,” he replied; “perhaps there may have been something between us, but she is not of age and I am no longer an eligible party. Her guardian, Sir Richard Paulton, has an estate a few miles from here, and she frequently rides over. She is interested in Beaver.”

He paused for a little, and then went on: “Perhaps you overheard some words she said about doing anything to help me?”

“I believe I did,” I replied, trying to speak carelessly.

“I am beset with creditors,” he continued. “I have no money to meet the smallest debts. I have put Beaver out to livery. A week ago the owner of the stables refused to allow him to be taken out for exercise till he had been paid his keep for the last six months, and for the stabling of several other horses I have had to sell. The amount came to upwards of a hundred pounds. I would have made any terms: he would accept none. I offered him a bill for twice the amount, payable in a month. He refused it. The race will be run this day fortnight. If Beaver wins I stand to gain a large amount; if not——”

He paused without completing the sentence; but I knew his meaning. “It is my only hope,” he said, “and to lose it now seems very hard.”

“How, then, have you settled it?” I inquired.

“Maud Wyndham put her name to the bill.”

I started. From Raymond, of all men the most scrupulous in matters of honour, I had not expected this.

“She is no relation of yours?”

“None,” he replied.

“You are not engaged?”

He made no reply. For some minutes neither spoke: then, in a low voice, Raymond said, “She did it without my consent or knowledge. The stable-keeper had complained to her, and shown her my bill, which I had left with him in spite of his refusal to regard it as sufficient. Without being asked even by him, so far as I can make out, she had put her name to it. Both of them concealed the fact from me, and it was only this morning I discovered it. I used every means to induce the man to give up the bill, but he refused, thinking, no doubt, it was his only chance of payment. She is not of age,

but will be so within the year. Besides, no doubt the rascal is confident her guardian would not allow the matter to be brought into court."

Again we were silent, now for a long time, each avoiding the other's eyes.

At length Raymond said, "Am I dishonoured, in the eyes of the world?"

"I trust not," I replied. But perhaps my tone was not reassuring, for the only response was a long sigh.

III.

WHEN we met the next morning Raymond was looking very pale. Little conversation passed between us during breakfast, and I noticed he merely trifled with what was on his plate. When we had finished, he said, "Let us go out on the terrace. It is an hour before your train starts, and there is something I want to say to you."

It was a chilly morning, and I observed my friend shiver as we took our seats on the terrace, from which we could see the valley of the Thames spread out before us like a panorama.

"I had a strange dream last night," Raymond began. He spoke so seriously and hesitatingly that I restrained my inclination to laugh.

"I do not know if you pay attention to such things. For myself, hitherto I have never attached any importance to them; but my dream of last night has, I confess, had a strange effect upon me. All gamblers, they say, are superstitious. Perhaps that may be the cause."

Again I noticed him shiver. Could it be at the recollection?

"Come," I said, "don't take it so seriously. These morning dreams, I know, are often frightful; but by the evening you will have forgotten all about it."

"It was about four o'clock in the morning," he resumed, without making any sign of having heard me, "that the event occurred. I say event, for I cannot think it was quite an ordinary dream, and I do not know how to describe it. It had none of the vagueness or absurdity of a dream. It was vivid as reality."

"Yet, who knows?" he went on. "They say we commonly dream of what has been in our minds through the day. Perhaps that is the reason why I dreamt of you."

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"Do not say that," he cried, suddenly. There was something in his voice that alarmed me.

"Come," I said, "be candid with me ; you are hiding something."

"It is nothing," he replied, speaking as if with great reluctance. "Perhaps I should not tell you. I do not know but these are things we should keep to ourselves. There was something more in my dream, something I do not like, and at which, absurd as it may seem, I hope you will not laugh. I saw Tom Hall, whom I have retained, riding Beaver—saw him as distinctly as I ever saw him. I saw he wore my colours, cap and sash and jacket. But there was something I could not understand. *He had a broad band of crape across his breast.* Good-bye."

I did not speak. I felt a cold shiver run through me.

IV.

THE next time I met Miss Wyndham was at a ball in London, the night before the first day of the Goodwood races. I could see she recognised me, and several times observed her following me anxiously with her eyes. I avoided her. Late in the evening, however, she came up to me where I was standing alone, and said directly, "Will you dance with me?"

Few girls would, under any circumstances, have ventured so far ; but she was not like other girls.

"You do me too much honour," I replied.

She looked up at me with an expression that was half appealing, half defiant ; and now I could see her face was very pale, and there were dark shadows under her eyes.

"You think it very fast of me to ask you, but I do not mind. Perhaps I have fallen in love with you, you know !"

"At first sight ?" I replied.

She flushed a little, then she said, "Perhaps."

She danced with a lightness and *abandon* that was bewitching, as if seeking distraction in the voluptuous movement of the waltz. But now and then I could feel her tremble slightly. Presently she grew listless, and at last said:

"Let us go into the conservatory ; there are fewer people there, and I want to talk to you."

I found her a quiet seat among the palms ; and she began : "Have you heard from Fred—I mean, from Mr. Raymond?"

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everything I could to soften the blow ; but his answer frightens me."

I saw her shudder. From what she had told me I could only vaguely conjecture the nature of the condition to which she alluded ; but seeing it was evidently a delicate subject, I did not feel at liberty to press for a direct explanation.

" So Beaver has gone lame ? " I said.

" Yes," she replied, " and I fear badly. But see, here comes my partner for the next dance. I must go ; only promise me you will find out Fred to-morrow, and not leave him for a day or two. You must take care of him—for his sake and for mine."

" I will, I promise you."

" Thank you," she said. " I am less afraid now, since I have your promise."

As she held out her hand I could see the tears standing in her eyes. Soon after I observed her leaving the room, leaning on the arm of a young man.

" Dashing girl, that Miss Wyndham," remarked an acquaintance who was standing beside me. " By-the-by, I saw you dancing with her. She will be worth a devilish lot of money when she comes of age. Lucky man that gets her ! They used to talk of Fred Raymond as the favoured individual."

" What," said another who was near, " have you not heard ? It is the latest news. She is engaged definitely to young Paulton, the son of her guardian, Sir Richard Paulton. One might have been sure the old tyrant would not let such a prize slip through his fingers. Besides, Raymond is a ruined man. What sensible girl——"

I turned away. I had heard enough, and felt sick at heart.

V.

THE next morning I was detained for some hours by important business at the War Office ; and by the time I was able to escape, and take the train down to Goodwood, it was nearly two o'clock—the hour fixed for the race. I was hurrying past the carriage enclosure, doubtful if I should be in time to see it, when I noticed Miss Wyndham making signs to me from one of the carriages. She was all alone. " Come up here," she said, as she held out her hand, " the horses have started, and you are too late for the stand, and will miss the race unless you stay."

I hastened to accept the invitation.

And now something came over me which I cannot properly describe, but must leave in great part to the imagination of my readers. My mind was clouded suddenly, as if my active powers had suffered an eclipse. I felt as if I could no longer command my thoughts, but had become passive beneath the influence of some superior agency. Then through this vague sense of bewilderment, softly, like the coming of a friend, a thought of Raymond stole upon me. In some mysterious way I seemed to feel his presence in myself, as if for the moment he and I were one. I felt no fear or violent trembling, such as is supposed commonly to accompany the approach of the supernatural—for such I cannot help considering my experience—but rather a feeling such as that with which in dreams we hold converse with friends whom death has taken from us. I gazed vaguely upon the noisy crowd, when a confused shouting, mingled with uncertain cheering—such as are always to be heard when an outsider wins—told that the horses were coming. A minute more and they had come and passed. Well in front of all the rest, running in splendid style, without any sign of lameness, was Beaver. With the calmness of uninterested curiosity rather than the deep anxiety I should naturally have felt, I watched him pass the winning post. He had won by about three lengths. But I had seen something else on which my attention was much more keenly fixed. *I had seen across the breast of the winning jockey, alongside his crimson sash, a broad band of crape.* My mind struggled wildly to understand its meaning.

Suddenly I awoke from the trance or stupor—call it what you will—in which I had been sunk. I found Miss Wyndham fallen back in the carriage in a half-fainting condition. What was the cause? Had she, too, been conscious of the mysterious presence I had felt. Looking back, I thought I could remember having heard a cry of fear or pain from someone at my side, though at the moment I had been unable to think from whom.

“Did you see it?” she whispered, with colourless lips.

“See what?” I replied.

“The band of crape.”

I started. I experienced so entirely the feelings of a man awaking from sleep that I had almost forgotten, or doubted the reality of what I had just seen. I had half expected to find it all an illusion.

“What can it mean? Fly at once. Run to the paddock, ask him, see him, bring him here—— No, no, not that! But come

and tell me of him at once. And it has won ! Ah, how unfortunate ! What shall I do ? But fly, fly to him—and return to me.”

Her manner and her words were wild, but I did not stay to unravel their meaning. I hastened to the paddock. I found a group of my acquaintances at the gate, talking excitedly.

“Have you heard the news ?” I was asked by one of them, as I approached. “Fred Raymond shot himself last night. They got a telegram here from Ashfield just before the race, that he had been found dead in his room. His trainer got Hall to wear a band of crape, and everyone is wondering what it meant. Poor fellow, he must have been mad, or he would have waited to hear the result. The third lame winner this month !”

.
Three months later Miss Wyndham was married to young Paulton. They are supposed to be a very happy couple—as couples go. On her excitement and confused ejaculations on this memorable occasion I seemed to get a peculiar light, when I heard some time afterwards that for the last few days before the race she had been laying heavily against Beaver. After all, poor Raymond was not “an eligible party ;” and, as my acquaintance at the ball had said, “What sensible girl——” But as in the former place I have left the utterance unfinished, I will still leave it with the reader to complete it. We have little to say now when we meet.

SHAKSPEARE WITHOUT END.

THE "Outlines of the Life of Shakspeare," by Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, is a monument of zealous, devoted, intelligent labour. The labour has indeed been one of love ; and no pains have been spared to ascertain every fact, to record every tradition, and to trace out every inference, which could, directly or indirectly, increase our knowledge or stir our fancies in connexion with the life of the man of the greatest intellect, and the highest imagination, that the world has yet seen. To every Englishman of intellect the subject is one of quite surpassing interest. The direct evidence about Shakspeare himself, and his life and ways, is pitiably, is singularly small ; but the circumstantial evidence—the evidence of outer facts that stand round this almost hidden life—is tolerably full. We can find "imputation and strong circumstance which lead directly to the door of truth ;" though they, alas ! do not always open the door to which they lead, or show us those essential facts which most, and vainly, we yearn to know. The day of Shakspeare was not the day of autobiography, or even of biography. Men acted, or wrote, and were mainly careless of any record which might adequately report them to posterity. No man would seem to have been more indifferent to the publication of his works, or to the just estimate of himself by the world and posterity, than was William Shakspeare. Was he too great even for the "last infirmity of noble minds ?"

When studying the mass of inference and possibility, and the minimum of certain knowledge, which are available to the Shakspeare student, the mind is necessarily busied with creative criticism, suggestion gives rise to hypothesis, and we feel impelled to complete a shadowy hint, or to think out a pregnant indication. The perplexing suggestions of fact stir in our minds new theories to explain old difficulties. One or two exercises of this fascinating sort have recently occurred to me when re-reading the materials which honest industry has so laboriously gathered together ; and as such themes have an undying interest for, at least, English readers, I here venture to throw out one or two of such suggested theories.

When, after the death of Shakspeare, John Hall, the physician (though he never held a diploma), and son-in-law of the poet, went to Gerard Johnson, the sculptor, living near St. Saviour's, in Southwark, to commission the well-known portrait bust which still stands in the church of Stratford-upon-Avon, he probably took with him a posthumous cast of the dead, but immortal, face ; and he, no doubt, assisted the artist with a description of the dress and appearance of Shakspeare. That dress and that appearance would have been well known to Hall and to the other surviving relatives ; and they would desire to have a true effigy of the great man in his habit as he lived. Resemblance would be the great point at which sorrowing survivors would aim, and this they would seek to attain by means of truth of detail. We find that they caused Shakspeare to be represented in a scarlet doublet.

It is, no doubt, greatly owing to ideas raised in later times that we connect red so strongly with military pursuits ; but still it seems, at first sight, somewhat strange that Shakspeare should be presented in a colour of attire which suggests the soldier rather than the scholar. He was more a man of contemplation than of action ; and the character of dramatist appears to exclude that of warrior. It is natural to image to ourselves the author of "Hamlet" in soberer and sadder colours. The scarlet doublet may, however, as I think, be satisfactorily explained.

The public entry of James I. into London took place on March 15, 1604—nearly a year after the death of Elizabeth. The royal procession passed triumphantly from the Tower to Westminster ; and in the train which accompanied the King were the nine actors to whom a special licence had been granted in the previous year. Shakspeare, Burbage, Hemmings, and Condell—would that we could see them now !—marched with the train, as the "King's servants," and the players took rank at Court amongst the grooms of the chamber.

We find that the actors wore a livery, or uniform, as members of the royal household ; and that to each of them was presented "four yards and a half of scarlet cloth," as a dress allowance.

After the fret and fever of his London stage life—a life including many joys and triumphs, but yet saddened by many of the spurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes—Shakspeare had retired to the place of his birth, and to the occupancy of Sir Hugh Clopton's "great house," built in 1496, the most stately edifice in quiet Stratford. While there was no temptation to resume the old life, that time of success and of sorrow was doubtless regarded by the poet

with a certain tenderness of retrospection. Good is seldom unalloyed, and, though he preferred the country calm, Shakspeare may well have looked back with a half regret to the old bustling life of the tavern and the stage ; to the excitement of the theatre, and to the companionship of comrades. Judging wisely, he retired from it all to live at ease, in calm, and in the sessions of sweet, silent thought ; but he had broken from, rather than broken with, the scenes and times of the most active development of his energy and of his genius. When he retired to his peaceful home, his wife and his two daughters were living in Stratford, and the ties of family were added to the charms of the home won by so much toil and ennobled by so much glory. Shakspeare would, probably, still like to consider himself a member of the household of the King, linked to the Court by the uniform which ranked the actor and the dramatist with the grooms of the royal chamber ; and it seems likely that he would—were it only on high days and holidays—wear the scarlet doublet which marked his connexion with the Court and with the theatre. The “four and a half yards” might still furnish forth a gala doublet ; and his survivors, to whom the facts were known, would naturally elect to have his effigy depicted in the scarlet uniform which he still cherished as a memento of the stirring, olden days of the stage in connexion with the honour-giving patronage of the Crown.

Shakspeare himself procured the grant of a coat of arms to his father. He was proud to be *armiger*, and he bequeathed his sword. An aristocrat by nature and by feeling, he would attach some value to the scarlet doublet which denoted the honour conferred upon him by the King ; and in this way we may, as I fancy, explain the colour in which the poet was represented in his monument.

Let us turn to another point of interest—to the acquisition of New Place. After the deer-slaying, park-breaking exploit, or frolic, the product of that effervescent youth which is

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he was compelled to leave Stratford, probably in 1585, and took his way to London. It is not probable that he sought the metropolis with any distinct design upon the drama. He went as a refugee, and he had to earn. That entity which we mortals blindly call “chance,” which means the purposes of Providence, led him to the playhouse, and through many subordinate situations, until he could rise to write “Hamlet” and enact his own Ghost.

In 1597, that is, twelve years after his flight from Stratford, we find him buying the great house of his native town. This step would

seem to indicate great money success achieved within a brief period. We find it recorded that "the unanimous tradition of the neighbourhood is that, by the uncommon bounty of the Earl of Southampton, he was enabled to purchase houses and land at Stratford." Nicholas Rowe (born 1673, died 1718) published in 1709 his "Account of the Life of Shakspeare," in which he states: "There is one instance so singular in the munificence of this patron of Shakspeare that, if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William Davenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his (Shakspeare's) affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted: that my Lord Southampton at one time gave him (Shakspeare) a thousand pounds to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to."

Rowe's statement conveys an impression of great exaggeration, owing to the circumstance that he, writing in 1709, did not take into account the differing values of money at different times. Let us compare the values of Elizabeth with those of Victoria. The proportion of difference in money itself may be assumed, with high probability, to be about twelve to one; thus, a pound in Elizabeth's day would represent twelve pounds in the day of Victoria; therefore, if Southampton gave to Shakspeare £1,000 of Elizabethan, that would be equal to £12,000 of Victorian money; and such a sum would be a too gigantic gift, probably for the means, certainly for the munificence, even of the princely patron. The problem can thus be stated intelligibly and probably, for the readers of to-day:

Shakspeare gave £60 Elizabethan, or £720 of our money, for New Place. Southampton probably gave the poet £80 Elizabethan, or about £1,000 of our money, and the difference between £60 and £80 Elizabethan would, no doubt, be swallowed up in law costs, which would seem, even in the spacious times of great Elizabeth, to have been reasonably heavy. By the way, much of our little knowledge of facts which surround the life of Shakspeare is due to the law and to legal documents.

One thing strikes us with extreme surprise in connexion with the supreme poet; that is, his apparent indifference to posthumous fame. He cannot have been indifferent to the success of his plays when acted, but it would seem that he cared little or nothing for their success as printed publications. He cared for the spectator, but not for the reader; and spectators were probably more numerous than readers in Shakspeare's day. A particular theatre had a property in a drama for the purposes of representation, and it was not to the

interest of a manager to have one of his pieces published. Out of the vast numbers of plays produced in the theatres in and about the time of Shakspeare how few have come down to us: The drama, which is *poetry in action*—*poetry* lived embodied by human beings—produces almost its most vital effect when it is acted before spectators who come to see, before auditors who come to hear, and who can feel and enjoy the drama without being able, or without caring, to read. Authentic copies of thirteen out of the thirty-six plays of Shakspeare, probably under some arrangement with the proprietors of theatres, appeared, in printed quarto, before the poet's death; and four imperfect versions, dishonestly obtained, were in circulation; but there is no evidence which can, even indirectly, connect Shakspeare with any of these publications. When he died there was no collected edition of his works, and twenty-two of his plays were unprinted and unpublished. His will, which, under the pressure of the near approach of death, was so hurried in its completion that the rough draft made in January had to serve as the formal deed, contains absolutely no allusion to his writings. No wishes are expressed, no directions are given, no mention is made. There are no bequests to Drayton or Ben Jonson, two friends whom he had seen so recently at Stratford itself; but Shakspeare did not forget "my fellows, John Hemynge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell," to each of whom he left twenty-six shillings, eight pence, "to buy them rings." Could Shakspeare be really unconscious of, or indifferent to, the ambition which seems natural in so great a writer? It is difficult to believe that. He must have been aware of the merit, and of the comparative merit, of his plays and poems. Had he any verbal understanding with Hemmings and Condell that they should, when time and opportunity should serve, produce a collected edition of his plays? If so, his confidence in these trusted friends, who were the most competent of all men to collect and print his works, may have induced him to abstain from all mention of his writings. Certain it is that, in 1623, nine years after the poet's death, these two zealous and devoted friends published that invaluable folio edition for which the gratitude of literature will be ever due to these players and managers, who so evidently revered and loved their immortal "fellow." They could decide which of the pieces then attributed to Shakspeare were really his work, they possessed his manuscripts, and they could declare that the plays which they published were "absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them." What would our knowledge be of Shakspeare's works but for these honest and grateful players? Their preface to the great edition is a model of manly and

modest devotion ; and it may be well worth while here to quote some of their words.

The first folio was dedicated to William, Earl of Pembroke, and to Philip, Earl of Montgomery, a "most noble and incomparable paire of brethren," who had "prosequuted them [the plays] and their authour living, with so much favour."

Shakspeare's works, they say, are "out-living him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be exequutor to his owne writings they have collected them, and done an office to the dead to procure his orphanes guardians ; without ambition either of selfe-profit or fame, only to keepe the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive, as was our Shakspeare, by humble offer of his playes to your most noble patronage." And so Hemmings and Condell published Shakspeare's works "according to the true and originall copies;" and thereby they earn our undying gratitude.

"It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to have bene wished, that the author himselfe had liv'd to have set forth and overseen his owne writings; but since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his friends the office of their care and paine to have collected and publish'd them ; and so to have publish'd them, as where [before] you were abus'd with diverse stolne and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors that expos'd them ; even those are now offer'd to your view cur'd and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he conceived them ; who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it."

It is a record of literary interest to mention here, in a parenthesis, that in the present autumn of 1888 Mr. Bernard Quaritch announces for sale an original and perfect copy of this most rare, remarkable and valuable book.

1077 SHAKESPEARE, First Folio. Mr. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies. Published according to the True Originall Copies. [*Portrait.*] London Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

Folio, a large, complete, and entirely genuine copy (13½ inches by 8½) £
in the original calf binding. 1623 420

It will be observed that, in their preface and dedication, Hemmings and Condell do not directly state that their publication was undertaken as a consequence of any understanding with Shakspeare; but they yet seem to imply that, if longer life had been granted to the poet, he might, in the calm seclusion of his country retirement,

have "set forth and overseen his owne writings." Had he lived to do so, we should have had a yet nobler edition. Pope, who was a very little man when he entered into judgment upon men enormously greater than himself, indulges in a sneer upon Shakspeare's motives for writing.

Shakspeare, whom you and every play-house hill
Styled the divine, the matchless, what you will,
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despight."

But Pope had but little insight into the literary life of the dramatic day of Shakspeare. It was not then the business of a dramatist to publish. He wrote to be acted. He worked for the theatre, and not for the library; he laboured for audiences rather than for readers. Many of his auditors could not even read. The playwright's quick reward was the reverberation of a public, moved and stirred and excited. Shakspeare could securely reckon upon the certainty that his pieces would hold the stage; and it was not the custom of the dramatist of his time to think much of the closet. The wooden O contained and circumscribed the arena of his ambition. In, at least, the earlier portion of his career, his work was very much defined and restricted by the exigencies of his theatre. He did not write pieces in order to develop a favourite literary idea. But such limitations were, in part, favourable to him, since he wrote under the inspiration of an imperative genius which cared but little for subject, and overflowed into the treatment dictated by his personality. His thirty-six pieces were written on an average scale of production of two plays a year, and, while writing, he was actor and manager. He took up stock subjects; he wrote plays on themes which had already been dramatised by vastly inferior playwrights. It was enough that the subject moved and held the public—that granted, all the rest was treatment. And yet his seeming indifference to the fame which posterity would award to such dramas remains a problem, a question, a wonder. It may be that Shakspeare was the only man who, morally and intellectually, was wholly too great to long for glory or to care for fame. He wrote as he could not help writing, and was content to sway the thoughts and the emotions of audiences, while he knew, as his best reader, God.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

THE ST. JOHN AMBULANCE ASSOCIATION.¹

AT the entrance to a deep ravine, on the north side of the Gulf of Salerno, eight miles west of the city of that name, stands the little decayed town of Amalfi, situated in the midst of beautiful scenery but, like many other Italian cities, living upon the memory of former greatness. It has had a long and eventful career—that small place of 7,000 people. Founded, according to tradition, by Constantine the Great, it was one of the first cities of Southern Italy to recover from the inroads of the barbarians. During the tenth and eleventh centuries it was the seat of one of those tiny, independent, and most quarrelsome republics for which Italy was long famous; in the zenith of its power it had a population of 50,000, and great commercial activity distinguished it, whilst its trade extended to Egypt and the East. It had a famous code of maritime laws—the *Tabula Amalfitana*—which, though I am not prepared to vouch for the statement, is said at one time to have regulated all Italian commercial relations—probably, however, the influence of Amalfi was far less extensive than that. In 1135 the Pisans plundered the city, and are said to have discovered and carried off the famous manuscript of the *Pandects of Justinian*, now in the *Laurentian Library* at Florence. However this may be, the *Pandects* never were lost, and the assertion that this copy was the only one in existence has been shown to be unfounded. Subsequently to its capture by the Pisans, Amalfi passed under the rule of the Norman masters of Naples, and from that time its power and wealth declined. In 1343 a terrible storm burst upon the city and did great damage—possibly the inroad of the sea that attended that tempest accompanied an earthquake, and may have been one of those vast volumes of water which roll back on the land after a sudden retrogression of the sea. Amalfi never recovered its ancient

¹ See also an article by Colonel Francis Duncan in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1880.

splendour, and never will, for these are not the days of small states and independent cities ; nevertheless, it has manufactures of oil, macaroni, paper, and silk ; it is the seat of an archbishop, and has a cathedral of great antiquity dedicated to St. Andrew. It was at Amalfi that Flavio Gioja, the improver of the mariner's compass, and Masaniello, the patriot, were born, so that Amalfi, like nearly all Italian cities, deserves respect for its great sons.

But Amalfi has other claims to the honour of the world. In the eleventh century Palestine was the scene of unwonted animation ; the Crusades were commencing, and, in the spring of 1096, 6,000,000 persons were said to be in movement towards Palestine : this must, however, be a monstrous exaggeration. Crusade-madness seized upon many who seemed little likely to fall victims to it, and rich and poor, young and old, feeble and strong, men and women, left their homes to wend their painful and sorrowful way to the Holy Land, to press the soil once trodden by their Saviour's feet, and to rest their eyes on the scenes amid which He lived and died. "The most distant islands and savage countries," says William of Malmesbury, "were inspired with this ardent passion. The Welshman left his hunting, the Scotchman his fellowship with vermin, the Dane his drinking party, and the Norwegian his raw fish." Pilgrimages to the Holy Land had been in great favour from an early time in the history of the Christian Church, and it had always been reckoned a peculiar mark of piety to leave home and journey to Jerusalem. The Crusades were only pilgrimages better organised, and on a still larger scale, and instead of a few straggling thousands comprised vast multitudes.

Need I add that the condition of the pilgrims was often deplorable, and many, after surviving the perils of sea and land, and when almost within sight of the Holy Sepulchre, were cut off by robbers or died of wounds and disease ? At Jerusalem there were then living some Italian merchants of Amalfi, who daily witnessed scenes that wrung their hearts, and, with the consent of the Calif of Egypt, they built a hospital for the reception and relief of pilgrims. This nursing community was at first known as the Hospitaller Brothers of St. John the Baptist of Jerusalem, though some authorities contend that it was originally dedicated to St. John the Almoner. Before long, however, it was placed under the protection of St. John the Baptist, and it bears his name to this day. The nursing community threw itself into its work with impassioned zeal, knowing no weariness and recognising no distinction of race or creed—the only passport to its help was to need it ; and it has been in that catholic spirit that the work has been ever since carried on—"for the glory of God and the

good of man." The fame of the order rapidly spread—rich gifts poured in upon it, many recruits joined its ranks, its power increased, and the good it did augmented. But the Seljuk Turks did not always continue to respect the hospice, and when the Crusaders entered Jerusalem in 1099 they found Gérard, the rector of the order, in prison.

Released from captivity, he commanded the doors of the hospital to be flung open for the reception of the sick and wounded. Some of the Crusaders before long joined the order and devoted themselves to the good work, while Godfrey de Bouillon, the leader of the expedition, and some of his companions, were so grateful for the benefits which they received that they endowed the hospital with lands and manors in many parts of Europe. Gérard, after a time, persuaded the brethren to take vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience before the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and in 1113 Pope Pascal II. gave his official sanction to what had been done. Raymond du Puy, the successor of Gérard, framed a code of laws which was confirmed by Pope Calixtus II. To the obligations taken by the earlier members were subsequently added those of fighting against the infidels and defending the Holy Sepulchre. Hospices, called commanderies, were established in many parts of Europe, and the order soon included in its ranks numbers of powerful and high-born recruits, more particularly after it added a military organisation to its religious duties. In 1187, after the capture of Jerusalem by Saladin, the Hospitallers retired to Margat in Phœnicia, and in 1285 to Acre; in 1291 they again removed, this time to Limisso, where Henry II. of Cyprus gave them a residence. In its days of greatest power it counted as a valuable factor in the wars against the infidels; its members were then divided into three classes—the knights, the chaplains, and the serving brothers, the last being fighting squires who accompanied the knights to battle. At one time the order consisted of eight langues—Provence, Auvergne, France, Italy, Aragon, Castile, Germany, and England. Most European countries had several priories, under which there were a number of commanderies. In England the chief establishment was the magnificent priory of Clerkenwell, the head of which was styled Premier Baron of England, and had a seat in the Upper House of Parliament. Quite recently the headquarters of that most useful body, the St. John Ambulance Association, has been placed in the gateway of the ancient building, and there the chief secretary, Major Sir Herbert Perrott, Bart., and his efficient and untiring staff of assistants and friends, get through their noble work—work far grander than that of the old knights, for

the history of the order is a story of the most noble and heroic deeds. It is a story of the most noble and heroic deeds. It is a story of the most noble and heroic deeds. It is a story of the most noble and heroic deeds.

The order was founded in the year 1099, by a group of knights who were fighting for the Holy Land. They were the first of the knights of the order. They were the first of the knights of the order. They were the first of the knights of the order. They were the first of the knights of the order.

The knights of the order were known for their bravery and their loyalty. They were known for their bravery and their loyalty. They were known for their bravery and their loyalty. They were known for their bravery and their loyalty.

Had a century ago the order was reconstituted in England as a Protestant body—that is, it was wholly unconnected with the Catholic organisation abroad. Although in 1858 some difficulty was made as to the religion of the revived English langue, the order, as now constituted, has done good work in building and endowing hospitals, relieving suffering, organising the "Eastern War Sick and Wounded Relief Fund," and the "National Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded in War;" but perhaps incomparably its greatest and noblest undertaking has been "The St. John Ambulance Association for giving instruction in rendering First Aid to the injured in peace and war." Thank Heaven! the last grand outcome of the ancient order recognises, in the true spirit of the Amalfi founders, only one claim—that of suffering humanity. Princes and peasants, men, women, and children, rich and poor, young and old may be taught in the same place and by the same teacher, and may be examined at the same time by the same examiner. In this way the order has proved equal to the exacting requirements of the age, and has entered into the spirit of Him who found His most trusted followers not in

the ranks of tetrarchs and Roman consuls and proconsuls, not in the schools of Athens and the senate of Rome, but among the fishermen of Galilee, the tent-makers of Tarsus, and the despised and hated publicans.

In glancing at the programme of the St. John Ambulance Association I am approaching ground tolerably familiar to many of my readers. Who has not heard of ambulance work? Who has not seen the familiar three-cornered bandage covered with curious figures representing people with their arms, heads, hands, and feet bandaged? In the United Kingdom alone considerably over 132,000 pupils have received certificates of proficiency, and in Germany the number had, some years ago, reached 40,000, so that half a million people may by this time, in one part of the world or another, have gone through the course of instruction, and after passing the examination have received their certificate. And yet ambulance work is in its first infancy. Every man, woman, and child should go through it; indeed, a young officer once sensibly remarked that he would make ambulance instruction part of every school course; and Lord Wolseley, at Eton, in presenting ambulance certificates to some of the boys, spoke warmly and feelingly of the good such instruction had done, and gave particulars of two recent cases in which ambulance pupils—Eton boys—had rendered invaluable assistance in great emergencies.

Let the reader picture to himself an accident, and what a strange sensation comes over him! A carriage driving quickly and merrily along the road, a tennis party full of cheerfulness and enjoyment, a train gliding with the lightning-like rapidity of the Great Northern at seventy-eight miles an hour, a boat cleaving the transparent waters of a lake, a factory noisy with the whirl of a thousand wheels and the busy ingenuity of a thousand trained fingers, or a gay party around the dinner-table. Then, when least expected, something gives way; nobody can ever tell why or how: the carriage upsets; a lawn-tennis player falls down, the express flies off the line, the boat capsizes, a knife slips, or the machinery goes wrong, and in a moment confusion reigns supreme and unexpected suffering is experienced. No use calling for the police and sending for the doctor: they cannot come under an hour—perhaps not for two or three; and in the meantime life may ebb away from a severed blood-vessel that, had the knowledge only been available, could have been controlled with as little trouble as a pair of new gloves could be got on, or the sight may be lost, or the person, who has been rescued from drowning and is not beyond

recovery, may die suffocated, or the trifling injury received at the moment of the accident may, by the ill-judged but well-meant interference of friends and lookers-on, be converted into something ten times worse than the original injury. To know how to relieve and at the same time not to do harm—there lies the text of ambulance work. Mrs. Boyd Carpenter, at a dinner-party, controlled severe hæmorrhage caused by a guest slipping and cutting himself dangerously with a broken tumbler or wineglass.

“But, my good sir,” exclaims a reader, “accidents are very rare : what is the use of invading the surgeon’s province just because there is a chance that one person in a thousand may some day need help which a pupil who has gone through ambulance instruction can afford ?” Accidents not common, forsooth ! Why, one of the accidental insurance companies reports that one person in twelve every year meets with an accident—in other words, 2,000,000 grown-up people a year in the United Kingdom are the subjects of accidents ! Nearly 30,000 violent or sudden deaths occur every year in this country calling for inquests, twice as many as the number of Germans killed in the Franco-German war, and for every violent death there are at least fifty accidents. Thousands of people are killed on the railway and drowned in the inland waters of this country every year ; and 40,000 men are severely injured in mines in the course of a single year. Eight hundred thousand deaths occur yearly in the United Kingdom ; and yet at how many death-beds has any of my readers, unless a clergyman or a doctor, been present in his whole life ? how many funerals has he seen or assisted at ? and yet he will not deny that death is very busy all around him. No one knows when such instruction may stand him in good stead.

In March, 1884, I was talking over ambulance work with the principal of an important college. My friend sneered : accidents, he remarked, never occurred : he had no time for anything so impractical and useless. In June of that year a train fell over the embankment near his house, and I read in the papers that he and his wife were among the first persons who reached the spot, where four people lay dead and sixty were lying injured ; and, as some time elapsed before medical help was available, it was he who had to give the first directions and to render immediate assistance. Were it true that ambulance work was seldom practically useful and that accidents were rare, there is a far loftier and grander way of looking at the matter, which I shall shortly approach.

Let no one suppose that doctors have anything to gain from ambulance work : on the contrary, the diffusion of such information

lessens the need for their services and curtails their slender earnings. An eminent surgeon once told me that he considered that a large ambulance class meant £50 out of the doctor's pocket. Most lecturers are unpaid : I have myself given many courses of lectures and not received one farthing directly or indirectly from them, not a fresh patient, not a *testimonial*. Even the examination fees are not exorbitantly high. I have spent the best part of three days going through forty-nine papers of answers, and have been away from home from half-past two of one day to eleven of the next for two guineas, and sometimes when there was only one class to examine have given as much time for one guinea. Ambulance lecturing and examinations will not, with rare exceptions, increase the doctor's balance at the banker's, or make him a rich man. It is well to mention this, for some people fancy that in an unaccountable fashion the doctor gains largely, and that on this account he promotes such work.

In the first place ambulance instruction is of incalculable utility and interest in giving some insight into the mechanism and functions of the human body, which is without question the most wonderful thing on earth. Beautiful in a pre-eminent degree, surpassing all the flowers and the trees, and all the works of man, it has no equal for perfection and adaptation ; it is the most complicated thing of which we have any knowledge. Think of the hand, the foot, the eye, the ear, the brain ; think of what is meant by the respiration, the digestion, the circulation ; think of the mutual checks and compensations of the human frame ! Nothing more lovely than a well-proportioned man or woman can be conceived.

An ambulance lecturer would find ample material for a dozen lectures in teaching pupils the general outlines of the human body—its mechanism, methods of repair, and adaptation to its work. What scope there is too in making clear the marvellous strength of bone—its lightness, its graceful and beautiful curves, its mutual connexions ! The spinal column has been computed to be sixteen times as strong, in consequence of its curves and construction, as though of the same weight, material, and size, but not built up of segments arranged in curves. Nearly all the simple mechanical powers and contrivances have their original in the living body—inclined planes, arches, and wedges ; the last, in the extinct ichthyosaurus. A waggon has passed over a human being, and that great bony arch, the pelvis, has borne the weight successfully, and in three weeks the sufferer has left the hospital well, with only a little lameness remaining. Then picture the human system as a laboratory, with its chemical processes and its circulation of the blood in a network of closed elastic tubes ; in

short, the more the pupil learns the greater becomes his astonishment and the more does he wish to be taught.

As for beauty—look at the Venus of Milo, the Apollo Belvedere, the Sistine Madonna, the Greek slave of Hiram Powers, the figures in the friezes of the Parthenon, the Venus de' Medici, the Venus of Canova, and the David of Michelangelo; and then confess that the human form divine deserves close, long, and patient study. Anatomy is the groundwork of surgery; and in like manner the study of the body is the foundation of ambulance work, and as soon as the veil has been drawn and the wondering and delighted pupil has learnt something of what to him is a new world, the lecturer can go on to more practical, but not less interesting, subjects. No one can leave a lecture-room where a graphic description of the human frame has been given without being wiser; he has been permitted to see something of that habitation which has been prepared for the reception of the mind, and, marvellous though the powers of the mind are, he cannot deny that the body is a fitting habitation.

The course of instruction may be divided into four parts: (1) the immediate treatment of injured bones; (2) the control of bleeding; (3) the relief of the apparently drowned, of the burnt and scalded; the treatment of the bites of animals, and of lime in the eye or vegetable matter in the ear; and (4) the removal of the injured to their homes. Now, it is perfectly true that all that we know of these matters has been found out by patient observation, and, with certain limitations, the possession of common-sense will enable much to be done. A clever, self-reliant man, called upon to attend to an accident every day for six months, would, at the end of that time, have learnt a good deal—so he would if allowed to drive an engine; but, in the meantime, his ignorance might cost a dozen lives or overthrow a score of trains. It is not only necessary to have knowledge when the need arises, but calmness and confidence can only be put to good account when the knowledge is forthcoming how to use them. That makes all the difference in the world between the skilled and the unskilled helper—the former knows how to do a thing, and does it; the latter is harassed by perplexity, anxiety, and distress; if he attempts something he is afraid that he is doing mischief. In many cases ignorance of the proper measures means irretrievable suffering. The advantage of having passed through a course of ambulance instruction is not confined to the relief of others; it may be of service to the pupil himself. Any day he may meet with an accident, and may be able to save his own life, preserve his own sight, diminish his own sufferings, and direct the movements of the people hurrying to

his assistance, with precision and certainty. To neglect the labours of ten thousand able inquirers, and to rely on one's own resources and *savoir faire* in an emergency, is most culpable.

I cannot go into the course of instruction, which is partly practical, partly theoretical. The lectures ought to be given by an experienced medical practitioner of liberal education, large general reading, and ample knowledge of his profession. In addition to this he ought to have some familiarity with lecturing and platform work—indeed, a man may be a most competent surgeon and a good classical scholar, and yet totally lack all power of expression. Such a man flounders helplessly, covering himself with confusion, and bewildering and wearying his pupils, while another teacher carries on his class easily and pleasantly. I found that the last had been the case at Frome the other day, where I examined an “advanced class” of nine ladies, who acquitted themselves perfectly at the *vivâ voce*, the practical, and in the written papers, only three making any mistakes, and those not serious ones, while I have before now had classes to examine in which not a pupil was thoroughly up to his work, and simple and elementary questions brought answers that lacked precision and directness, while no pupil did the practical work creditably. For one thing, the lecturer must himself be interested, and he must give ample time to preparing his pupils. The first course of ambulance lectures is, moreover, invaluable to the teacher, in showing him what simple appliances will suffice, not only in rendering first aid, but in the successful treatment of injuries. Many a surgeon learns with surprise that he does not require a roomful of splints, straps, bandages, and costly and complicated contrivances, but that he can treat most injuries with certainty and ease with the inexpensive odds-and-ends which he can pick up in any house—a few handkerchiefs or bits of linen will do for pads and bandages, and some stout newspapers and cardboard for splints. And here comes in the peculiarly practical value of ambulance instruction—it should teach the pupil to utilise everything in the shape of clothing, twigs, grass, sticks, cloaks, blankets, and so forth, which may be at hand. I insist on pupils dismissing from their minds references to horse-litters, trained bearers, tourniquets, and stretchers, and I ask what they would do in a field, three miles from any house or help. Some few cases of poisoning excepted, everything should be managed with the things which the pupil wears or which the sufferer has on. I was once rather amused at a lady gravely informing me that she would “cut down upon the femoral artery and tie it,” an operation that would tax the resources and knowledge of many experienced surgeons.

Were such answers, such misconceptions of the scope of ambulance work common, the dislike of many doctors to it would be justified. Nor is youth on the part of the pupils any obstacle. At Gillingham, the other week, I examined three or four grammar-school boys, who showed complete mastery of the subject, while their papers, in fulness and clearness, were a proof of the value of general education in facilitating the mastery of practical scientific subjects.

The teacher should lay down general rules, which the pupils should remember, practise, and apply with the necessary modifications in the corresponding emergency, never forgetting that they are not doctors, but only stop-gaps pending the arrival of that useful individual.

The formation of an ambulance class is carried out somewhat in this fashion. Some person, who has heard of the association or who is interested in it, writes to the chief secretary for a prospectus, programme of lectures, and syllabus of examination. These are promptly and gratuitously forwarded. He then speaks to friends, and induces a score or more to join together ; a convenient room is next borrowed or hired, and a qualified medical practitioner in the neighbourhood is invited to deliver the lectures. He must adhere to the rules of the association. Some lady or gentleman—usually the promoter, though sometimes the lecturer—acts as honorary secretary. The expenses are much the same whether the class is small or large, and five pounds will commonly cover them in the case of a class of thirty as well as of one of ten or twelve. Many large classes now contrive to cover all expenses, actually only charging the pupils half a crown apiece ; but it is well not to make the instruction too cheap.

The lectures are, I am almost ashamed to add, only five, though it must be understood that this is simply the *minimum* qualifying number ; there is no objection to ten or twelve ; and, indeed, the pupils ought to practise bandaging very assiduously at home until they acquire some dexterity. When the course is over an examiner, deputed by the parent association, comes down, sets a short written paper, and asks each pupil four or six simple questions, besides requiring him to bandage, and in other ways show that he has practical knowledge of the subject. Those who pass receive in due course a pretty certificate.

Women can also go through an advanced or nursing course, most useful practically, but less interesting, I am inclined to think, than the First Aid ; nothing similar in the case of men has been attempted, and the First Aid begins and ends their course of instruction.

The association is prospering in a degree ; its work steadily

increases, and great energy is being shown in many fresh quarters. The chief secretary, Sir Herbert Perrott, has a hard life, a vast correspondence and innumerable petty details to look after, but he shows that promptness, brevity, and directness which are among the salient features of a young officer in these days. Mr. John Furley, the honorary director of stores, has also done excellent service, so has Sir Vincent Kennett Barrington, while the subordinates show commendable neatness, quickness, and business capacity. I venture to think that a still more brilliant future lies before the association, not only in time of a general war, should such a calamity occur, but in popularising ambulance instruction throughout the country, and in reaching all classes. The need for such information is world wide, and it is most creditable that the St. John Ambulance Association is determined to make its influence felt wherever human beings are found who are liable to accidents and sickness—that is to say, all the world over

ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.

EUROPE IN THE TWENTY-FOURTH CENTURY.

FIVE hundred years is a long time, and answers in the life of states to a quarter of a century in the history of the individual. Taking this as a standard of measurement, we can describe the Roman Empire as a state that lived to fifty-three; the Greek civilisation as a youthful prodigy that did much and accomplished much before its untimely demise at the age of thirty; those elder empires, that preceded both, as precocious boys who barely arrived at the threshold of manhood, and by consequence left but few abiding effects on the world—though, while this description will hold good of the Assyrian and Persian monarchies, we must make an exception in favour of the Egyptian, undoubtedly the centenarian of history.

Five hundred years brings many changes. We grow out of knowledge in that time, and lose all sympathy with a vanished past and all conception of a yet unrisen future. Can the man of fifty sympathise with the youth of twenty-five? or can the latter even dimly divine the utter change which will have passed over his being when he has completed two-score years and ten? It is the same in history. In the course of five hundred years we pass from point to point, from which we can only describe, not *feel*, the past—can only surmise, not *realise*, the future. Five hundred years ago, taking our own country as the field of view—for further than this we need not extend our observations—there had been no Shakespeare, no Milton, no *literature*, no art, no Protestantism, no Revival of learning, no Popular Government, no domestic reforms. We stagnated in stolid indifference to all such considerations, to all these indispensable appendages of our life at present, the absence of one of which would seem to blight a fair portion of existence. Yet the men of those times missed them not, nor could they have conceived the possibility, or indeed the need of any. Like pleasant landscapes to the blind, or music to the deaf—tell them not of such things, and they never miss them. Then, looking further afield, there was even no

America, still less was there any Australia or any India. Nothing but the four walls of little Europe, and a few griffins and elephants in the direction of Asia and Africa. The world itself was shorn of three-quarters of its dimensions. We were in prison, had we only known it. The sun went round the earth, the stars were little rush-lights hung up in the sky—there was not even a whisper of the great Revolution of Knowledge. What mortal, almost what deity, could have forecast the changes which five hundred years should bring?

Another step back, over an equal limit of time, and we are in the era of the Saxons, when all intelligent sympathy on our part perishes, almost all imagination of the times becomes impossible. An age when Kent was one kingdom, and Essex another, and when the men of Kent might sail over in boats some morning, and carry off the cattle and wives of the people of Southend ; when, had I wanted a servant, I should have bought him at the market, and nailed him up by the ear on my arrival home, till I was ready to inform him of his duties ; when my intellectual interests were centred on the well-being of the swine I kept, and my aspirations to make a figure in society were strictly proportionable to the amount of mead I could consume of an evening. So different are the times, that even analogies fail me, to establish the thinnest line of comparison.

Shall we essay yet another step of equal duration ? It will be but to antedate our very existence. For what is this I hear ? Proculus, Julius, Marcus ? By this time, plainly, the increasing differences have reached their legitimate climax, and have ended in utter severance. Thus may we carve out our lap of life in the great world's race, and, having seen it where it began, let us view it as it shall end.

Five hundred years hence, did we support existence so long, we should have reached the enormous age, as a nation, of two thousand years, that is, reckoning the commencement of our life from the Saxon conquest of Britain. No nation has ever endured so long. Races may rival and exceed such antiquity, but races are to nations as many generations are to one individual. Their time must be measured by other proportion, which need not concern us here. Our two thousand years, as a nation, will answer, by comparison, to perhaps a hundred years in the life of an individual man, and in considering our destiny when those two thousand years shall have expired, we must regard it as a hale and hearty man of between sixty and seventy would speak of his probable condition when the sands of time had run through a century from the date of his birth. "My friends and neighbours," he would say, "hale and hearty

I have a great deal of time, but a very small probability that thirty years
 more will be added to the end of my life. All experience teaches
 me that I am not at all exempt from the usual course of nature.
 I am, I was, and I will be, I might have fancied myself immortal, but in-
 deed, I have been brought down to the level of ordinary humanity,
 and I have no more, therefore have I any wish to differ from my fellows
 of my generation. They were happiest, I think, among my
 predecessors, & I have reached even the respectable
 age which I now have reached. Happy Rome, to expire at fifty-
 years! Or a happier Greece, to die in the bloom of youth, before
 the passions and troubles even of early manhood could leave the
 slightest trace of their impression! Those boys, Assyria and Persia,
 were too precocious, too upstart, too shallow and too short, to make
 me envy their speedy demise. Still less, however, do I envy the ex-
 cessive longevity of my distant connection, Egypt. He fell into his
 dotage, poor fellow, in his later years, took to worshipping cats, as I
 remember, and made mummies of monkeys, together with other eccen-
 tricities, which God forefend I may be spared! But to the point.
 I am much concerned, my friends and neighbours, as to what is
 to become of my heritage when I am gone. Thanks to a thrifty
 and industrious manhood, I have amassed a tidy fortune. I live
 in a sumptuous and comfortable house, where everything goes on
 as cheerfully and methodically as I could wish, were it not for
 occasional insubordination among the servants, who clamour that
 they are unemployed, and demand an extension of the franchise.
 However, I am not concerned about them; when I go, they go.
 When I die, they must shift for themselves. When my establishment
 is broken up, they will naturally be disbanded, and will easily find
 other masters. It is about the inheritance that I am concerned.
 Who is to have it? What heir will succeed me? There are my
 three strapping sons, America, Canada, and Australia, married and
 settled long ago, and in such remote parts of the earth, too, that they
 will scarcely trouble themselves to make the journey even to attend
 my funeral, much less to take up their quarters in the old house for
 good. Not that my hopes in that direction are very slight indeed.
 It is to you, my friends, I must look to administer my estate, and
 keep up my old domain as heretofore by your united counsel and
 assistance. I have a plan also for my servants being discharged.
 It is a very simple one, and I think will be of great service. I have your
 good offices at my disposal. When I am gone, things may proceed
 as usual, or as you may think fit to arrange. I think
 it will be for the best.

responsibility I offer you, and become my executors and trustees when I am no more ? ” At this there was apparently some commotion among the party, and for awhile no answer was given, till at last one, named Italy, advancing with trembling gait and feeble frame, spoke, or rather piped, as follows : “ If you reckon your remnant of life at thirty years, you certainly have the advantage over me ; for a poor ten at the utmost is all I dare compute as my span. I pray you, therefore, address yourself to more likely entertainers.” Gaffer Spain and that ancient beau, France, gave much the same reply, though the latter increased his longevity to twenty years, and had the politeness to make very fair promises, which seemed destined, however, to bear little fruit. Germany and Austria spoke in more hopeful tones, as being, one of them at least, somewhat younger than poor old England ; but, say what they would, their words conduced very little to comfort, or tended to dissipate the general feeling of gloom which seemed creeping over the breasts of all, and which at last found vent in one querulous and universal chorus, “ What is to become of us ? Who will have our inheritances ? Who will be our successors, since we all must die ? ”

Such are the thoughts which would come to ruffle the self-complacency of modern civilisation, were practical men at all disposed to consider the future, or, what is rarer still, to consider it by the light of the past. For in the realised history of our race the same contingencies are ever again and again appearing, and the same solutions repeat themselves with almost mechanical regularity. If Swift be right in what he says of the individual, “ There are a thousand ways of leaving the world, but only one way of coming into it,” we may mimic his epigram by as truthful a parallel, and say, with regard to the nation, “ There are a thousand ways of coming into the world, but only one way of going out of it.” States may rise to prosperity from divers causes, nor can any one safely predict of the tiniest beginning that it may not bloom into a flourishing people. But states have invariably fallen from one cause, or rather, we must say, one occurrence, which is not so properly described as the cause of their fall, but rather as the method of their obliteration. This occurrence of ruin, this method of effacement, is the irruption of barbarous nations ; for which countless causes may pave the way, yet such causes as may readily be surmised, and as most naturally occur in the decrepitude and decay of states : failure of national spirit, the exaltation of the individual over the community, the growth of private selfishness and, by consequence, of public indifference, too long continued and too exclusive a devotion to the arts of peace, and

power was left. The great Greek Empire of Byzantium, after lasting a thousand years, and, regarding it as a continuation of an elder civilisation, enduring for nearly double that time, seemed, indeed, to have its dissolution indefinitely delayed, in order that the event might come about in the strictly orthodox form of the human drama. It had outlived the furies which beset the empire of the West. Even the Saracens hurled themselves at it in vain. It was like to be an imperial prodigy, as a man who lives on, empowered with an immunity from death, a monster, a portent, an unnatural being, whom death has forgotten, and all men point at with horror. But the end came—the death of a civilisation ; its only way to leave the world—in the inroad and overwhelming by the barbarian Turks.

As the sea flows over and steepens the land, as what is land must surely one day become the sea, and then again be turned to land, so surely does barbarism periodically overwhelm and obliterate the landmarks and acres of civilisation. As the sea creeps slowly on the land, on our very coasts, encroaching slowly on us daily, so are the Black Races encroaching, so are they creeping slowly on the fair civilisation of Europe. Must I think of the time when one Goth in Rome was a rarity, a thing to be stared at, a strange, extraordinary being for Tullia or Julia to quiz, and express surprise where that shocking fright came from, and what in the world he did there? Must I throw my imagination some two or three centuries from that date forward, and see these same monstrosities of men sweeping in a deluge over the whole of Southern Europe, obliterating arts, law, religion in their overwhelming flood, seizing on the richest for their possessions, and the fairest for their prize? Must I think of the time when a black among us was as great a rarity as the Goth was? Even in Addison's time, among the surroundings of china and lap-dogs, a black boy was looked on as a sort of monkey, a domestic pet of a singular sort, for those who were fond of oddities. Must I consider how we English, moving in the van of the European civilisation, have, for the last century and more, been continually brought into increasing contact with those races? Must I think how two great wings of our Anglo-Saxon race have actually gone to war on the question of their freedom? Must I consider how they engross at present the attention of our travellers, the sympathies of our divines, the interests of our traders? Must I think how their smutty swarm seethes in the cities of America? And, finally, catching a glimpse of futurity, behold them pouring in myriads upon

myriads resistless into the gardens of the world, and burying a civilisation beneath their hordes?

A pacific invasion of us has long been going on unnoticed. Portentous, hateful, were the fair locks of the old barbarians. Hateful and portentous are the curled blacknesses of the new. In the great continent of Africa, millions of uncivilised beings congregate and swarm, compared to whom the tribes of the Scythian steppes, the nursing-grounds of past barbarian invaders, must be held to have been a mere handful, a vanishing quantity. The geographical area of the two places is significant enough. Africa would hold many Scythias. The sparsely-peopled wastes of the latter, scattered over with wandering nomads, offer a strange contrast to the former's thickly-populated regions, studded with rude villages, black with life; and cannot have seemed one-half so promising for the purpose to thinking men of the Roman epoch, as Africa and its hordes must seem to us. The demand, however, was on a much smaller scale in those days—and so the supply was proportionate. There were but the provinces of one empire to be overrun—provinces, too, which owed their union and their adhesion to the great capital to an unpleasant compulsion exercised from thence, which they were not loth to shake off when opportunity arrived, even though the effect was but to produce a change of masters. Nowadays the districts to be overrun comprise many separate nations, whose strength lies in their national independence, but whose weakness may also be sought in the same reason, and whose fall will be due to a want of due co-operation, when critical hours arrive. The bulwark presented to barbarism is stronger now than then, yet not too strong to foil the adversary. To face this bulwark a torrent is preparing which transcends twenty times the petty rivers of former inroads. A hemisphere is on the march to conquer a continent, as before a continent could rise to entomb an empire.

That such is the probable course of things our own vanity will not let us believe, though Nature, by her constant operations, as seen in the pages of history, shows us only too clearly what the future must be: whose systematic rule it is—and a law, too, as inflexibly observed as the alternation in the seasons of the year, or the regular vicissitude of day and night—to periodically raise lower races by offering them the spoils of the higher. How else are the degraded to rise? Is not civilisation the common birthright of all men, and is it not fair that when one race has lost interest or enjoyment in its acquisitions, another should step forward to enjoy them in its room? Unless, indeed, we prefer to fly in the teeth of all past experience,

and imagining ourselves the perfect centre and focus of an eternal civilisation—as the ancients imagined the earth to be the centre of the universe—adopt the notion that from our burning-point will be diffused perennial rays of light and culture, which, little by little, will bathe the whole benighted world in civilisation and refinement ; as he who imagines that the efforts of six missionaries will reduce the blacks to Christianity, or that as many sermons on virtue will stamp out wickedness from England. But Nature is not didactic, neither does she at all favour passive measures. Her watchword is action. Her operations are open to us to see ; there is no mistaking them. And it is more than probable that five hundred years will teach us that, so far from being the centre of the universe, we are but an eccentric and outlying orb of a vast Copernican system, or, like the wandering Achamoth of the Pleroma, drifting aimlessly in unknown places, ever further and further from the regions of light.

Let us, then, imagine the stated time arrived. The Twenty-fourth century has come, and is in part over. England still exists, and most of the states of Europe likewise, with but very few geographical changes, not sufficient to render a nineteenth-century atlas obsolete. Our country is scarcely less populous than at the present day. People seem, externally at least, very little different. The shops, the streets, the parks have their usual crowds of frequenters. A nineteenth-century man, it seems, might make shift to live among them, without necessarily being regarded as an oddity. But why this appalling number of Blacks? Am I in Jamaica, that I see mulatto ladies cantering in the Row? Am I walking through Sierra Leone, that I see black soldiers at every barracks? Nothing of the sort, I am told ; but these are the national defenders, and gallant fellows all of them. It is now nearly eighty years ago, proceeds my informant, that we opened our armies to the Blacks, and most valuable auxiliaries they have proved themselves. You may not be aware perhaps that our present Commander-in-Chief is a Black, no Englishman caring to undergo the trouble and face the responsibilities of the position. These are the Blacks of Western Africa, he proceeds, a most gentlemanly and gallant lot of men—very different from those of the East Coast and the Interior, who are mere barbarians, as witness their atrocities in Italy and Greece shortly after their conquest of Egypt, and their disgraceful raids into Spain which occur daily now, since Tunis and Algiers have fallen into their power. More he might have said had I stayed to listen ; but if I turned away, it was to lament over my countrymen, whom I found on further researches to be a despicable lot of men. They glory insufferably in

the name of "Englishmen," yet advance not one iota of action to confirm their pretensions to the name. They have the exploits of Wellington and Marlborough eternally on their lips, yet have long since lost the conception of even the bare possibility of a martial life. Their language is affected and unreal, studded with artificial metaphors and glittering conceits. Their luxury is so excessive that every shore is ransacked for dainties; their effeminacy so great that palanquins and sedan chairs are waiting at almost every house to convey the owners a few doors down the street, for walk they will not. Sometimes, indeed, these heroes undertake the arduous achievement of visiting their estates in the country, where they procure themselves, by the exertions of deputy sportsmen, the amusements of shooting and fishing. If at any time, but more especially on a hot day, they have the courage to sail in their luxurious yachts from London to their elegant villas on the south coast of England, they compare their own expeditions to the voyages of Blake and Nelson. Yet should a fly presume to settle on the silken folds of their umbrellas, should a sunbeam penetrate through some unguarded chink, they deplore their intolerable hardships, and lament in affected language that they were not born in the land of the Cimmerians, the regions of eternal darkness.

The "bumping" of one remote barbarian tribe against its neighbour was the cause which directly determined the torrent of irruption which impinged on the Roman Empire. If A pushes B, in search of new quarters, B must certainly indemnify itself for the curtailment by taking liberties with the territory of C. C must recoup its losses at the expense of D; and so the interchange of buffets goes on until it comes to the turn of X, Y, and Z, whose next-door neighbours are the civilised. By this system of "telegraphy" were the frontier Huns precipitated on the first Roman province, and the possibility of the "Great Marauding" received its primary demonstration. But now observe something more than demonstration. For X, Y, and Z, having in despair taken a "header" into the civilised world, return not back ever again, but disappear therein, lost in the waters of plenty and *bien être*. Meantime V and W, astounded at finding a vacuum at their side, and puzzled to account for the practical effacement of their three kinsmen from the map, spread over the empty place, and end by stumbling on the very route which their lucky neighbours had taken. In this way is the appetite and instinct of migration and plunder communicated from tribe to tribe, until at last the original offender A stands on the territory which X, Y, and Z had formerly inhabited, and in the entire barbarian world is the only savage left. Such was the process by which the barbarian hordes

were precipitated against the Roman Empire, and such may be the process by which their swarms, towards the close of the twenty-fourth century, may be precipitated on us. Still worse is it when they come in terrible union under the banner of some great conqueror, as Tamerlane ; or mad, frenzied with religious fanaticism, as when led by the followers of Mahomet.

But into the details of the ruin we do not pretend to pry, but merely to establish its general outlines in the strong probability of their accomplishment. The foolish, the chimerical dream of to-day, that the advance of military science will place weapons in our hands by which we may defy the attacks of any multitude of foes, has, by the twenty-fourth century, been entirely abandoned. For, with the increasing apathy of *fainéant* Europe, military science has long since come to a standstill, and very little that is new or valuable has been invented since the year 2000. The stock weapons of warfare, the rifle and the cannon, are as common among our foes as among ourselves. Their factories at Tunis and at Cordova, the outposts of their conquests for the present, can turn out when necessary ten thousand rifles a week, and large ordnance can be made with equal comparative celerity. The foolish hopes which were grounded on the European concert have proved to be baseless. Just at the critical moment the European concert is helplessly disorganised. Jealousies, petty rivalries, self-seeking interests have thrown it completely out of gear ; and one of the Powers plays the part of Julian to the Moors.

At last, determined by what immediate cause we predict not, the forward movement at length begins. We hear with horror how place after place has fallen into the hands of the advancing horde. In sheer despair we shake off our lethargy and nerve ourselves for the coming struggle, though, to speak the truth, the friendly Blacks of our mercenary army are worth more than a whole nation of Englishmen. We enrol levies, we drill recruits, we look to our defences—too late ; they are all in disrepair. Our navy—we have no navy but pleasure-boats. In this effeteness of tottering civilisation one of the European Powers stands forth as a sort of champion, and serves as a rallying-point for the weak efforts of the rest. Thither do our poor forces go to swell the ranks of Europe's defenders. A shock—a battle, and all is over. Now comes on the horde in earnest. Like locusts, they swarm over the Continent and over Britain. But I will not preside at the funeral of our civilisation, or relate the annihilation of polity and law, the burial of all art, science, knowledge, beneath the pall of impenetrable darkness ; nor will I speculate on the new forms which

the elements of our civilisation will assume when, after centuries of chaos, a new world of light once more arises. It should seem, however, that America, and perhaps Australia, will play the part of Byzantiums to our Rome, and keep alive the traditions of our past, though in confined sympathies and with circumscribed influences, it may be for many hundred years, till at last, utterly antiquated and obsolete, ancient anomalies in the midst of all that is new, they too will fall.

J. F. ROWBOTHAM.

WINCKELMANN'S DEATH.

WHAT Mr. Ruskin has done for art in our own day, that Winckelmann did exactly a century ago. In ages, at periods of unreality, of blindness to the true principles of art, each has stood forth as an apostle of the truth, a prophet calling to repentance, and each has, to a large extent, revolutionised the taste of the epoch in which he lived. There is fashion in art as there is fashion in dress, and fashion has a deteriorating effect ; it gradually draws veils over the eyes and obscures the vision of true principles. When principles have been lost sight of altogether, and fashion is supreme, then comes the prophet to proclaim the eternal verities, and with a blast of wholesome scorn and rebuke to rouse us from an indolent acquiescence in the downward lapse, and recall to us the fact that all true art rests on fixed and immutable principles.

What Venice has been to Ruskin, that Rome was to Winckelmann, a sacred spot, where the key to the mystery of art was preserved. Each has been an iconoclast, but only a destroyer of what was bad. Each has been a creator, not of artistic objects but of a school. Ruskin and Winckelmann have been in the sphere of art what Wordsworth was in poetry, and Millais in painting, and Luther in religion. The faculty of seeing what was good seemed taken away from us. Let us recall the time when our eyes saw with complacency ladies in crinolines and aniline dyes, crude greens, magentas, and solferinos. Then came Ruskin with his "Seven Lamps," which he might as well have entitled his "Seven Trumpets," and flashed the light of truth and blew the blast of conviction, and at once all the falsehood, the meanness, the monstrosity of the so-called art of the period was revealed. When Ruskin began to write we revelled in shams, and the utmost achievement of art was the perpetration of the grossest sham, the defiance of the most rudimentary law of truth. Deal was painted to resemble satinwood, stucco lined and sanded to pass as stone, wall-paper painted and streaked to look like marble, chair legs were made to curve where strength was needed. The Blottesque was affected in painting and the nondescript in archi-

In 1737 he went to Berlin, where he entered the University of Halle, and studied theology with intent to become a minister. This was just at a period when a violent controversy had broken out in Protestant Germany over the teaching of Baron Samuel von Cramer, who had been expelled the University of Halle and the Electorate of Brandenburg. Wolff took refuge in Marburg, but

in 1740, when Frederick II. ascended the throne, he reinstated Wolf at Halle. He was a philosopher, and was assailed as undermining dogmatic theology by Lange and others, pastors and professors, who belonged to the Pietist school, a mystic class of Lutheran religionists called into existence by Spener in the seventeenth century, and which was in Germany what the Evangelical revival was in England. Party spirit ran high. Winckelmann conceived an intense aversion to the Pietists, causing him to give up the study of theology in disgust, and abandon his intention of entering the pastorate. At the same time he made acquaintance with the Chancellor Von Ludwig, and took up the study of history, especially that of the German Empire. Then, after a short intermezzo as tutor in a noble family, he studied medicine at Jena. Poverty, however, obliged him to take a situation as tutor in the family of Lambrecht, near Magdeburg. Then he became deputy rector of the school at Seehausen, in his native province, and next was appointed librarian to the Count of Büнау, at his castle near Dresden. It was whilst there that his sense of the beautiful in art was roused by the pictures in the Dresden Gallery, and he found his true vocation. Association with some of the leading artists and critics of the day at Dresden helped in his development, but very rapidly did the scholar advance to be the master.

From childhood he had longed to see Rome, primarily because it had been the axle round which history had so long turned; but now his desire to visit it was rather that he might see and study the collections of sculpture and painting in that city. He could not afford the journey as one of pleasure, and he consulted the Papal Nuncio at the Saxon Court as to the chance of his obtaining some appointment at the Eternal City. The Nuncio assured him that it was in vain for a Protestant to expect such an appointment. Five years passed before Winckelmann took the decisive step of becoming a Roman Catholic, and not till he had carefully studied the principles of the Catholic Church and satisfied his scruples did he do so. In the mean time he was not idle. In 1755 appeared his "Thoughts on the Imitation of the Greek in Painting and Sculpture." This work founded his name; it produced as marked an effect in Germany as did Mr. Ruskin's "Seven Lamps" and "Stones of Venice" in England. He followed it up with an attack on his own book, to which appeared next a vindication, the object of the former being merely to provoke the latter; but these latter writings fall immeasurably short of the first. His "Thoughts on Imitation" obtained for him a pension of 200 dollars, to assist him in making his projected journey to Rome and prosecuting his studies there.

In November 1755 he arrived in Rome, where he associated with Rafael Mengs and spent his time in the galleries. Then he was appointed librarian to Cardinal Archinti, and won the confidence of the liberal-minded Cardinal Papioni, who owned the largest private library in Rome. After their death he was taken up warmly by Cardinal Alexander Albani, the first connoisseur and collector of his time, who was then engaged in arranging his rapidly growing collection in his beautiful villa before the Porta Salara. Winckelmann lived with the Cardinal as his librarian and friend, free to do what he liked with his time, and perfectly happy. His pecuniary circumstances were not, however, so satisfactory but that he was glad to escort illustrious strangers about the city and the galleries, which was a duty and privilege combined with the Prefectship of Antiquities which he was given, together with a Greek secretaryship in the Vatican Library, in 1763. In 1760 he published a description of the engraved gems of Baron Von Stosch, collected at Florence, upon which he was engaged for nine months. Winckelmann, moreover, visited Naples, and was engaged on the excavations of Herculaneum and Pompeii. He wrote on the history of art, on art in the classic period, on the architecture of the ancients, and on the discoveries at Herculaneum. He published, in 1767-68, in two volumes, a great work in noble copper-plate engravings, of "*Monumenti antichi inediti*."

Winckelmann's influence extended far beyond the limits of his own nation. He was looked up to as the art apostle of Europe, and the effect of his teaching is perceptible not only in sculpture, painting, and architecture, but in poetry as well. We can trace his influence in Goethe and in Schiller. He insisted on simplicity and chastity, and we may even say that he affected music, and Gluck's crystalline pure music, as well as his themes, were due to the teaching of Winckelmann.

The Baroque style, cumbrous, over-ornate, undisciplined, went down at once at the touch of Winckelmann's criticism, and was replaced by an effort after severity and simplicity. Hitherto the monuments of antiquity had been studied rather as objects of archaeological interest than as models of style. Winckelmann insisted on their proper appreciation as the outcome of true principles, and that in an age of æsthetic demoralisation the only method of recovering principle was through the study of classic art.

In April 1768 Winckelmann left Rome, in company with the sculptor Cavaceppi, on his way back to Germany, which he had not revisited since 1755. He felt no overpowering desire to see his

native country again; he was drawn there by no strong cords of attachment. His heart was in Rome, his interests were all there. Why he went was not clear even to himself, but he was conscious of a something within him which imperiously drew him over the Alps to his fatherland. No sooner did he reach Tyrol than the gables of the wooden houses offended his eye, and he complained to his companion that every step he took northward caused his artistic sense some vexation. An intense depression took possession of him. He visited Munich, where he was received with honour by the Elector and the Academy of Science he had founded. In Vienna he was presented to the Empress Maria Theresa, who gave him a gold medal, and Prince Kaunitz gave him two valuable silver medals. He was entrusted also with some valuables in a sealed casket for Cardinal Albani. It had been Winckelmann's intention to go on to Dresden and revisit his old home, but he got no farther than Minden. There an irrepressible anxiety to return to Rome laid hold of him, and, in spite of all that his companion urged, he parted from him and posted back to Italy.

On June 1, a little before midday, he arrived alone at Trieste in a postchaise and took up his quarters in the largest hotel on the square of St. Pedro, on the second story, in a room which commanded the harbour through two windows, whereas a third looked into the court of the inn. This apartment was No. 10. The next room to it, No. 9, the door of which was only seven feet from that of Winckelmann's chamber, had been already occupied for two days by a stranger of gentlemanly appearance, but not over-encumbered with luggage, who gave his name as Francisco Arcangeli.

Winckelmann had travelled night and day from Vienna with post-horses to Trieste, intending thence to take ship for Venice, and thence again to go by ship to Ancona, and so on by road to Rome. He had hurried homewards so far with feverish impatience, but now an inexplicable and contradictory dilatoriness took possession of him, and he lingered on in Trieste till, as it proved, that fate which he seemed partly to foresee and to be trying to escape overtook him.

Arcangeli had taken up his sojourn in Trieste in No. 9 of the inn on the very day on which Winckelmann started from Vienna full of impatience for Italy. There was no reason why Winckelmann should linger in Trieste, for he might have posted on directly to Venice; there was apparently no reason why Arcangeli should tarry at Trieste, he was without an occupation. A mysterious fatality drew these two men—one a man of genius, of acquirements, the other a man without

either—traveller, and, strangest matter of all, made Winckelmann almost throw himself into the arms of his murderer.

Arcangeli, as afterwards transpired, was a man 33 years old. He had been a cook, then a valet, and had passed from the service of one nobleman to another, had travelled in Italy, Germany, and Hungary, had been imprisoned for four years for theft, had been pardoned before the expiration of his term, and was now on the lookout for some situation where he would not be overworked and underpaid. He wore a somewhat rusty coat, a pigtail, walked about with a cane, and might pass as a gentleman. As such he made the acquaintance of Winckelmann in the coffee-room of the hotel, and most unaccountably, Winckelmann conceived a liking for the man and associated closely with him whilst at Trieste. They went together in quest of a vessel bound for Venice, and found one which was about to sail some time in the week—the day undetermined—and Winckelmann agreed to sail in her and wait at the hotel till the captain was ready to depart. It was clear that several days must elapse before the ship raised anchor, and these days Winckelmann would have to spend in Trieste. It would have been more economical had he posted on to Venice, and he would have saved much time. Why he persisted in his resolution to go by sea remains unexplained.

During the delay the intimacy between the two men became closer; they took coffee together, dined together, supped together in Arcangeli's apartment, and walked about the town together. One would have supposed that the society of this ex-cook, ex-valet, liberated convict would have proved insufferable after an hour or two to the man of culture, taste, and learning; but, on the contrary, he sought his society. He opened out to him, showed him his passport, his letters of credit to bankers at Venice, his gold and silver medals, and the sealed casket he was conveying to Cardinal Albani. He talked to him of his visit to Munich and to Vienna, and gave him all particulars of his interview with the Empress Maria Theresa.

Arcangeli had been supplied with a little money by a priest who was a distant relative, insufficient to maintain him long in idleness at an expensive hotel. He began now to see that something must be done to replenish his flaccid purse, and the sight of the gold and silver medals inspired him with the resolution to rob Winckelmann. The latter had arrived at Trieste on June 1. On June 7 the vessel was still at anchor, and Winckelmann tarrying for it. Now that he had spent a week waiting, it occurred to him that he had better have posted on at once, and he told his companion that if the captain did not sail on the following day he would post by road to Venice.

Arcangeli saw that if Winckelmann was to be robbed it must be done at once, and also that to rob him he would have to murder him. As soon as he heard the decision of his intended victim he went to a shop in the square and bought a long knife in a sheath. Then he went with Winckelmann to the coffee-house they had frequented, and they drank coffee together and chatted cheerfully. Later in the evening, at 6 P.M., Arcangeli visited another shop and bought several yards of strong twine, went to his room and made a running noose in the cord, and placed that and the knife in his chair, hiding them with his coat, and waited the arrival of Winckelmann, who was to sup with him in his room. The German *savant* was frugal; he took nothing for his evening meal but bread and wine. Arcangeli's resolution failed him, and he allowed the supper to pass without putting his intention in execution. The antiquary retired to his room and Arcangeli went to bed, and, as he afterwards asserted, slept well. One would have supposed that he would have taken occasion of the night to enter his neighbour's room and assassinate him, but he did not.

Next morning early, June 8, Arcangeli left the inn and went to the port to engage a boat in which to escape to the baths of Monsalconi after the commission of the crime. Winckelmann in the mean time had come to the coffee-house to breakfast, and not finding his friend there, and unwilling to take a meal without him, went in quest of him and found him returning from the harbour. Arcangeli went back to the inn, and finding the chambermaid, Eva Tusch, engaged in cleaning his room, cut some jokes with her, and pretended he wanted to borrow twenty ducats of her. Then he went into the room of Winckelmann, who had laid aside his wig and coat and neckcloth, and was writing at his table. The antiquary rose at once, and the two walked about the room talking, and Winckelmann promised to speak to Cardinal Albani in Arcangeli's favour and obtain for him a situation in his household. Eva made the bed in the room at half-past nine, whilst they were thus engaged in conversation. A quarter of an hour later another maid, Theresa Baumeister, came in to fetch away the candlestick, which had been forgotten, and saw the two men still engaged in animated talk. A moment after, Arcangeli returned to his room and fetched the knife without the sheath and came hastily back to Winckelmann's room. But the antiquary was indisposed for further conversation, he wanted to write, and seated himself at the table in the window, with his back to the door. Instantly Arcangeli threw the noose over his head. Winckelmann sprang to his feet and struck him in the chest

with such force that he reeled back and let go the end of the cord. Arcangeli raised the knife to strike, Winckelmann caught it by the handle, and with the other hand clutched the assailant by the frill of his shirt at the breast. Then ensued a desperate wrestle for life. They swung and reeled about the room, and Winckelmann had driven Arcangeli up to the door when the foot of the latter slipped and both went down together on the floor. Unhappily, as they fell they rolled over, so that Winckelmann was nethermost, and in a moment Arcangeli had his knee on his breast, and with his liberated hand stabbed Winckelmann five times.

In the mean time a waiter in the room below had heard the stamp and shuffle of feet, and, after hesitating for a few moments, ascended the stairs and listened at the door. Then he opened it, and saw Winckelmann on the ground and Arcangeli kneeling upon him. The assassin sprang up on seeing himself discovered, thrust the waiter aside, and dashed down the stairs without hat or coat.

Perhaps the most shocking circumstances in the tragedy remain to be told.

The waiter tried to raise the fallen man, but Winckelmann had sufficient strength to rise to his feet unassisted. He opened his shirt, showed his wounds, and said, "Look what the fellow has done !"

The waiter, not realising the dangerous nature of the wounds, advised him to lie down on the bed and remain quiet till he could fetch a surgeon. But Winckelmann, in his excitement, followed the man out of his room and down the steps, with the noose still about his throat and bleeding from his wounds. On reaching the landing he tried to call for help, but could not, as he was half-strangled with the cord.

Theresa Baumcister, however, who was below, heard his faint cries, and, looking up, saw him leaning on the banisters. He signed to her and gasped, "Theresa ! help, help !" But the girl was so frightened that, instead of running to him she flew to the kitchen, crying out that Herr Winckelmann had broken a blood-vessel, and then she fainted.

Still no help for the unfortunate man. He staggered farther down to the door of the dining salle and found it locked. Then he turned to try to get back to his room, but was unable. He held the banisters with his left hand, and with his right sought to stanch his flowing blood.

At Eva's call several maidservants arrived and stood gaping, bewildered, at him. They thought he was mad, and that he had wounded himself. Presently a man appeared, and he cried out that

nothing could be done but fetch a confessor, so away he ran in quest of a priest. Another waiter now came on the scene, but turned faint at the sight of blood and retired to his room to recover himself with cold water.

A third man, the servant of a gentleman staying in the inn, ran off in search of his master, to bid him come and see what had taken place. Finally came a man with nerve—the *fifth*, another waiter, and he at once went to Winckelmann and released the cord from his throat. At this moment the first waiter returned ; he had been after a surgeon, but could not find one. Now he assisted the other to carry Winckelmann back to his room and lay him on his sofa.

Winckelmann asked for the host. Presently a surgeon arrived. Winckelmann asked if the wounds were mortal. The surgeon answered that two of them were so. A mattress was laid on the ground and the unfortunate man placed on it. The Cavaliere Cajetan Vanucci, called by his servant, had come in and knelt by Winckelmann. "He killed me, he who lodged next door," said the dying man. The officers of justice now arrived, and Winckelmann was able to make a statement concerning the deed. He retained sufficient consciousness to make his will, leaving almost everything he possessed to his friend and patron, Cardinal Albani. Then, in a spirit of Christian charity, he expressed his forgiveness of the man who had murdered him, and entreated that he might be dealt with leniently. At 4 P.M. Winckelmann was dead.

Arcangeli had run out of the inn without hat or coat, stained with blood, in open day, through the most frequented part of the town ; nevertheless he escaped out of Trieste and got among the mountains and made his way to Capo d'Istria, everywhere finding help among the peasants and roadmakers, whose sympathies were, as they too often are still in Italy, with the criminal rather than with the officers of justice. However, he was finally captured and tried.

On July 16 he was condemned to be broken on the wheel, on the same day of the week and at the same hour, and before the windows of the hotel, when and where the murder had been committed.

Winckelmann was buried without ostentation. The authorities and people of Trieste did not recognise till later the greatness of the man who had met so tragic a fate in their town ; they took him for an ordinary traveller. When they did learn how widespread was his fame, nothing was done to mark his grave, and where it is no one can now point out.

S. BARING GOULD.

THE FLEET MARRIAGES.

AT the commencement of the eighteenth century a branch of industry peculiar to England, and, we might almost say, peculiar to London, drove a roaring trade—infamous, it was true, but active and lucrative. On the site of the eastern side of the present Farringdon Street stood, some 200 years ago, the old Fleet Prison, with its recognised buildings and officials, whilst clustering about it like an excrescence were its various other buildings and officials, which, though not recognised, seem to have held their own, and in spite of censures, civil and ecclesiastical, to have exercised a sway which was practically undisputed. Beneath the iron-grated windows of the prison rolled the unsavoury tide of the Fleet Ditch till it met the embrace of the Thames at Blackfriars, where it formed a wide but shallow mouth, called a *Fleet*. At one time the ditch, so railed at by the satirists of Queen Anne, was a river, and ships of considerable tonnage, it is said, were able to anchor where the Holborn Viaduct now stands.

The Fleet was a prison purely for debtors, and its governor, or warden as he was then styled, made a considerable addition to his salary by affording better accommodation to such of his victims as could pay for it, and whose instincts, social and moral, rebelled at the filth and degradation of the common side, the quarters of the poor debtors. In conjunction with the warden there was also another official who made an excellent thing out of his appointment. In the prison was a chapel, where the chaplain, for a moderate fee, joined such couples together as wished to be married in secret, or who objected to the publicity of the parish church, or who had not the funds to be married elsewhere. These perquisites of the reverend gentleman soon excited the envy of his poorer but equally qualified brethren who were out of ecclesiastical work. It was in the days before clauses in Bankruptcy Acts came to the relief of the impecunious, and when imprisonment for debt was a real and unpleasant fact, as many an offender had found to his cost. In the Fleet and its boundaries—or “Rules,” as they were called—were scores of

parsons, whom vice and extravagance had brought within its walls, and who were at their wits' end to find shillings enough to pay for their dirty beds and meagre food. Why, they asked, should they not turn the channel of fees from the well-lined pockets of the chaplain into their own, to which coin had so long been a stranger?

At this time England, like all Protestant countries, was not bound by the teaching of the Council of Trent, which made it compulsory upon all who obeyed the Vatican to have marriage celebrated by a priest and in presence of two witnesses. An Englishman at that date, so long as he complied with the elastic terms of the common law of the land, could be married very much where, when, and how he pleased. He could be married in church with his friends and relatives around him, as at the present day, or he could mumble a few words promising to make a woman his wife in the back room of a tavern, with or without a priest, and the union was recognised by the law as perfectly legal. A fee had to be paid for the marriage certificate, an insertion entered in a register, a rule not always complied with, and the claims of justice and decency were satisfied. The Church, then as now, condemned such proceedings; but when the common law sanctioned them, ecclesiastical censures, especially by the class against whom they were directed, were laughed at and calmly ignored. Around London there existed a host of places where people could be joined together in holy matrimony with or without "benefit of clergy," and though the ceremony might be deficient, the union was complete in substance and indissoluble. The terrible consequences of such a system, or rather lack of system, were conspicuous in every page of our social history. Young men in a drunken freak were linked for life to the scum of the streets; heiresses were spirited away and compelled to submit to a hateful union; men, owing to the facilities afforded them, rushed into matrimony and repented at leisure; so easy was the process, that no man about town, who had led in his hot early days the dissolute life of a Corinthian, ever knew whether or not one of these hasty but legal weddings might in after years be sprung upon him. The atmosphere was redolent with seduction, desertion, and the vain efforts of unhappy bridegrooms to escape the toils their folly or carelessness had prepared for them.

Chief among the agents who carried on this nefarious trade stood, a good head and shoulders above the rest of the community, the Fleet parson. In vain he was censured by the warden, denounced by the bishop, and banned by church and chapel; he went through his ceremonies, entered the names in his registers, genuine or false, received the fees he bargained for, and thus found money to pay for his bed, his

mutton, and his gin. Prevented from using the chapel in the Fleet, every tavern within the boundaries of the prison had a room fitted up as a chapel to accommodate this scoundrel priest, in which the marriage ceremony could be performed. As a rule, "those about to marry" preferred to be "tied up," as they expressed it, by a Fleet parson in bands and cassock to a layman; failing such a person, however, the services of the blacksmith or cobbler known to attend upon the shrine of Hymen were availed of. Hence, outside the taverns and lodging-houses which fringed the Fleet ditch, were a tribe of disreputable men called plyers, who, whenever they saw a rustic with a wench, or a shame-faced couple on whose brows elopement was stamped, or a drunken sailor with his Molly, rushed forward like foreign touts at a landing stage, and advanced their rival claims.

Gaping crowds surround th' amorous pair.
 The busy plyers make a mighty stir,
 And whisp'ring cry "D'ye want the parson, sir?
 Pray step this way, just to the 'Pen in Hand,'
 The Doctor's ready there, at your command."
 "This way" (another cries). "Sir, I declare
 The true and ancient register is here."
 The alarmed parsons quickly hear the din,
 And haste with soothing words t' invite 'em in.
 In this confusion, jostled to and fro,
 Th' enamoured couple know not where to go;
 Till, slow advancing from the coach's side,
 Th' experienced matron came (an artful guide)!
 She led the way without regarding either,
 And the first parson splic'd 'em both together.¹

The income made by these dissolute divines was often no mean one. The fee for a marriage was, as a rule, a guinea, with five shillings for the certificate and half a crown each to the clerk and pleyer. This sum, however, varied according to the notoriety and wants of the holy man who welded the bonds of wedlock. There were Fleet parsons who were glad to pick up half a crown, a roll of tobacco, or a dram of gin, for the performance of their professional duties; whilst there were others--the famous doctors "within the Rules"--to whom five pounds was a gratuity of frequent occurrence. The drunken sailor who had just been paid off, and whose blue trousers, as loose as his morals, were filled with guineas, was always generosity itself when he quitted the tavern parlour which had witnessed his union with the blushing bride who was as well known in Wapping or Ratcliff Highway as was the Monument in Fish

¹ *Records of the Fleet.* By J. S. Burn. A work published half a century ago, and now out of print, to which I beg to acknowledge my obligations.

Street. "Here, mate, help yourself," was his usual remark, as he pulled out a handful of gold, and the irregular divine was not slow to avail himself of the offer. To the ancient dame who had run away with her young footman, to the needy man of fashion who had eloped with an heiress, to the couple who shunned banns and licences, and whose union once effected secured numerous advantages, the payment of a few pounds more or less was a matter of no moment. The three famous doctors—Gaynham, Ashwell, and Wigmore—who lodged within the Rules of the Fleet, made over seven hundred a year by their iniquitous proceedings. Excommunication, the penalties of certain Acts, the censure of the bishop, had no effect upon this infamous trio—they were privileged persons living in a privileged quarter, and the law, either civil or ecclesiastical, was powerless to touch them.

Long has old Gaynham with applause
Obeyed his Master's cursed Laws,
Readily practis'd every Vice,
And equall'd e'en the Devil for device.
His faithful Services such favour gain'd,
That he first Bishop was of Hell ordain'd.
Dan Wigmore rose next in Degree,
And he obtained the Deanery.
Ned Ashwell then came into grace,
And he supplied th' Archdeacon's place.
But as the Devil, when his ends
Are served, he leaves his truest friends,
So fared it with this wretched three,
Who lost their Lives and Dignity.

The vocation of the Fleet parson—like the dog in the hymn, "It was his nature to"—was to celebrate clandestine marriages, and, however irregular might be his proceedings, the knot tied by him was valid and binding. A few, however, of this class of clergy appear to have been not wholly insensible to the stings of conscience. "*Video meliora*," said one, when severely reprimanded by the Bishop of London, "*deteriora sequor*." Another wrote in his pocket-book, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. The marrying in the Fleet is the beginning of eternal woe." A third was anxious to quit the miserable business. "May God forgive me what is past," he sighs, "and give me grace to forsake such a wicked place, where truth and virtue cannot take place unless you are resolved to starve." It was his poverty and not his will that made him often consent. To the ordinary Fleet parson a wedding was his one only means of obtaining a livelihood. We know from Smollett that Peregrine Pickle became acquainted in the Fleet with a clergyman "who found

legitimate unions: "Margaret Prendergran and Mary Henson, two Irishwomen, were convicted at the Old Bailey sessions for aiding and assisting one Russell, an Irishman, in forcibly marrying a young gentlewoman, the marriage being performed by a Fleet parson." A letter inserted in the *Grub Street Journal*, January 15, 1735, exhibits, however, in more vivid colours and with greater detail the manners and customs at the Fleet and the vile conduct of its peculiar clergy. Indeed, from the ample evidence we have on the subject, the parsons of the Fleet, what with their feuds among themselves, their maintenance of all that was base and detestable, the vicious tactics they adopted to evade discovery, their ignorance, inebriety, and lack of most of the requirements of civilisation, would have disgraced even the lowest of the set that Ireland has ever sent to represent her at Westminster. The "Grub Street" letter is long, but, as its contents will be novel to our readers, no apology is offered for its insertion :—

Sir,—There is a very great evil in this town, and of dangerous consequence to our sex, that has never been suppressed, to the great prejudice and ruin of many hundreds of young people every year, which I beg some of your learned heads to consider of, and consult of proper ways and means to prevent for the future. I mean the ruinous marriages that are practised in the liberty of the Fleet, and thereabouts, by a set of drunken, swearing parsons, with their myrmidons, that wear black coats and pretend to be clerks and registers to the Fleet. These ministers of wickedness ply about Ludgate Hill, pulling and forcing people to some peddling alehouse or a brandy-shop to be married, even on a Sunday stopping them as they go to church and almost tearing their cloaths off their backs. To confirm the truth of these facts, I will give you a case or two which lately happened.

Since Midsummer last a young lady of birth and fortune was deluded and forced from her friends, and by the assistance of a wry-necked, swearing parson married to an atheistical wretch, whose life is a continued practice of all manner of vice and debauchery. And since the ruin of my relation, another lady of my acquaintance had like to have been trepanned in the following manner. This lady had appointed to meet a gentlewoman at the Old Playhouse in Drury Lane, but extraordinary business prevented her coming. Being alone when the play was done, she bade a boy call a coach for the city. One dressed like a gentleman helps her into it, and jumps in after her. "Madam," says he, "this coach was called for me, and since the weather is so bad and there is no other I beg leave to bear you company ; I am going into the city and will set you down wherever you please." The lady begged to be excused, but he bade the coachman drive on. Being come to Ludgate Hill, he told her his sister who waited his coming, but five doors up the court, would go with her in two minutes. He went, and returned with his pretended sister, who asked her to step in one minute, and she would wait upon her in the coach. Deluded with the assurance of having his sister's company, the poor lady foolishly followed her into the house, when instantly the sister vanished, and a tawny fellow in a black coat and black wig appeared. "Madam, you are come in good time, the Doctor was just a-going !"

"The Doctor," says she, horribly frightened, fearing it was a madhouse; "what has the Doctor to do with me?" "To marry you to that gentleman; the Doctor has waited for you these three hours, and will be paid by you or that gentleman before you go." "That gentleman," says she, recovering herself, "is worthy a better fortune than mine," and begged hard to be gone. But Dr. Wryneck swore she should be married; or, if she would not, he would still have his fee, and register the marriage from that night. The lady finding she could not escape with money or a pledge, told them she liked the gentleman so well, she would certainly meet him to-morrow night, and gave them a ring as a pledge, which, says she, "was my mother's gift on her death-bed, enjoining that, if ever I married, it should be my wedding-ring." By which cunning contrivance she was delivered from the black Doctor and his rascally crew. Some time after this I went with this lady and her mother in a coach to Ludgate Hill in the daytime, to see the manner of their picking up people to be married. As soon as our coach stopt near Fleet Bridge, an old man came to the windows. "Madam," says he, "you want a parson?" "Who are you?" says I. "I am the clerk and register of the Fleet." "Show us the place," says she. At which comes a second, desiring me to go along with him. Says he, "That fellow will carry you to a swelling alehouse." Says a third, "Go with me, he will carry you to a brandy-shop." In the interim comes the Doctor. "Madam," says he, "I'll do your job for you presently!" "Well, gentlemen," says I, "once you can agree, and I can be married quietly, I'll put it off till another time," so drove away. Learned Sirs, I wrote this in regard to the honour and safety of my own sex; and if for our sakes you will be so good as to publish it, correcting the errors of a woman's pen, you will oblige our whole sex, and none more than, Sir,

Your constant reader and admirer,

VIRTUOUS

The registers of the Fleet, are however, the mine to be worked by the antiquary or historian interested in this curious and not very flattering chapter of our past social life. Let us turn over their unsavoury leaves and make a few extracts from the more startling and characteristic entries. Our friend Wignmore appears to have been, if a licensed priest, at least an unlicensed publican, for we read under date May 20. 1738:

"Yesterday, Daniel Wignmore, one of the parsons noted for marrying people within the Rules of the Fleet, was convicted before the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of selling spirituous liquors contrary to law."

Occasionally the Fleet parson was nothing more nor less than a common beggar.

"On Friday last [December 19. 1746] was brought before Sir Joseph Hankey, at Guildhall, a man in a clergyman's habit for begging, which he made a common practice of: he was committed for further examination the next day, when it appeared he was a notorious idle fellow, and common cheat, having made use of the habit only to impose on the public; as also to perform the office of

marrying several persons at the Fleet Prison ; whereupon he was committed to Bridewell to hard labour."

Here is a precious revelation of infamy :

" On Tuesday, one Oates, a plyer for and clerk to weddings at the Bull and Garter, by the Fleet Gate, was bound over to appear at the next Sessions, for hiring one John Funnell, a poor boy (for half-a-guinea), that sells fruit on Fleet Bridge, to personate one John Todd, and to marry a woman in his name, which he accordingly did ; and the better to accomplish this piece of villany, the said Oates provided a blind parson for that purpose."

In 1737 a Richard Weaver was indicted for bigamy, when the following evidence was given :

Alice Allington. " On January 18, 1733-4, I was married to the prisoner at the Hand and Pen, in Fleet Lane, by the famous Doctor Gainham."

Prisoner. " I don't know that woman for my wife. I know nothing about the wedding. I was fuddled over night, and next morning I found myself a-bed with a strange woman,—'And who are you? how came you here?' says I,—'O my dear,' says she, 'we were marry'd last night at the Fleet.'"

A remarkable entry shows that women were accustomed to pay men to become their temporary husbands in order to plead coverture to any action for debt. In the July of 1728 we find Josiah Welsh, a cordwainer of St. Giles', Cambridge, marrying four women in fourteen months, each time, of course, changing his name ! The entry then proceeds to add that there was paid to this precious individual "two and sixpence *for his trouble.*" Thus comments one Dr. Gally upon this custom : " It is well known to be a common practice at the Fleet, and that there are men provided there, who have, each of them, within the compass of a year, married several women for this wicked purpose." One further entry and we close the list ; it shows how bitter was the penalty men had to pay for entering unconsciously into these unions. On May 16, 1733, Sir John Leigh, of Addington, Surrey, was married to Elizabeth Vade, of Bromley, Kent. Listen how the union took place. Vade goes with Sir John to London to attend a christening. He makes his victim drunk, takes him in a hackney coach to a lodging already engaged for the purpose he has in view, then sends for a Fleet parson and marries Sir John, a man between fifty and sixty years of age, to his [Vade's] own daughter, "a girl about sixteen or seventeen years old, without any fortune, whom Sir John had scarce ever seen before." We read: "Sir John Leigh by this marriage was placed entirely under the

influence of William Vade, the father of the bride, who obtained the control over his estates, and procured the execution of a will which was subsequently disputed in Chancery, and eventually the question was carried to the House of Lords." With what result we know not.

Though the Fleet was the most notorious spot in London where clandestine marriages were celebrated, it was not by any means the only place of resort patronised by the unconscious or secret votary of Hymen. In addition to the Fleet, with its chapel and taverns, where weddings freely took place, there were the King's Bench Prison, the Mint, the Savoy, and the Chapel in Mayfair, presided over by the notorious Alexander Keith, who, according to Lord Orford, "constructed a very bishopric of revenue." It was at Mayfair Chapel that the Duke of Hamilton married the beautiful Miss Gunning "with a ring of the bed-curtain at half an hour past twelve at night." In the north and east of London there were also various haunts and chapels where similar marriages were suffered to be celebrated.

It was impossible that as civilisation progressed the scandals arising from these clandestine unions could be permitted to continue. Year after year the evil had been discussed in Parliament, but though reformers had brought in bills and amendments upon the subject nothing was practically done to redress the grievances complained of until the eighteenth century had entered upon its fifth decade. Then, in the year of grace 1753, Lord Hardwicke introduced a measure enacting that any person solemnising matrimony in any other than a church or public chapel without banns or licence should, on conviction, be adjudged guilty of felony, and be transported for fourteen years; also, that all such marriages should be void. Strange to say, this reform bill encountered considerable hostility; it was an attempt to interfere with the liberty of the subject, and of the two evils people preferred to be immoral than to be enslaved. Fox—whose own father had been married in the chapel of the Fleet—loudly declaimed against the measure, and was the hero of the hour with the mob, who cheered his name to the echo.

"It is well you are married," writes Horace Walpole to Seymour Conway, who had married the widow of Lord Ailesbury. "How would my Lady Ailesbury have liked to be asked in a parish church for three Sundays running? I really believe she would have worn her weeds for ever rather than have passed through so impudent a ceremony! What do *you* think? But you will want to know the interpretation of this preamble. Why, there is a new Bill, which under the notion of preventing clandestine marriages, has made such a general rummage and reform in the office of matrimony, that every

Strephon and Chloe, every Dowager and her H * * *, will have as many impediments and formalities to undergo as a treaty of peace. Lord Bath invented this Bill, but had drawn it so ill that the Chancellor was forced to draw a new one, and then grew so fond of his own creature that he has crammed it down the throats of both Houses, though they gave many a gulp before they could swallow it. The Duke of Bedford attacked it first with great spirit and mastery, but had little support, though the Duke of Newcastle did not vote."

In spite, however, of all opposition and the sarcasm of the wits, the Marriage Act passed through both Houses, and was enrolled on the Statute Book; it was to take effect from March 25, 1754. The Fleet parsons were in a towering rage at this interference with their vested interests, and with that most sensitive portion of the human frame—the trouser's pocket. Henceforth there was to be a long farewell to fees, plyers, gin, and tobacco. "Damn the Bishops!" said the pious Dr. Keith, of Mayfair; "so they will hinder my marrying, will they! Well, let 'em, but I'll be revenged; I'll buy two or three acres of ground, and, begad, *I'll under-bury them all!*" The *Connoisseur*, a sarcastic weekly paper of the time, knowing how sore Keith was on the subject, and how severely the Act would cripple his resources, took the matter up, and inserted a few kindly remarks purporting to come from the divine himself. "I received," it writes, "a scheme from my good friend Dr. Keith, whose chapel the late Marriage Act has rendered useless on its original principles. The rev. gentleman, seeing that all husbands and wives are henceforward to be put up on sale, purposes shortly to open his chapel on a more new and fashionable plan. As the ingenious Messrs. Henson and Bever have lately opened in different quarters of the town repositories for all horses to be sold by auction, Dr. Keith intends setting up a repository for all young males and females to be disposed of in marriage. From these studs (as the Doctor himself expresses it) a lady of beauty may be coupled to a man of fortune, and an old gentleman who has a colt's tooth remaining may match himself with a tight young filly. The Doctor makes no doubt but his chapel will turn out even more to his advantage on this new plan than on its first institution, provided he can secure his scheme to himself, and reap the benefits of it without interlopers from the *Fleet*. To prevent his design being pirated, he intends petitioning the Parliament that, as he has been so great a sufferer by the Marriage Act, the sole right of opening a repository of this sort may be vested in him, and that his place of residence in Mayfair may still continue the grand mart for marriages,

"Catalogue of Males and Females to be disposed of in Marriage to the best bidder, at Dr. Keith's Repository in Mayfair.

"A young lady of £100,000 fortune—to be bid for by none under the degree of peers, or a commoner of at least treble the income.

"A homely thing who can read, write, cast accounts, and make an excellent pudding. This lot to be bid for by none but country parsons.

"A very pretty young woman, but a good deal in debt; would be glad to marry a member of Parliament or a Jew.

"A blood of the first-rate, very wild, and has run loose all his life, but is now broke, and will prove very tractable.

"Five Templars—all Irish. No one to bid for these lots of less than £10,000 fortune.

"Wanted, four dozen of young fellows, and one dozen of young women willing to marry to advantage—to go to Nova Scotia."

The chaplain of Mayfair regarded himself as the special and most injured victim of this measure, and published a pamphlet, which had an enormous circulation, entitled "Observations on the Act for Clandestine Marriages." A few of his remarks may be taken out of oblivion. "Happy is the wooing," he writes, "that is not long a-doing; is an old proverb and a very true one, but we shall have no occasion for it after the 25th day of March next, when we are commanded to read it backwards, and from that period (fatal indeed to old England!) we must date the declensions of the numbers of the inhabitants of England. . . . As I have married many thousands, and consequently have on those occasions seen the humour of the lower class of people, I have often asked the married pair how long they had been acquainted; they would reply, some more, some less, but the generality did not exceed the acquaintance of a week, some only of a day, half a day, &c. . . . Another inconveniency which will arise from this Act will be, that the expense of being married will be so great, that few of the lower class of people can afford; for I have often heard a Flete-parson say, that many have come to be married when they have had but half a crown in their pockets, and sixpence to buy a pot of beer, and for which they have pawned some of their cloaths. . . . I remember once on a time, I was at a public-house at Radcliff, which then was full of sailors and their girls, there there was fiddling, piping, jigging, and eating; at length one of the tars starts up, and says 'D---n ye, Jack, I'll be married just now; I will have my partner. The joke took, and in less than two hours ten couple set out for the Flete. I staid their return. They returned in coaches; five women in each coach; the tars, some

running before, others riding on the coach-box, and others behind. The calvacade being over, the couples went up into an upper room, where they concluded the evening with great jollity. The next time I went that way, I called on my landlord and asked him concerning this marriage adventure: he at first stared at me, but recollecting, he said those things were so frequent, that he hardly took any notice of them; for, added he, it is a common thing when a fleet comes in to have two or three hundred marriages in a week's time, among the sailors."

As is always the case, the interval between when a Bill is passed and when it becomes law was fully availed of in taking every advantage to commit the offences the measure was to prevent. Never was marrying and giving in marriage doing such a brisk trade in the Fleet and at Mayfair Chapel as during the months which preceded the coming into operation of the Hardwicke Act. On the 24th of March no less than two hundred and seventeen marriages took place between eleven and six in the Fleet. It was the last day for the celebration of the Fleet weddings. Whilst Lord Hardwicke's Bill was under discussion, the *Grub Street Journal* humorously suggested the following amendments:

"When two young thoughtless fools, having no visible way to maintain themselves, nor any thing to begin the world with, resolve to marry and be miserable: let it be deemed *petty larceny*.

"If a younger brother marries an old woman purely for the sake of a maintenance: let it be called *self-preservation*.

"When a rich old fellow marries a young wench in her full bloom, it shall be *death without benefit of clergy*.

"When two old creatures that can hardly hear one another speak, and cannot propose the least comfort to themselves in the thing, yet marry together to be miserable, they shall be deemed *non compos*, and sent to a mad-house.

"When a lady marries her servant, or a gentleman his cook-maid (especially if there are children by a former marriage), they both shall be *transported for fourteen years*.

"When a man has had one bad wife and buried her, and yet will marry a second, it shall be deemed *felo de se*, and he shall be buried in the highway accordingly.

"And when a man or woman marries to the disinheriting of their children, let them suffer as in cases of *High Treason*."

For several years after the passing of this Act a method was, however, found to evade its enactments. We read that at Southampton vessels "were always ready to carry on the trade of smuggling

weddings, which, for the price of five guineas, transport contraband goods into the land of matrimony." And who has not heard of the last of the species of Fleet parson, he who solemnised clandestine weddings at Gretna Green?

As we wander through the echoing halls of history and study the votive tablets hung upon its walls, in grateful recognition for such reforms as have been inspired by religion, prompted by education, or demanded by civilisation, in very truth among the most conspicuous of them should be the offering which commemorates the abolition of the Fleet marriages.

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD.

RAVENS.

MOST persons have faint ideas on the habits of ravens. Not a few merely know them as the sable birds which fed the prophet in the wilderness, and are helpless from sheer ignorance in solving the celebrated riddle of "Alice in Wonderland," "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?" The poets deem ravens obscene, ill-omened, carrion-eating fowl. No artist ever painted a battle or the march of an army without them, and, if the time be winter and snow has fallen upon the battle-field, ravens are, it must be confessed, effective adjuncts, as Verestchagin found them. Perhaps the farmer would hardly hold the bird in equal esteem, as he connects it with the slaughter of his sickly sheep, and tells grim tales how ravens invariably pick out the eyes of any weakling among the flocks and next devour its entrails, and, supposing he fell on the mountain side in a fit, would do the same kind office with equal nonchalance for himself. Etymology declares that the bird's name has no connection with the verb to "ravin," being derived in reality from its hoarse croak, a root *KRAP* which underlies the word raven in all modern languages; and yet the verb well expresses the marauding nature of the raven. A jackdaw or a crow is thievish; a raven is thievish with the addition of violence. Its habits may be studied in many an inn-yard (for hostlers, from some recondite reason—is it because hostler is derived from oat-stealer?—love to keep it as a pet), where it speedily becomes tame, bold, and defiant. It takes what it chooses from the poultry, digs its tremendous beak into children's unprotected calves, domineers over the stable cats, and ruffles up its feathers and shows fight to all strange dogs. It forms an excellent type of the bully, disappearing as soon as its master appears with a pitch-fork, and retiring for the next hour to sulk behind the old coach which forms an excellent roosting-place in the hen house. Considering the black character which it has obtained, it is not surprising that the raven is diminishing in numbers everywhere in Great Britain. Its existence is incompatible with regular farming, nor can it bear the advance of population upon its old haunts. It is the largest fowl that in many places the

young farmer armed with a gun licence can shoot. The spread of game-preserving, too, has proved very fatal to the raven. It is the first victim to fall to the keeper, and what is far worse for the race of ravens than mere shooting is the tearing down of their nest. That building place, the abode, it may be, of many generations of ravens, is too often deserted forthwith. The larger, indeed, a bird is, the sooner does it succumb to the advance of civilisation. The bustard is a familiar example of this, and the raven is certainly no exception to the rule. At the same time, in wild and unfrequented districts a plea may well be put in for the raven. In such localities its ravages are infinitesimal compared with the great extent of land which is necessarily free from ravens. No greater ornament can be seen than the raven sweeping across a rocky valley or croaking from a pinnacle of its windy home. It intensifies the gloom of such scenes and accentuates their picturesqueness.

A Darwinian, speculating on the genealogy of the raven, might well be tempted to view it as but a late development of the carrion crow. It possesses, he might say, the latter's fierceness and cunning greatly augmented, while its larger proportions are a sign how Nature is ever evolving a greater perfection in her handiwork. Unfortunately for such theorists, so long ago as Noah its evil qualities were known. It is indeed no development of villainy suited to these latter days. Song and fable tell how from the earliest ages and with the most primitive people the raven has ever been the incarnation of treacherous wickedness. And yet its life (like that of its little brother the jackdaw) has a milder side at times. It will eat the dead fish and insects that lie, a welcome flotsam for it, at the water's edge. Inland, Professor Newton says, it even condescends at times to eat grain. Its domestic life, too, is in the main irreproachable. No more faithful and devoted pair of birds can anywhere be found than a pair of ravens, and their nest is tended with affectionate care when nurslings inhabit it. In Herefordshire indeed the proverb runs that "a raven always dines off a young one on Easter Sunday;" this, however, we take to mean not an exhibition of parental cannibalism (the bird need not be painted blacker than it really is), but a picturesque method of saying that the raven builds and hatches very early in the year, which indeed is true. When a nest is attacked, the old birds stay by it and defend their progeny to the last. We were told by an old man that, in his younger days, he once for half a crown climbed a raven's tree and took the nestlings, but it was at imminent risk of his life. One of the old ones attacked him on his descent, and, although he could luckily preserve his eyes by keeping his face close to the tree, it so

buffeted him with its powerful wings that it nearly made him lose his hold and fall. When he did reach the ground he found himself black and blue, and a mass of bruises for days. In short, that, he said, was the hardest half-crown that he ever earned. Readers of White's "Selborne" will remember the raven's tree with a huge excrescence beyond which none of the village youth could climb, and which was tenanted for years by a pair of ravens. At length the wood was ordered to be felled. "It was in the month of February, when these birds usually sit. The saw was applied to the butt, the wedges were inserted into the opening, the woods echoed to the heavy blows of the beetle or mallet, the tree nodded to its fall, but still the dam sat on. At last, when it gave way, the bird was flung from her nest, and, though her parental affection deserved a better fate, was whipped down by the twigs which brought her dead to the ground." When a big trout is caught by a fisherman in one favourite pool, in a night or two the position will invariably be held by another ; so is it with the raven. If one of a pair be shot the survivor speedily obtains a new mate. At Belmont, near Hereford, it is still remembered how more than forty years ago a gamekeeper exterminated the race. He shot both the old birds, and, climbing up to the nest, killed the four little ones. No raven has since frequented that park. In fact, the raven is year by year becoming a scarcer bird in England. It is well nigh driven from its breeding-places in trees, but manages to hold its own on rocks, especially on those facing the sea. There it appears to make its last stand against all-destroying man. Not so long ago an ornithologist offered half a crown to any gamekeeper or country dweller who could point out an instance of a raven building in a tree throughout one of the western counties of England. The reward was never claimed.

Seeböhm, in his travels in European Siberia, found the raven almost universally diffused throughout Northern Europe, ranging as far north in the valley of the Petchora as 68° latitude. It is also spread over North America, but is not seen in Africa or in China and Japan, where a closely allied species (*corvus japonensis*) takes its place.¹ It does not breed in the Scilly Isles, but in a few places along the Cornish cliffs. A few pairs may yet be found on some of the Yorkshire fells, perhaps a solitary pair in Cleveland. We have noticed them in the Lake district, and the last we remember seeing were a pair which flew across a lonely valley in the north of Sutherlandshire, croaking loudly as we disturbed "their ancient solitary reign." Like the Red Indians, as man presses onwards, the more do

¹ *Siberia in Europe*, p. 53.

they fall back. As a species, ravens in Great Britain are speedily doomed to destruction. They will follow the great auk.

The bird's glorious time was during the rule of Scandinavia over the seas. The raven was then chosen as their standard, and well did the craft, the sudden dash, the calculating cruelty of the bird type the same qualities in the vagrant vikings and their followers who landed suddenly on some defenceless coast, and, advancing, gave all they met to fire and slaughter. While Odin, great All-Father, sat on his throne, with two wolves at his feet, two ravens, called Thought and Mind, perched on his shoulders. Many are the traces of the raven banner left on the place names of the north-east by these Scandinavian rovers: Ravendales, Ravenshills, Ravenspurn—swept away now like this old sea-valiant race itself—Ravenstoke, Ravensden, Ravenscleugh, and the like. When the bird is extinct, these will testify to its old fame. Will sheep and young partridges in those not far distant days still tremble at the thought of the black marauder who used to bring a cruel death to so many of their ancestors, just as our children hide their heads under the clothes as they remember the names of ghosts and fairies, Blue Beard and Loupgarou? No more interesting suggestion could be made to the physiologist.

Much of Poe's fame comes from his poem on "The Raven"—the

Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore.

Those who from his own paper on the subject are aware of the genesis of this poem recognise in it sound and little more. It is a *fantasia* composed on one string; "nevermore," and the words, "floor, Lenore, door, implore, o'er, yore, before," and others, are mere tonic variations. In short, the whole poem is like Macbeth's view of life—as "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." The sacred name of poet cannot be given to a merely musical collection of rhymes and assonances. In reality these are quite secondary adjuncts of the poetry, only useful to clothe the poet's beautiful ideas, which are entirely lacking in "The Raven." Christopher North is to our mind much more of a poet when, in prose which once read can never be forgotten, in that Third Canticle of his "In His Aviary," he treats so exquisitely of the raven. Here, at all events, the bird was studied from nature; an ornithologist's as well as a poet's eyes were upon it, as it croaked from its rock pinnacle at smelling afar off the scent of death before that com- doom had actually visited some ailing lamb. And w Wilson's could ever expatiate on the Scotch rave ?—"Certain it is, at

least so men say, that he is aware of the deathbeds and the funerals. Often does he flap his wings against door and window of hut, when the wretch within is in extremity, or, sitting on the heather roof, croaks horror into the dying dream." But Nemesis in due time, it may be after the lapse of a hundred years (for so long is the raven fabled to live), lights even upon the long-lived raven. "Dying ravens hide themselves from daylight in burial-places among the rocks, and are seen hobbling into their tombs, as if driven thither by a flock of fears, and crouching under a remorse that disturbs instinct, even as if it were conscience. So sings and says the Celtic superstition, muttered to us in a dream, adding that there are raven ghosts, great black bundles of feathers, for even in the forest, night-hunting in famine for prey, emitting a last feeble croak at the approach of dawn, and then all at once invisible."

We have often thought what grim banquets the ravens of the Black Mountains on the borders of Wales must have had in the old days when perpetual warfare was cherished between the Welsh and their Herefordshire neighbours. Many a skirmish hand to hand, many an arrow fired at a chance into the disorderly mob of marauders from the other side of the mountains, if it did nothing else, left booty behind for the ravens of the mountain side. Their children still maintain a precarious existence among these old mountain fastnesses. A sportsman some years since, on turning a corner of the Black Mountains, shot one raven which measured 3 feet 3 inches from tip to tip of the extended wings. Poison and cartridges are now, however, making sad work of these fine birds. Black as they now are both in plumage and character, Jewish folklore tells that they were originally white, and were turned black for their deceitful behaviour; also that the raven flies in a crooked course and not direct like other birds, because it was cursed by Noah.¹ In Germany witches are believed to ride on ravens, and if any man wish to render himself an unerring shot, he has only to swallow the hearts of three ravens after they have been burnt and reduced to powder. The raven-stone is endowed with wonderful talismanic power. The best way to obtain it is to take an egg from a raven's nest, boil it hard, and replace it. Then the old bird will bring the much-coveted stone from the sea to her own nest. But we must not lose ourselves or our readers amid the intricacies of folklore upon the raven. It is hoped that landed proprietors, tenants, intelligent and retired gentlemen and others, on reading of the raven's gradual but sure extinction, will extend to it a measure of forbearance. It is too fine a bird

¹ Swainson, *Folklore of Birds*, p. 89.

to be thoughtlessly trapped and massacred by order of the keeper or his myrmidons. As in the case of the bustard, so a distinct interest will have departed from our crags and woodlands when the raven is exterminated. His cunning is the only quality that preserves him at present from the keeper's delicate attentions in the way of eggs flavoured with strychnine, and the still more deadly gun. Yet the raven boasts a long ancestry and many associations ; and, in spite of his ill character, all country-lovers and ornithologists will grieve sincerely when the newspapers announce in triumph that the last raven in the land has succumbed to the wiles of the game-preservers or angry farmer.

M. G. WATKINS.

SARAH FIELDING

OBLIVION has odd caprices, and in literature, as in the world at large, we are sometimes at a loss when we try to discern the definite unfitness which has interfered with survival. Sarah Fielding, praised—and justly praised—in her lifetime by Richardson on the one hand, and by her brother, Henry Fielding, on the other, is probably not known at this moment to a dozen readers. She has become one of those writers whose good things any man may steal without fear of detection. Yet the good things are plentiful, and any leisurely reader may find it very much worth his while to bestow a few hours upon “David Simple” or “Ophelia,” or even the “Familiar Letters.” Leisurely, however, he must be; and he will do well to bear in mind the observation made by Dr. Johnson upon a greater than Sarah Fielding. “Why, sir,” said the Doctor, “if you were to read Richardson for the story your impatience would be so much fretted that you would hang yourself.” Miss Fielding is not, indeed, as long-winded as her admired friend Richardson (it is only the immortals who can be that, and survive), but she has the comfortable prolixity of her day, and is by no means in a hurry to get on to the next incident. It is for the sprightly narrative, the happy phrase, the ironical turn of mind, that these volumes are worth reading.

The record of Miss Fielding’s life is scanty. She was the sister (not the half-sister) of Henry Fielding, and was four years his junior, being born in 1711. She says herself, in a preface, that she began to write because she was poor, and her epitaph seems to suggest that at some time of her life she was engaged in teaching. This allusion, however, may possibly refer to the translation of Xenophon which she is reported to have made. She and one of her sisters were friends of Richardson and are mentioned in his correspondence. The enmity felt by him towards her brother does not seem to have involved her in quarrel with either of them. Henry Fielding, in his prefaces to two of her books, speaks with pride and affection of his sister, and with a conviction—apparently quite sincere—of her great talent.

"David Simple" was published in 1744 (two years after "Joseph Andrews"), as the work of "a Lady." The nature of the story is explained by its full title, which runs thus: "The Adventures of David Simple, containing an Account of his Travels through the Cities of London and Westminster in search of a real Friend." David Simple is cheated of his inheritance, and driven from his home by his brother. He takes refuge with an uncle. "And there, for some time," says the author, "I will leave him to his own private sufferings, lest it should be thought I am so ignorant as not to know the proper time of forsaking people." The brother is exposed, the property recovered, and a marriage arranged between the now prosperous David and a young lady with whom he is in love. He shortly afterwards overhears her debating with a friend whether or no she shall jilt him in favour of an elderly and repulsive, but wealthier suitor. He flies from the house, leaving the lady "in all the misery which attends a woman who has many things to wish but knows not positively which she wishes most." He now begins his search for "a person who could be trusted, one capable of being a real friend; whose every action proceeded either from obedience to the Divine Will, or from the delight he took in doing good; who could not see another's sufferings without pain, nor his troubles without sharing them. In short, one whose agreeableness swayed his inclinations to love him, and whose mind was so good that he could never blame himself for so doing." He meets many persons whose outward appearance and professions are completely at variance with their inner selves, and his candid mind is filled with new amazement on each fresh occasion. This opposition of candour and sincerity to artificiality and pretence is Miss Fielding's favourite, almost her only, theme. Sham, affectation, hypocrisy, these were to her, as to her brother, the true object of satire. Probably there was in both brother and sister a natural bias; and, probably also, this bias was confirmed, and, as it were, crystallised in both by Henry Fielding's express declaration in "Joseph Andrews," that affectation was the one source of the ridiculous. The sister, however, is not satisfied merely to shoot Folly as it flies, by way of pastime. She desires, like a true disciple of Richardson, to preach a useful moral. But if the aim is the aim of Richardson, the observing eye and the recording hand are those of Fielding, but of a female Fielding who knows women better than men, and feels few things so keenly as the cruel and helpless position of an intelligent girl in poverty and dependence. Like many another female novelist, she is apt to depict her men as more gentle and easily influenced than her women, and her women as more rea-

sonable and clear-sighted than her men. Nearly all the bitter sayings in "David Simple" and "Ophelia"—and there are many of them—are put into the mouths of women. It is Cynthia, the dependent "companion" of a certain Lady D., who says to David that fine ladies cannot, she thinks, "well be liable to the curse attending Eve's transgression, as they do not enjoy the benefit proposed by it of knowing good from evil." She, too, it is who says that, "as we are born in a country where there is no such thing as publick legal slavery, people lay plots to draw in others to be their slaves with the pretence of having an affection for them." Cynthia comes nearer than any person whom David has yet met to his notion of a friend; he helps her to escape from her bondage, and by-and-by offers her marriage. She refuses him, but they remain friends, and finally cement their friendship by marrying respectively a highly deserving brother and sister, called Valentine and Camilla. The raptures of the double betrothal are, however, spared, Miss Fielding remarking, much in her brother's fashion, "I shall not dwell minutely on this portion of my hero's life, for I have too much regard for my readers to make them third persons to lovers." It is this admirable air of moderation, of tolerance, of kindly irony, this humorous humanity of view, which, combining with a style at once noble and easy, has made the works of Henry Fielding classic; and it is curious to note these same qualities mingling in his sister, with a wit that is distinctively feminine (a wit like in kind to that of Miss Austen or Miss Ferrier), and with a moral earnestness that continually verges on the didactic. Her best sentences, however, appear to me absolutely indistinguishable from the work of her brother, and fully explain the ascription to him of the anonymous novel. What critic, for instance, except from acquaintance with the texts, would hesitate to set down this phrase as Fielding's: "This young woman was one of those sort of people who had been bred up to get her living by hard work. She had been taught never to keep company with any man but him she intended to marry, nor to get drunk or steal, for if she gave way to those things (besides that they were great sins) she would certainly come to be hanged; which as she had an utter aversion to, she went on in an honest way and never intended to depart from it."

The "History of Ophelia" lacks the sprightly charm, the cheerful optimism of "David Simple." The scenes are darker; the central interest more serious and more painful, and the close by no means so unhesitatingly joyful. Yet, in some points the second novel is at least the equal of the first. The sketches of character are as lively as ever, the epigrams are perhaps even more numerous, and the

narrative is comparatively free from intrusive Cervantic episodes. It is the heroine this time whose innocence and sincerity are contrasted with the falsehoods of a corrupt society. The story is that of Lovelace and Clarissa over again ; but, with a heroine unsuspecting of her danger, and with a hero less practised in wickedness, and capable of being turned from his design. Ophelia has been brought up by an aunt in absolute seclusion, and has lived without any other companion in simplicity and complete ignorance of evil. A young nobleman, Lord Dorchester, accidentally discovers their cottage, and shortly afterwards carries off Ophelia. He takes her to London, where she passes for his ward, and introduces her to a certain Lady Palestine, a relation of his, at whose house she begins to see "the polite world." Her determined sincerity exposes her to a good deal of misconstruction, but she perseveres. "I have learnt," she says, for the story is written in the first person, "that nothing is a crime in polite circles but poverty and prudence. A person who cannot contribute to the follies of others may perhaps be pardoned if she only complies with them ; but if she attempts to be rational she must not hope for forgiveness." Her open friendliness towards one Sir Charles Goodall excites Lord Dorchester's jealousy ; and, after writing her an angry letter in which he renounces her for ever, he goes away. Ophelia, amazed and distressed beyond measure, falls ill, and only recovers her health on his return. But jealousy still appears to her an inexplicable sentiment, the rather that : "By what I could learn, the general practice of deceit makes people appear so much better at first than on a long acquaintance they prove to be, that to continue to love them rather than to cease to do so should be termed inconstancy."

The ill-starred Ophelia is presently abducted a second time—on this occasion by a jealous rival—and imprisoned in an old castle in the country where she sees only a few rustic squires and their wives. The brief sketch of "country society" is of a kind to make the gloomiest pessimist rejoice in having at least been born out of reach of the eighteenth-century squirearchy. It represents a group among whom Squire Western would have been quite in keeping. Ophelia escapes by the assistance of a clergyman, and soon afterwards is taken by Lady Palestine to Tunbridge Wells. Her ignorance of etiquette permitting her to dance with Lord Dorchester after refusing another partner, leads to impertinent speeches and a duel. Readers of "Evelina" will remember in that novel a precisely similar incident. There is indeed a curious parallelism throughout the two stories ; a likeness in unlikeness, which deserves a moment's consideration. In each a

simple-minded heroine is brought suddenly from a country seclusion into "society ;" in each she passes from place to place, and from one set of company to another, and in each she is the recorder and censor. Sentences might sometimes be transferred from one novel to the other without any perceptible jar. The description, for instance, of a lady who "lived in a perfect convulsion of civility" would come as naturally from *Evelina* as from *Ophelia*. Yet the essential spirit of each author differs completely from that of the other. Miss Fielding is a moralist, while Miss Burney is content to be a satirist. "*Evelina*" is a comedy throughout ; even the heroine excites our sympathy chiefly by her discomfiture in laughable situations. But "*Ophelia*" is nearer to being a tragedy ; the distress of virtue and sincerity at the contact of vice and falsehood is not a comic theme ; and it is only in accessory details that the ridiculous can find a place.

I have used the word "tragedy," but I do not mean that there is anything dramatic about the talent which "*Ophelia*" exhibits. On the contrary, it shows a lack of nearly all the specifically dramatic gifts. Feelings and motives are understood ; Miss Fielding's admirers are not far wrong in praising her knowledge of the human heart ; but there is little real display of character. Lord Dorchester, with his vacillations, his jealousy, his remorse, and his eventual reform, is the nearest of all her persons to living humanity ; perhaps, indeed, we do at the end know him as well as *Ophelia* herself does. There is, however, one passage in which wounded affection and righteous indignation strike out a dramatic spark. It is the speech of *Ophelia* when he appeals to her afresh after she has found him out and left him. "That I love you," I replied, "I am much too well convinced by painful experience, but you have so forfeited my esteem that I cannot comply with your proposal. I could not be happy if I was married to you, consequently should not make you so. Your passion for me is the same as it was ; all the difference is in the companions of it. While accompanied by hope, you know how little I was obliged to you for it ; now despair has taken its place ; it has blinded you, and I believe you think your affection all you say it is. . . . I have lost all my confidence in you, and detest the rest of your nation. I will go where I shall be excluded from mankind, where virtue makes every action open and intelligible ; there I am capable of living happily without learning the arts that here hide every real thought. If this resolution is painful to you, make it likewise beneficial ; trust me, so corrupt a people cannot be taught virtue but by suffering. Affliction will purify a heart perverted by education and

custom ; it takes off the varnish from glaring vices, and shows them in their own dark colours. If you really suffer, consider to what it is owing ; learn to hate vice, which as certainly carries its punishment as virtue does its reward along with it. But why should I think you can suffer long enough to do good ? Your heart is not made like mine, therefore I cannot judge of it." That last outcry following upon the suppressed bitterness of the would-be unimpassioned moralising, strikes suddenly home with the quick stroke of genius. If Sarah Fielding had written many such pages as these her works would surely not have lain to-day labelled by every compiler of handbooks with the epitaph "forgotten."

At last, even Ophelia's aunt pleads the lover's cause, and to her Ophelia listens. "I arraigned his principles and conduct with more severity, I believe, for finding he had an advocate, for I felt a satisfaction in hearing him a little excused . . . Her opinion gave a sanction to my yielding ; I could call my weakness obedient." So she yields, and "Lord Dorchester's excessive joy made me feel that pleasure in my consent which reason had denied me." He on his part gave her aunt "every assurance that could make her easy, and, what is more extraordinary, he fulfilled them all, and rendered the rest of our lives a scene of bliss. . . . Mine was a dangerous trial, and I think my imprudence in making it deserved a punishment rather than a reward ; which has increased my gratitude to Heaven for a state of happiness by no means merited."

The "Familiar Letters between the characters of David Simple," in spite of Fielding's admirable preface and his five witty letters (all of which, together with the preface to "David Simple," might with advantage appear in any future edition of his works), is not as good a book as either of the novels. It contains, indeed, many epigrammatic phrases, and happy sketches of character, but the moral tendency asserts itself more and more, and a reader who knows his "Tatler" and "Spectator" may be excused for turning the pages very negligently, and even for pausing with most interest upon those which contain the list of subscribers, and the number of "sets" for which they had put down their names. We find here, as we might expect to find : "Ralph Allen, Esq."—the traditional Allworthy of "Tom Jones," the "Humble Allen" of Pope, who "did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame." He takes no less than five sets, all on "royal paper." "Mrs. Teresa Blunt" subscribes for two. The second, perhaps, may have been for her sister Martha, the faithful and patient friend of Pope. Another name catches the eye as we turn over the catalogue—a familiar than those of all the

dead and gone dignitaries of Church and State—"The Reverend Dr. Primrose;" and for a moment we please ourselves with the fancy that the Vicar of Wakefield, too, laid down his guinea for Miss Fielding's "Familiar Letters," and carried them home for the edification of Olivia and Sophia.

These rather didactic, and essentially undramatic, volumes contain a couple of lively little dialogues, whose authorship is not stated. They are not Miss Fielding's own; and presumably they are not her brother's, since they are not mentioned as his with the five letters preceding. They have, however, a distinct family resemblance as to the turn of humour and the point of view, and we may venture perhaps to guess that they were written by one of those other sisters of whom we find casual mention. Whether this be so or no, they were certainly written by some one with a pretty knack of presenting character in dialogue. The persons who discourse on *Fashion* are four, an old gentleman, his daughters, and Mr. Prim, a mercer. The conversation is opened by "Miss:"

. "Oh, Mr. Prim, that is the sweetest silk—well, it is prodigious pretty—'tis quite charming.

Old Gentleman. Shall I buy it for you?

Miss. Do, Papa, do; buy it this moment.

O. G. Agreed, provided you'll promise me not to make it up this twelvemonth.

Miss. Oh! dear Papa! a twelvemonth! A twelvemonth hence 'twill be frightful.

O. G. You mean, I suppose, that 'twill rot by keeping, and fritter away?

Prim. On my honour, sir, 'twill be as strong a year hence as 'tis now.

O. G. Then I imagine the colours will fade?

Prim. Not the least, sir, I assure you.

O. G. Then, pray, my dear, how is it possible for the *same individual thing*, without the least alteration, to be *charming now*, and *frightful a year hence*?

Miss. La! Papa! why, you are so comical—you know 'twill be *out of fashion*, and then 'twill be hideous for any creature to be seen in it.

After a little inquiry into this strange state of things, the old gentleman remarks:

It should seem then, Mr. Prim, that this same thing called *Fashion* was *something prone to perpetual mutation*.

Prim. I can't say as to that, sir, but to be sure the fashions are always changing."

The Socratic parent inquires whether two and two, which to-day make four, yesterday made three, or possibly to-morrow may make five. To which Mr. Prim replies that his Honour is so jocose ; and Miss observes that Papa is sometimes the merriest creature. Papa proceeds to point out that honesty and dishonesty, food and poison, are never interchangeables, and delivers some very sage observations upon the follies of fashion. He then departs, and Mr. Prim says to the daughter :

“Indeed, Miss, your papa—poor gentleman ! Upon my word, those mathematics—I feared what ’twould come to—indeed you should have some advice.

Miss. No danger, Mr. Prim, I hope. Papa is indeed sometimes vastly whimsical, but he soon comes to himself—he’ll be well again to-morrow. You may leave the silk, though, for I’m determined to have it.”

Mr. Prim declares himself eternally “obligated,” and the dialogue closes.

CLEMENTINA BLACK.

QUININE AND ITS ROMANCE.

MANY a romance could be written of botanists in their self-denying devotion to plants and flowers. Linnæus's life is one ceaseless heroism, in which his love of certain plants amounted almost to a worship. His falling down on his knees on Putney Heath, when he first saw the gorse in bloom, and thanking God for having created so beautiful a flower, is widely known, and poets have vied with each other in setting the incident to fitting verse. Of an earlier botanist the same, or nearly the same, story is told; so that we can only suppose that in this department of science sentiment of a certain kind asserts itself more readily than in some others. At all events, the records are alive with instances of perseverance and devotion such as cannot be surpassed, if they can be equalled, in other walks. When Jussieu, the famous French botanist, for example, was bringing a seedling of the Lebanon cedar from Syria to Marseilles, the ship ran so short of water that the passengers were limited to half a glass a day. Jussieu shared his half with his plant, and, thanks to his self-denial and his generous enthusiasm, it reached Paris in safety, and lived to be a hundred years old and eighty feet high.

But it is in the case of plants directly associated with the art of healing that we can find the most exciting records; for here the chivalry and heroism are fed, so to speak, from a double source—the desire for the extension of scientific knowledge, and the passion for the welfare of mankind. The thirst for knowledge and the impulse of beneficence support each other, and the man of science becomes a minister, a missionary of love and healing, claiming our admiration in the one aspect, our love and our gratitude in the other.

There is no tree whose story is more interesting than the chinchona, or quinine-yielding tree. Jussieu, too, figures prominently in its history. Unfortunately his devotion and self-denial did not avail him in this case, as they did in that of the cedar, else the chapter we are now to write would not have been so deeply interesting, so stirring,

because so full of adventure. "The many fail, the one succeeds," sings the Laureate; and the record of failure, as in so many other instances, is more fascinating than that of easily-achieved success could possibly have been. It has been said, indeed, that the story of the efforts to accomplish the naturalisation of the chinchona tree in different countries, so as to ensure a plentiful and continuous supply of the invaluable bark, is perhaps the most striking in the records of scientific travel.

All know the virtues of quinine, and many have good cause to think of it gratefully. The medical practitioners of temperate climates find in the various preparations from the chinchona tree valuable remedies for many severe and trying diseases; but in the tropics they are simply indispensable in the treatment of malarial fever and other affections common there. No one would think of going on a long journey in India without a bottle of quinine in his valise; and it is not too much to say that if deprived of chinchona bark we could not keep a European force in India, and even native troops and police would have to be withdrawn from various unhealthy stations at which they are now placed. Livingstone and other travellers in Central Africa have celebrated the manifold virtues of quinine; and one of the most exciting incidents in the records of more recent travel is that of Schweinfurth, the great German explorer, in Africa, among the Monbuttos and Pigmies, when he lost almost the whole of his property by fire—scientific instruments among the rest. But the most important of all to him was his quinine, as he tells us; and how often he thought of it with regretful sorrow and with fear in the remarkable journey which, stripped of everything, he nevertheless persevered in, preserving his measurements and a knowledge of latitude by carefully pacing, and counting his paces as he walked. Thomas de Quincey, in his "Confessions," magnifying the merits of his favourite drug, opium, while as yet he had not felt its woes, speaks of ecstasies "having become portable, and might be corked in a pint bottle; happiness bought for a penny and carried in the waistcoat pocket, and peace of mind sent down by the mail coach." So quinine enables us to say that health and joy in malarious Eastern latitudes may be carried about corked up in a little phial, and what proves a more powerful agency than an army of doctors in the corner of a knapsack!

Strange it is that the chinchona trees—natives of the mountainous forests of South America—should be of such importance in the maintenance of our Eastern Empire, in the opening up of interior Africa, and, indirectly, in the extension in these parts of civilisation

and Christianity ! Stranger still, however, that a plant whose rare virtues had been practically known for centuries (for doubtless the medicine-men of the ancient Indian tribes had found out that virtue was to be extracted from the chinchona bark) should have been left so long neglected, or but very partially applied to mitigate sufferings that had smitten down annually thousands on thousands of men and women. Mr. Markham, it is true, infers from the fact that no reference is made to it by Yuca Garcilasso nor by Acosta in the lists of Indian medicines that it was unknown in the time of the Incas, but the fact of its absence there might be accounted for in another way.

Notwithstanding the great and permanent importance and interest of the subject, we believe that few comparatively have followed the steps and stages by which this invaluable specific has been made more and more available, and we shall therefore try to re-tell clearly and concisely the leading facts in its history ; since, so far as we are aware, they have till now lain practically buried in Reports, in Blue-books, and in big tomes, from which we shall carefully extract them.

I. THE SEARCH FOR PLANTS, AND ATTEMPTS TO NATURALISE THEM.

In the year 1639 the wife of a Spanish Viceroy of Peru returned to Europe from that country, and, having been cured of fever by the use of a tree-bark, she was wise enough to bring some of it home, with the intention of distributing it among the sick on her husband's estate and making it generally known throughout Europe. The bark powder was not unfitly called Countess' Powder (*Pulvis comitessæ*), and by this name it was long known to druggists in Europe. Mr. Markham tells us, in his memoir of her,¹ that the good deeds of the Countess are even now remembered (and no wonder !) by the people of Chinchon and Colemar in local tradition. No fewer than 142 species of the tree have been named after this beneficent lady, and their growth in an extending zone in the East will surely for ages keep her memory green.

Jesuit missionaries who afterwards returned from South America also brought with them some supplies. The lady was the Countess of Chinchon, hence the scientific name Chinchona ; the Jesuit missionaries gave to it the more popular name of "Jesuits' Bark." Quina was the native name of the bark, and this of course is the

¹ *A Memoir of the Countess of Chinchon.* By Clements R. Markham. London : 1874.

original of quinine, which has been retained for perhaps one half of the medical preparations from the bark. Little or nothing was, however, scientifically known of the tree which produced the bark till 1739—a whole century after its first introduction into Europe. La Condamine and Jussieu, who were then on an exploring expedition in South America, after not a little trial, obtained plants, with a view to having them sent to the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. Unfortunately, the whole collection perished in a storm at sea, near the mouth of the river Amazon. Unfortunate it surely was, for fully another century passed before anything effective and practical was done to introduce or naturalise the tree in Europe, or in suitable climates in the Eastern dependencies of England, from which supplies might be assured. And this notwithstanding the fact that the French chemists Pelletier and Caventon had, in 1820, developed true quinine from the bark. The first living chinchona trees ever seen in Europe were some *calisaya* plants raised at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris from seeds collected by the well-known Frenchman, Dr. Weddell, in his first journey to Bolivia in 1846. Though, in 1835, Dr. Forbes Royle, then superintendent of the Botanical Garden at Seharunpore, had become thoroughly convinced of the possibility of the profitable culture of the chinchona tree in India, and had earnestly urged the Government to make efforts to introduce the plants on the Khasia and Neilgherry Hills at that date, and afterwards in 1847, and again in 1853 and 1856, nothing came of it, though Dr. Grant, the Apothecary-General in Calcutta, had earnestly supported the proposal in 1850.

While all this was going on, however, some gentlemen interested had not been idle, and, though they went a warfare on their own charges, and had no definite connection with any Government, they were anxious all that in them lay to aid Governments, as will be seen. Mr. George Ledger, whose name will ever be honoured in this relation, as indeed it is inseparably linked with one of the finer kinds of bark, which has been named after him, made an expedition in the Valley of Santa Aña, Department of Cuzco. Mr. Backhouse was his companion. The expedition wholly failed, and indeed had a fatal termination. Mr. Backhouse was murdered by the Indians, the supplies were stolen, all the bark that had been collected with great labour was destroyed, as well as seeds and plants; some sixty pounds of gold dust were missing. Mr. Ledger escaped; but he estimates his losses at some £1,500, and that of his brother Arthur at £700. In 1861 Mr. Ledger sent an expedition into the Bolivian wilds, with the double object of obtaining seeds and plants of the chinchona

and alpacas of various kinds. This expedition was more successful ; and in 1865 Mr. Ledger was enabled to present a portion of the seeds and plants of some valuable species to the Government of India and the Government of the Netherlands. In the letter to Mr. J. E. Howard, from which we have already quoted, Mr. Ledger says : " Surely, after the success attending the seeds sent in 1865, the Government of India and the Government of the Netherlands should award me some compensation for the losses I sustained in the search." Mr. Howard, remarking on this letter and other points, says, " The superiority of Ledger's *calisaya* is beyond doubt."

In 1852 Dr. Falconer, then superintendent of the Botanical Gardens at Calcutta, urgently repeated the recommendation that had been so often made, and with more success. The Court of Directors of the East India Company were induced to procure and send out six plants of *Chinchona calisaya*. Five of these precious trees reached Calcutta alive, and were at once placed in the Botanical Gardens. Here they received all possible care and attention, but they did not thrive. After a short time they were sent to the hill station of Darjeeling, where they all died in the ensuing winter. The first experiment in chinchona culture in India was therefore a disappointment --how deep a disappointment was only known to those, medical men and others, who realised fully what was at stake in the future.

Meantime the Dutch, always alive to interests of this kind, awoke to the great importance of the chinchona culture, and, happily having a very suitable field for it in Java, they sent out the botanist Hasskarl to Peru, in 1852, to collect plants and seeds. He also encountered many difficulties and dangers in his wanderings, not a few of which arose from the jealousy of the native bark-gatherers --*cascarilleros*, as they are called—who managed to infect the whole people with the idea that their trade would be ruined if chinchona trees were allowed to leave the country.

Some difference of opinion seems to exist regarding the results of M. Hasskarl's efforts and explorations. On one side we are told that he had not any local knowledge of the wild regions where he travelled, neither had he any acquaintance with the language of the natives ; that his avowed intention was chiefly to find seeds of *calisaya*, but that, unfortunately, he entered the chinchona zone at a point where neither that nor indeed any valuable species grow ; that he collected the seeds of the species he found, believing them to be true *calisaya* ; that he did ultimately penetrate into a *calisaya* region, and remained in it a short time, but that he trusted too implicitly a native collector, who led him to believe that he was collecting the true *cali-*

saya when he was in fact gathering a worthless species, and that the twenty cases landed in Java did not contain one plant of any valuable variety of *calisaya*.

On the other hand, the Dutch authorities have a very different account to give. They say that M. Hasskarl, though he did not know the Quichua language, had thoroughly learnt Spanish, and that his knowledge of botany and science was so great as to have rendered next to impossible some of the errors with which he is credited ; that he had lived for years in Java, and was accustomed to a tropical climate and to dealing with natives ; that he did land in Java seventy-eight *calisayas* alive, with other valuable varieties ; and that, *if he was deceived*, the climate of Java, which is undoubtedly very favourable to the chinchonas, transformed them. But the same could hardly apply to Holland. In 1855 Weddell, the famous French traveller and botanist, we are told, paid a visit to the Botanical Gardens at Leyden, and saw there the *calisaya* plants which M. Hasskarl had sent from Sandia. As soon as he saw the young plants he exclaimed, "La vraie calisaya, rien que cela, il n'y a pas le moindre doute." "In 1874," Mr. Moens, of Java, says: "I sent a case of dried specimens of our chinchonas to that great quinologist, Mr. Howard. Amongst the specimens were some of the *calisaya* varieties, reared from seeds obtained from M. Hasskarl's original plants. Mr. Howard writes me about them: 'No. 1 may, and indeed must, be a rather fine kind. No. 2 is a form of *calisaya*, which I do not at present recognise. No. 4 resembles more my specimen of *C. calisaya vera*.'" It is thus certainly incorrect to say that M. Hasskarl's mission was a failure as regards securing any specimen whatever of *calisaya*. But it is undoubtedly the fact that the cultivators, both in Java and Holland, had many difficulties at the outset, and that their assiduity and perseverance alone secured the good result in the end ; and owing to the strenuous efforts of the cultivators there the undertaking has in Java become a success, commercially and otherwise.

No further action worth noting was taken by the Government of India till the year 1858, when, owing to influential representations, it was decided, with the sanction of the Secretary of State for India, that a competent collector should be sent for a couple of years to South America, to explore the forests and to procure young plants and seeds of the best kinds. The necessity for such a measure had, as we have hinted, long been fully recognised by scientific and medical men, as it was known that the collection of the bark in South America was the most reckless and extravagant

manher. Systematic regulations for the working of the forest did not exist; each collector did what was right in his own eyes. Grave fears were therefore felt more and more lest the supplies of bark should become limited, or even cease for long periods. There was also the risk of the price of the bark being at any moment raised to such a point as to restrict its use, and in fact put it altogether beyond the reach of the poor; chemistry, unfortunately, not having yet discovered any efficient substitute.

The choice of the Indian Government fell on one who fully justified it. Mr. Clements Markham, who volunteered to direct the mission, was appointed. He knew Spanish well, and had some acquaintance with the Quichua tongue, and also possessed a fair knowledge of the country. If not a professed botanist, he was a quick observer, and certainly gifted with discrimination of character, as the work done by those he had associated with him afterwards fully proved. With no little skill and forecast he organised a three-fold expedition, the sections of which began their operations simultaneously in 1860, fully five years after the beginning of the Dutch experiment. Mr. Markham himself undertook to collect seeds of the *calisaya*, or yellow bark tree (the most valuable of the chin-chonas), in the forests of Bolivia and Southern Peru, where alone it is to be found. He arranged that Mr. Pritchett should explore the grey bark forests of Huanuco and Humalies, in Central Peru, and that Messrs. Spruce and Cross should collect the seeds of the red bark tree on the eastern slopes of Chimborazo, in the territory of Ecuador.

Mr. Markham applied himself to his perilous task with characteristic caution, tact, determination, and ardour. In addition to difficulties from the nature of the country, and the lack of transport, he had to contend against the jealousies of the native collectors, whose spirit had already been aroused by the efforts of M. Hasskarl, and who regarded all enquiry and examination as an interference with their rights and vested interests. They regarded the trade in bark as their monopoly, and were not inclined to be intruded upon under any pretence. And then plants are bulky, and need considerable space in packing if they are not to be injured or destroyed. When all this is borne in mind, some sense of the arduous nature of the task Mr. Markham had taken in hand will be realised.

The *cascarilleros*, or bark-collectors, spend their whole lives in the woods, and have been known to lose themselves, and have never again been heard of. This gives some idea of the wildness and extent of the quinine-producing forests of South America, which may be

roughly said to lie in a belt stretching from 19° S. latitude to 10° North, following the line of the Andes over an area of more than a thousand miles. They grow on the sides of the mountains, or in the ravines between the mountains. The scenery is described by travellers in that region as magnificent. The deep indigo of the sky, with the icy peaks of the Andes clearly defined against it, fills the higher portion of the picture; while below are narrow gorges, down which rush glittering cataracts, and across which are hung slender bridges made of rope and twisted branches of trees.

The paths down the sides of these gorges are very narrow and precipitous. Sometimes a traveller riding on a mule down one of these ridges has one leg touching the side of the mountain while the other hangs over a precipice.

The sides of the hills, even at very high altitudes, are covered with wild-flowers, many of which have long been naturalised in England. A profusion of ferns form a graceful background, and serve to show the brilliant colouring of the lupins, verbenas, calceolarias, fuchsias, and begonias, with which these hanging gardens abound. A large portion of the Andean region is capable of cultivation, and in ancient days there is no doubt that it was cultivated by the Incas to a great extent.

The general calmness in the air of Peru contrasts strangely with the frequent disturbances of the earth. The Peruvians often say that in their country thunder comes from below. At Lima the slight shocks of earthquake which are felt daily are thought nothing of by the inhabitants. The whole ridge of the Cordilleras facing the Pacific is studded with volcanic peaks, and there are no fewer than twenty-four distinct volcanos in the range.

In Humboldt's "Travels" we read interesting accounts of this curious Trans-Andean country. In his excursions through the mountains he frequently had to cross vast chasms by native bridges. One of these he mentions particularly, which was formed of ropes manufactured from the fibrous roots of the *Aguava Americana*, only three or four inches in diameter. The weirdness and solitude of these regions are intensified by the song of a bird, which is ceaselessly heard but seldom seen, and which possesses a low, melancholy wailing note of such an oppressive character that it has been called *Alma perdida*, or the Lost Soul. It is said that there have been cases of lonely bark-collectors who have been driven mad by its continual melancholy wailing.

In this wild and trackless region Mr. Markham laboured for many months, exposed to peril from wild beasts and also to the

enmities of the native bark-gatherers, and groaning under the manifold difficulties of land transport. The collections he made at such risk and labour were exposed to so many trials that, unfortunately, much of the fruits of his courage and industry was lost ; but enough came safely to hand to form the beginning of the great chinchona plantations of India, of which we shall speak particularly under another head. Towards the end of 1860 cases with samples from Mr. Markham and his party began to arrive at Calcutta.

On his return journey Mr. Markham, as was almost to be expected, found the jealousy of the people aroused by rumours which had got abroad as to the nature of his mission. To return along the road he came by would have simply ensured the destruction of his plants, and possibly involved injury to himself, so he had to resort to a stratagem. And surely never was such stratagem more fully justified by the nobility of the cause for which it was brought into play. Mr. Weir was sent back by the old route, and Mr. Markham himself proceeded with the plants in a straight line towards the coast, through an unknown country, and without a guide. Let the reader for a moment pause and try to realise what this implied in a wild, mountainous, and in great measure roadless, region. Let him then think how hard it must have proved with only personal accompaniments. But Mr. Markham had his precious seeds and plants—bulky impedimenta—to carry with him. After much hardship he arrived at the town of Vilque, with his plants in good order. A few more marches brought him to the port of Yslay. But where his difficulties ought to have been ended, the worst and most trying were only begun. The custom-house authorities, having discovered what the plant-cases contained, would not allow them to be shipped without an order from the Minister of Finance. This Mr. Markham had himself to go to Lima to procure, leaving his plants behind him to the tender mercies of those not likely to lose a chance of injuring them, and fancying they were doing their country, if not God, good service. We can well imagine what Mr. Markham's feelings must have been on that needless and wearisome journey, and amid the formalities and polite excuses of officials. All this caused a delay of three weeks ; but Mr. Markham had succeeded by his tact and careful explanations. On June 24 the cases were at last embarked on board a steamer bound for Panama, but not before a scheme had been set on foot by some patriotic Bolivians to kill the plants by pouring hot water on them through holes to be bored in the cases. None of the more valuable chinchona trees, and certainly none of the *calisayas*, can stand frost, but they can as

little stand boiling water. Her Majesty's steamer *Vixen* was at this moment lying idle at Callao, and could have taken the plants straight to Madras, with every chance of saving them alive. But it is hardly the style of the various departments of our public service to work hand in hand and eye to eye; and probably it would have been regarded as an infringement of all the "traditions" of the service that a ship of war should have been used not only to forward the arts of peace, but the arts of healing, by which men both of the navy and the army were to be so directly benefited. Truly, even in these days of advanced culture, organisation, and perfection of machinery, it may still be said, "With how little wisdom the world is governed!" Instead of this being found possible, Mr. Markham was compelled by his orders to take his plants to India, *viâ* Panama, England, the Mediterranean, and the Red Sea, and thus expose them to transhipments and alterations of temperature which ultimately killed them all. Whether they died from hot water or from exposure to frost, the result was the same—but most likely they died from the latter; for against malice, up to a certain point, watchfulness will suffice to guard you, but against stupidity, in high places as in low, scarce any amount of care or caution, of heroism, devotion, and self-sacrifice will suffice, as Schiller so well put it—so well, indeed, that Heine plagiarised the idea without acknowledgment—

Gegen Dummheit die Götter selbst kämpfen vergebens—
(against stupidity the gods themselves struggle in vain).

While Mr. Markham had been thus fighting hopelessly against awful odds, Mr. Pritchett was collecting seeds and plants of the chinchona species producing grey bark in the forests near Huanuco, in the northern part of the same territory, and was successful in bringing to Lima in the month of August a collection of seeds and half a mule-load of young plants of three species—*Micrantha*, *Peruviana*, and *Nitida*.

Mr. Spruce, six months before Mr. Markham had sailed from England, had left his home in the Quitonian Andes, and had fixed on Simon as the most suitable head-quarters. He had made a good collection, and had arranged to go to Loxa, south of the Ecuador territory, to procure seeds of the pale, or crown, bark. This arrangement, unfortunately, was frustrated through Mr. Spruce's serious illness. But, in July 1860, Mr. Spruce was joined at Simon by Mr. Cross, who had been sent out from England with Wardian cases to receive such plants as might be secured. Here the work was carried on vigorously and successfully. Mr. Cross established a nursery at Simon, and there put cuttings of the red bark tree,

Mr. Spruce now searched for seeds. Mr. Cross ultimately succeeded in taking his cuttings safely to India, while Mr. Spruce's seeds were sent to India by post. It is from the results of these journeys mainly, if not entirely, that our plantations in certain parts of India and Ceylon have been made ; and, if the immediate fruits of these perilous journeys and labours did not appear adequate, we must all surely feel grateful that by care and scientific treatment the tree has now been brought to such health and productiveness at various points in our dominions.

II. NATURE AND HABITS OF CHINCHONA TREES.

The genus Chinchona includes as many as thirty-six species, but only about a dozen of these are found available for yield for medical purposes.

The following are the more prominent ; their scientific and popular names are set side by side:—

Crown Bark = *Chinchona officinalis*, and varieties.

Red Bark = *Succirubra*.

Yellow Bark = *Calisaya*, and varieties.

Grey Bark = *Nitida*, *micrantha*, &c.

The Loxa crown bark, the *Cortex chinchonæ pallidæ* of Pharmacy, which was the first bark brought to Europe in the seventeenth century, is now fallen into disrepute, most probably owing to its having being collected from a very young wood. Study of the habits of the tree, and methods of improved treatment gradually attained, have done much to bring into view species which at first were not held in great favour ; and the efforts and experiments of the Dutch in this direction, both in Java and at home, must be gratefully recognised in regarding the broad result.

The tree itself is a beautiful object, as anyone may see by a glance at the photographs of sections of plantations given in Mr. Howard's elaborate and valuable "Quinology of the East Indian Plantations." It has a delicate small flower in close clusters, and at certain seasons its fragrance fills the air for a considerable distance. The leaf-forms vary considerably in the different species, from a form approaching to heart-shaped to a purely lance-headed figure, as the name *lancifolia*, applied to one variety, may be taken to indicate. This is, perhaps, the most elegant of the whole—its lines are so delicate, tapering softly at once towards the point and towards the stalk ; while the leaf of *C. officinalis* and *C. grandiflora* more inclines to something of a trowel shape. The *succirubra*, or

red bark tree, is more of an umbrella shape than the others, and the aspect of the leaf more that of our plane tree. Some of the trees are more marked as the yielders of pure quinine, others of all the alkaloids in a mixed state. Science, too, while it has made us more and more acquainted with the peculiar habits and needs of the tree, has done not a little to render its own classifications inexact, since hybridisation has been found of the greatest value. Mr. Howard presents in his "Quinology" most careful analyses of the different barks; but he admits that, "owing to hybridisation and other causes, the attempts to classify barks according to a too precise system . . . would certainly end in confusion."

The medicinal virtues of the bark depend on the presence of one or more of four alkaloids—quinine, quinidine, chinchonine, and chinchonidine. All of these have been subjected to rigorous trial, and found nearly equal as regards their value in the treatment of malarial fever and allied diseases. The alkaloids do not exist in a free state in the bark, but in combination with tannin, such as is found in oak bark and other barks, and extensively used in the process of tanning leather. All the four alkaloids are found present in most species of the bark; but some varieties of the tree contain a much greater proportion of alkaloids than others, and some are more remarkable than others for producing a much greater proportion of one particular form of alkaloid. *Chinchona succirubra*, we learn, yields far the largest amount of alkaloids as a whole, but *Chinchona officinalis* and *Chinchona calisaya* yield the largest percentages of quinine. The young trees—that is, trees prior to their sixth or seventh year—contain but a small proportion of the alkaloids, which, moreover, is present in them in almost uncrystallisable form. They are, therefore, of little commercial value. Experience in India year by year has gone to show that this holds true of all the species, and most true of the most valuable species in a quinine-producing light. Even up to the eighth or ninth year the active principles continue to increase in quantity and to improve in quality. No doubt much has been lost in former years through lack of knowledge of this fact, for much young bark was cut down too early, with the result of weakening the producing power of whole plantations permanently later. This the quinological gardeners will avoid in the future, of course, with no end of gain, though with much deferred return of outlay. It will thus be seen that the chinchona planter cannot expect any return of money invested for the long period of eight years. This fact must always place the chinchona industry at a great

disadvantage. The culture of tea and coffee begins to be remunerative at much earlier stages, and is, therefore, more likely to find favour with capitalists. But we should not omit to say that some of the elements of success in treatment are even yet not wholly known, and further acquaintance with the subject may remove some of these difficulties. Facts are grasped and made familiar, somewhat to the disadvantage of chinchona with planters, while it is not always as distinctly grasped that we are still in the dark on some vital points. For example, barks of one district are sometimes devoid of quinine, while those of the same species from a neighbouring locality may yield $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of sulphate of quinine. This seems at first sight a small proportion ; but even the flat *calisaya* bark, which is the favourite, and is most often offered in the drug trade for pharmaceutical purposes, contains generally only from 5 to 6 per cent. of quinine. The thick flat red bark contains only 3 to 4 per cent. of alkaloids, and with a large proportion of colouring matter. The quill red bark of the Indian plantations is a fair drug, some of it yielding 5 to 10 per cent. of alkaloids, more than a third of which is quinine, a fourth chinchonidine, and the remainder chinchonine and quinidine. The Pitayo bark is very valuable : it is the chief source of quinidine.

In their native habitat the chinchona trees all grow at a height of from 2,500 to 9,000 feet above the level of the sea, and in an equable but comparatively cool climate. High temperature, we learn, favours the formation of chinchonidine, and diminishes that of quinine. Deprivation of light favours the increase of the total amount of alkaloids in a bark. Mr. Broughton, the moment he guessed at this law, made a very beautiful experiment. He covered the stem of a chinchona tree with a shield of tinned plate, and the stem of another with black cloth ; his object being to keep the bark in darkness, without impeding the free access of air or protecting it from the heating influence of the sun's rays. The results were that, after ten months' protection in this way, the amount of the total alkaloids was increased about 2·8 per cent. in each case ; and Mr. McIvor's experiments in the same direction have conclusively proved that the bark renewed under moss contains a larger amount of total and crystallisable alkaloids than ordinary bark. This has given rise to the now widely accepted "mossing" system, of which we shall speak in detail under the next head.

Luckily for the multiplication of the plants, the most valuable species of chinchona are with strict care and attention easily developed

from cuttings. This is especially true of *Chinchona calisaya* and *Chinchona succirubra*, both fruitful in quinine, and under due adjustment of heat, light, and moisture can in this respect be depended on. Stock-plants are therefore established, from which cuttings can be taken. The quality of which Dr. Lindley speaks in the following passage is thus found powerfully present in the chinchonas :—

“It is known,” he says, “that plants possess some quality analogous to animal irritability, to which, for want of a better, the name of excitability has been given. In proportion to the amount of excitability in a given plant is the power which its cuttings possess of striking. The great promoter of vegetable excitability is heat. Therefore, the more heat a given plant has been exposed to, within certain limits, the more readily its cuttings strike root. The young wood,” he says, “of trees growing in the open air will not do for cuttings ; and yet if those same trees are forced in a hot-house, their cuttings are almost sure to succeed.”

In all other parts of the tree the amount of alkaloids is insignificant compared with the bark, as that is really the only place of deposit of the alkaloids from the sap ; and the fact of this deposit is mainly due, according to the great German chemist, Herr Flückiger, to a peculiarity in the formation of the *liber*. Some species of the trees differ from others in respect of their habitat in relation to quinine-producing capability. Crown barks are adapted to a higher elevation, and red to a lower, as in their native habitat. For some members of the *calisaya* family a great elevation is essential. Some of these, planted at an elevation of 7,300 feet above the sea, seem to have adopted a more luxurious habit than some at lower elevations. Mr. Howard, indeed, declares it a useless attempt to cultivate these trees below 4,000 feet above the sea-level. The *officinalis* species, which stands high for its yield, is also one of the most hardy ; and a peculiar observation has been made on this species—in the third generation a sort of *atarism* is to be noticed, the produce having returned almost exactly to the first, and having in the Neilgherries of India rather surpassed the quantity of alkaloid yielded by the first, generation on the mountains of Uritusinga, its native habitat. M. Frécul, a French chemist, discovered that, when isolated, each of the two fundamental parts of the branch may give rise to the production of either wood or bark. And certainly one of the most instructive and interesting of the very beautiful and carefully executed coloured illustrations in Mr. Howard's [†] various barks is that of the third crop of renewed bark ar [†]ith the old bark.

III. CULTIVATION IN INDIA.

We have already done something to recount the difficulties and perils which were encountered in exploring the remote mountain forests of Ecuador, Huanuco, and Caravaya ; we now come to speak specially of the methods resorted to, and the various means used, for the successful naturalisation and culture of the tree in India. The Neilgherry Hills in the Madras Presidency were selected as the most suitable locality for the first experiments. These hills, most readers will remember, lie between the eleventh and twelfth parallels of North latitude, and run out in an eastern direction from the plains of Coimbatore from the chain of the Western Ghats, and may be regarded as a gigantic spur of that vast range. The crest of the Neilgherries is not by any means a flat plateau. It consists rather of a series of green undulating hills, with ravines here and there, usually very well wooded and well watered. The elevation of this upper region ranges from 6,000 to 7,000 feet above the sea-level, and enjoys a climate cool and exhilarating. The thermometer ranges from about 42° to a little under 70°. In the central portion of the plateau the rainfall, as we learn, averages about 60 inches, but on the western side it is heavier, and the air, during a great portion of the year, is constantly moist. The soil is very fertile, and abundantly produces European fruits, cereals, and vegetables, as well as tea and coffee.

In selecting sites for chinchona plantations, due attention was paid to the requirements of the plants in the matter of elevation—the facts as to different needs in this respect in different species being as we have already noted. Two localities were accordingly chosen—one a little under 8,000 feet, on Dodabetta, near Ootacamund, and another at an elevation under 6,000 feet, at a place called Neddiwattum, on the north-western side of the range. The Dodabetta site was set apart for the growth of the crown barks, while that at Neddiwattum was devoted to the red, yellow, and grey barks. The chinchona plants and seeds as they arrived from South America were placed in the hands of Mr. McIvor, the superintendent of the Neilgherry Botanical Gardens. As it was felt advisable to multiply the chinchonas quickly, both practical plans of propagation were had recourse to -- by seed and by cuttings. By great care and skill not only were the plantations at Dodabetta and Neddiwattum rapidly stocked, but others were before long opened at Pykarah and Mailkhoondah. Private individuals also entered the field about the same time, and chinchona planting was for some years regarded as a most promising

investment. But the special risks and the slowness of return, which we have already referred to, led to most of them abandoning it.

Meanwhile the Government, slow to move, but fortunately also slow to retreat from a scheme once set in motion, determined to carry the work to a successful issue. The results have been satisfactory beyond the most sanguine expectations. At the close of the official year 1872-3 there were 1,170,029 chinchona trees of various ages on the Government estates, covering an area of 1,222 acres, on which the expenditure up to that date had been a little under £65,000. This gives a mean cost of about £53 per acre, and against this, of course, has to be set the value of bark utilised in India for the manufacture of alkaloids, and of consignments sold in London. During the period which has elapsed since that stock-taking, progress has been equally steady and wonderful. There are now several million trees in culture.

In spite of the ascertained drawback in chinchona culture as regards speedy commercial result, it needs to be stated, with all emphasis, that some gentlemen, whose names deserve to be held in honour, did not fail bravely to face loss of time and fortune in their efforts to naturalise the plants in various parts of India. Among these Colonel Nassau Lees stands prominent. In his plantations in the Kangra Valley chinchona had an extended and patient trial. Colonel Lees threw much spirit into his efforts to introduce the plant. From Java, Ceylon, and the Neilgherries he provided himself with seeds or seedlings of all the leading species; and he imported from Scotland a trained gardener to superintend the cultivation. He was also supplied by Mr. Markham with seeds of *C. Pitayensis*, a species which thrives well at high altitudes on the Andes, and which it was hoped would thrive in the comparatively severe climate of the Kangra Valley. For some time the prospects of success seemed moderately hopeful, but ultimately the majority of the plants succumbed to frost. The results were almost identical in the North-West Provinces.

IV. METHODS OF BARKING AND PREPARATION IN INDIA.

By scientific men, and those who had, at an early stage, interested themselves in chinchona culture, it had for years been strongly felt that the extraordinary recklessness of the Peruvian bark-collectors must eventually greatly lessen the supply to be obtained. Indeed, it was seen, as we have already said, that there was a great risk that at any moment the price might suddenly be raised to such a point as would render quinine beyond the reach of the great mass of the

poor, more particularly in certain parts of India, where it is almost essential to life. The Peruvian bark-hunters thought only of present gain, and cared nothing for the future. They, therefore, stripped the trees standing; and the consequence was that, as soon as they were deprived of their bark, they were attacked by myriads of insects, which penetrated the stems and soon killed the trees. Their practice, therefore, involved the destruction of each tree felled for its bark, and no measures were ever taken by the owners of either public or private forests to secure supplies by any conservancy or re-planting. When the *cascarilleros* came upon a tree which had accidentally been thrown down, so great was their carelessness that they would actually strip the upper side of its bark, and then, rather than take the trouble to turn over the trunk, they would leave it to rot in the ground, and pass on to supplies which they could procure with even less exertion. Under this method it was inevitable that the area of supply would, in course of time, at the best, become narrowed.

In this they had ceased to follow the good example set them by the Jesuits; and it should be said, in fairness, that so long as the Jesuits had influence and power, wise consideration was paid to conserving the trees. The Jesuits even enlisted superstition on their behalf in this matter. Mr. Ledger, whose acquaintance with the Peruvian chinchona forests is very intimate, and who on various visits dwelt for long periods in the country, closely studying the people as well as its botany, natural history, and trade, in a letter to Mr. J. E. Howard, writes:—

“Whenever bark trees were cut down or ‘stripped’ not a particle of the smallest branch was lost. Moreover, they imposed the moral obligation, appealing to the superstition of the Indians, thereby compelling the *cascarilleros*, or ‘cutters,’ to plant five cuttings in the shape

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* * *

of a cross * * * for every tree destroyed. I have repeatedly seen these plantations; always, when passing them, my Indians would go down on their knees, hat in hand, cross themselves, and say a prayer for the souls of the ‘Buenos Padres.’”

The consumption of bark in Europe and the East went on steadily increasing, and, as a natural result, prices rose, and fears even began to be entertained that the supply would ultimately fail altogether. This was the fear, involving so much to the whole world, which formed the spur that impelled the noble men, whose doings and sufferings we have very faintly outlined, to secure, at all hazards, seeds and plants from which, in favourable soil and climate, a supply

might be insured independently of the native region of the tree. The same consideration weighed with the cultivators in India, who soon, by thought and experiment, discovered more economical and scientific methods of barking and after-manufacture.

At first the method employed in India for barking was to cut down the tree very near the ground, precisely as is done in ash or withy coppices in England. If this was carefully done, a rapid growth of young wood immediately sprang up, and in the course of five or six years the saplings were ready to be felled again. This was called coppicing, and may still be found advisable and practised where, as Dr. Bidie, a good authority, has said, firewood is a desideratum ; but Mr. Howard very decidedly declares against coppicing in ordinary circumstances.

Another method, more economical and more efficient in every respect, is now in use. This method permits the bark to be removed periodically without cutting down the tree ; and, indeed, by a very simple device, draws precisely the chemical elements that are wanted more liberally into the bark. This is the "mossing process," and we are sure that our readers will be interested in the account of a method so simple and so admirably calculated to secure the end sought by very slight means. Though we have not ourselves seen it, our account is drawn from varied reliable sources. Mr. McIvor, with whom the idea originated, tells us that in this, as in so many other beautiful processes of culture, man only follows a hint of nature. His idea of artificially applying moss to the bark of chinchona plants originated in the fact that the best chinchona bark of commerce is invariably overgrown with moss (or lichen).

About a year or eighteen months before the bark is ready for removal, the trunk of the tree is covered with a thick layer of common tree moss, collected in the neighbouring forests. It is fixed in position with twisted bark till it grows and becomes attached by natural adhesion to the tree. When the eighteen months have expired, the bark is then removed. The workers are divided into gangs of five men each—two "barkers," two "mossers," and a man to split and roll up bark into balls. The first operation is the removal of the covering of moss, which is very carefully treated, with the view of being used again. The "barkers" then with their pruning knives remove the bark in longitudinal strips, from 2 to 2½ inches wide, and from a point as high up as they can conveniently reach. Between every two of these strips a portion of bark of the same width is left to carry on the circulation, so that the tree would die if completely denuded of so large a protective covering. When the

bark has been removed, it is found that the surface of the wood is covered with a gelatinous-like substance, the cambium of botanists. This consists of young cells, from which future additions to the bark and wood are derived.

The greatest care is taken to avoid inflicting any injury on this, as it is found that a denuded surface is very slowly and imperfectly renewed. When carefully preserved, however, the gaps in the bark are perfectly filled up.

As soon as the "barkers" have finished their task, the "mossers" begin their work. This consists in re-applying a thick covering of moist moss to the trunk, which afterwards is carefully and continually kept moist.

A good authority has given this account of the process :—

"At certain seasons of the year the bark can be separated from the tree with great ease. It is accomplished in this way : A labourer proceeds to a tree, and, reaching up as far as he can, makes a horizontal incision of the required width. From either end of this incision he runs a vertical incision to the ground. Then, carefully raising with his knife the bark at the horizontal incision until he can seize it with his fingers, he strips off the bark to the ground and cuts it off. The strip of bark then presents the appearance of a ribbon more or less long. Supposing the tree to be of 28 inches in circumference, the labourer will take nine of the above ribbons, each $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. He will thus leave, after the tree has been stripped, other nine ribbons still adhering to the tree, each somewhat broader than the stripped ribbon and at intervals apart, occupied by the spaces to which the stripped ribbons had adhered. As soon as he has removed his strips, the labourer will proceed to moss the trunk all round, tying on the moss with some fibre ; the decorticated intervals will thus be excluded from light and air, and this is one of the capital points in the system. The mere exclusion of light and air from a stem partially bared acts in two ways : it enables the healing process to be rapidly set up, in the same way as plaster does in the case of a wound in an animal organism ; and it has the further curious effect—it increases the secretion of quinine in the bark renewed under its protection. At the end of six months or more, the bands of bark left untouched at the first stripping are removed, and the intervals they occupied on the trunk are mossed. At the end of twenty months, on an average, the spaces occupied by the ribbons originally taken off are found to be covered with renewed bark much thicker than the natural bark of the same age, and this renewed bark can be removed, and a fresh renewal again be fostered by the moss."

On being taken from the trees the bark is laid to dry in rough sheds fitted up with open shelves made of split bamboo. These sheds are erected in any convenient place near the spot where the trees are being cut. When the bark has dried as far as is possible without artificial heat, it is carried off to the drying-house—a masonry building (near the factory) fitted up with shelving, and supplied with arrangements for keeping charcoal fires lit. If the drying-house be left well closed, the bark is speedily and thoroughly dried, without being exposed to a temperature high enough to affect its chemical constitution. When well dried, it can be stored without danger of deterioration.

V. PREPARATION OF ALKALOIDS, &c.

The most improved and widely-accepted method of manufacturing the chinchona alkaloids consists in precipitating the alkaloids in an insoluble state, and subsequently separating them from the mass of impurities with which they are mixed, by solution in alcohol. Mr. Broughton thus describes the process adopted by him and followed with the greatest success :

“The bark in long strips, exactly as taken from the tree, is placed in a copper pan, with $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of sulphuric acid for *trunk bark*, and about 1 per cent. or less for *prunings*, and a quantity of water that has already been used for the fourth extraction of nearly-spent bark, and is boiled for an hour. The liquid and bark are then separated by strong pressure in a screw press, the former falling in a wooden vat placed underneath. The squeezed and nearly dry bark is again boiled with liquid that has been used for a third boiling of other bark, and another $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of acid is added. After an hour's boiling, it is again squeezed. It is then boiled with a liquid that has come off nearly-spent bark, again squeezed, and finally boiled with water. During these four boilings the bark, after each squeezing, diminishes greatly in bulk and becomes almost pulp, so that it occupies far less room in a pan at the third boiling than it did at first. The order in which the several liquids used in extraction are employed depends on the qualities of bark under manufacture ; but it is so arranged as to obtain finally a liquid containing as much alkaloid as possible in solution, and also that as far as possible the bark should be exhausted of alkaloid. The liquid is now evaporated to about one-sixth of its bulk, and allowed to cool. It is then decomposed by neutralisation with sulphuric acid, which precipitates the alkaloids, decomposing the quinine sulphates with formation of

insoluble lime salts. The powdered lime precipitate is then packed in an ingenious inverted-cone-like vessel, with a receiving vessel below it. Alcohol is poured on till, by passing through the precipitate, the lower vessel is about one-third full. A fire is kept up to a certain heat under the lower vessel. By the skilful use of copper condensers, &c., the vapour rises and becomes liquid ; and this process is kept up till a small amount of alcohol, by constant circulation, has dissolved the whole of the chinchona basis, without any waste of spirit or alkaloid."

" AMORPHOUS QUININE " &c.

The chinchona industry in India was instituted with the avowed object of providing at a cheap rate an abundant supply of a remedy for fever, the great scourge of the people of India. So far, this object has been attained. So long ago as 1859 the quinologist sent to the Medical Department of Madras, for trial in hospitals, a preparation of the plantation barks, which has since been known locally as Amorphous Quinine. This name is not very appropriate, as the substance so designated does not consist of quinine only, but contains the several alkaloids in the exact proportions in which they occur naturally in the bark. The term mixed or amorphous alkaloids would, therefore, have more properly indicated the chemical character of the preparation, but the other was adopted in deference to the prejudices of the native population, as they were, to some extent, already familiar with the properties of quinine.

The substance known as amorphous quinine is prepared by a very simple process, is supplied at a moderate cost, and furnishes the active principles of the bark in a state of sufficient purity for all ordinary medical purposes. As furnished to the hospitals the preparation is a greyish powder with a bitter taste, really insoluble in water, but rendered quite soluble by the addition of a little acid. With the view of thoroughly testing its power as a febrifuge, supplies of it have from time to time been sent to civil hospitals in the most feverish districts of the country, and the results have invariably been highly gratifying. It is not for a moment asserted that it is quite equal to the European-made crystallised preparations of the alkaloids, but then the cost of the latter has hitherto been such as to place them quite beyond the reach of the lower classes of the population of India.

And quite recently a great step has been made, as we believe, in the extraction from the bark by the heads of the plantations at Sikkim. At first the *succirubras*, or red bark trees, were planted there almost

exclusively, but of late years these have given place to *calisaya*, to the extent of about a million trees, as it was found that, though the red bark contained a comparatively small portion of quinine, with large proportions of chinchonidine and chinchonine, it was more difficult to extract the alkaloids from it ; and that the yellow bark, or *calisaya*, could be more economically dealt with in this respect, and dealt with on the spot, instead of being sent away. Experiment in the hands of Dr. King and Mr. Gammie, the superintendent there, has led to the discovery of a process of extraction by means of stirring the powdered bark in a fluid which contains fusel oil and kerosene oil, with a small proportion of caustic soda or lime, when either sulphate of quinine or chinchona febrifuge can be obtained by varying the after-process. This promises to be one of the greatest steps in the development of a cheap and steady supply of the chinchona alkaloids which has yet been made, and we can only wish it success and general application.

So far, then, the benevolent object for which the chinchonas were introduced has been attained—a benevolent object, for the Government of India has always repudiated the idea of wishing to make quinine a source of profit, but only a means of obtaining for its subjects a full and cheap supply of a valued specific. There are now several million trees growing luxuriantly on the Government estates, and a process is in operation by which a cheap and efficient preparation of the bark may be supplied to the fever-stricken masses. It may safely be said that at least 60 per cent. of the deaths once resulting from fever in India are now prevented by the extensive use of this valuable febrifuge.

ALEX. H. JAPP.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE OLD AND THE NEW GEOLOGY.

PROFESSOR BOYD DAWKINS, in his presidential address to the Geological Section of the British Association, stated that "there is no proof in the geological record of the ocean depths having ever been in any other than their present places."

Lyell ("Principles of Geology") closes his chapter on Ocean Deltas as follows: "When to these revolutions produced by aqueous causes we add analogous changes wrought by igneous agency, we shall perhaps acknowledge the justice of the conclusion of Aristotle, who declared that the whole land and sea on our globe periodically changed places." Ansted ("Physical Geography," Chap. IV.), after describing changes of coast, &c., says: "It is clear that in time to come it may happen, as in times past it has happened, that what is now land may sink down, and the present sea-bottom may be raised into land, so that what is now continent may become a group of islands, or be buried entirely beneath the waves. On the other hand, other continents or islands may rise up from the lowest depths of the largest oceans to replace those that are lost."

Similar quotations might be made from the best of our old-established text-books and treatises.

Here is a serious discrepancy, but a little further examination shows that it is not quite so great as it appears at first glance. Professor Boyd Dawkins and those who agree with him—that is, the majority of geologists of the present day—do admit that sea and land have changed places, but they keep well in mind the fact that the exposed surface of land on the globe amounts to little more than one-fourth of the whole, and therefore that great changes may take place on this without at all interfering with the depths of mid-ocean.

The changes between sea and land that are registered in the geological record are now referred, and correctly so, I have no doubt, to variations of mere coast-lines. The great continents and larger islands are—if I may use the expression—continued under water. The wear and tear of waves upon their coasts, and the downflow of rivers

and glaciers, have carried and are still carrying large quantities of the material of the continents and islands into the sea ; but they do not carry it far out to sea ; they merely form a sloping submarine foot to the land, leaving the great depths and the main body of the ocean unaltered.

Volcanic and other upheavals and subsidences raise and lower this coast deposit, and thus produce all the phenomena upon which the descriptions of more sweeping geological changes have been founded.

I have gathered fossil sea-shells and impressions of sea-shells on the summit of Mont Pilatus, 7,000 feet above sea-level. Similar marine deposits have been found as high as 10,000 feet ; but all these, when critically examined, are found to be the remains of littoral animals, not of deep-sea creatures. Such upheavals are quite insufficient to effect the reversal formerly assumed.

The general tendency of sound scientific progress is towards the refutation of extravagant hypotheses concerning violent changes in the physical constitution of the earth. As Professor Dawkins says, in another part of the same address, "The depths of ocean have been where they are now since the earliest geological ages, although continued changes have been going on at their margins."

HILLS AND DALES ON THE OCEAN.

WE have all been taught to believe that the ocean, after allowing for tide-waves and wind-waves, has a level surface ; that there are no hills or valleys on the waters.

M. Bouquet de la Grye has disputed this, has, in fact, demonstrated its fallacy. If we take an U-shaped tube with distilled water of equal temperature on both sides, the two surfaces will be perfectly level ; but if one side contains a liquid that is denser than that on the other, more of the lighter liquid is required to balance the heavier, and therefore the lighter will stand at a higher level. If fresh water is on one side and salt water on the other, equilibrium can only be established by the fresh water standing a little higher than the salt. The like must happen if we have an uniform liquid, as regards composition, but of unequal temperature.

Such variations occur in the ocean. Where rivers are pouring large quantities of fresh water into the sea, and where icebergs are rapidly melting, the salinity is proportionately lower than other parts. The temperature also varies, and therefore an equilibrium can only be attained by variations of level ; the lighter water must stand higher than the denser, whether the difference be due to temperature or salinity.

Thus in crossing the warm Gulf Stream a ship sails uphill on entering, proceeds thus to somewhere about the middle, and then descends. In this respect it resembles a flowing river, which is similarly crested towards the middle of the stream ; it is also like a river in being higher at its source than at its embouchure, as its temperature gradually declines in the course of its northward progress.

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS OF RAIN WATER.

I BORROW these expressions from the Belgian meteorologists. They have a rather commercial tone, but are strictly scientific ; the "importation" expressing the supply of rain that falls on a given area forming the basin of a river ; the "exportation" the carrying away of some of this water by the river that drains such area.

These quantities are determined, the first by the pluviometer measuring the rainfall per superficial foot or metre, and the second by measuring the area of a vertical section of the river at its outlet and its mean velocity of flow.

The relation between these quantities is obviously of considerable interest, the difference indicating the effect of evaporation and other sources of loss, if any others exist.

Such a determination has been made in Bohemia so far as rain importation and river exportation are concerned. As Bohemia forms almost entirely the basin of the Elbe, it affords a good field for such investigation. The results are stated as ten milliards of cubic metres (1,000 millions) of export, against 35,400 millions coming in by rain, a difference of 25,400 millions.

So far as I am able to learn, the evaporation from the area in question has not yet been estimated.

The determination of this would, I think, open some interesting questions. If any serious quantity remains unaccounted for by evaporation the question arises, Where has it gone ?

Colliery experience proves that water may descend through the rocks of the coal measures to depths exceeding a thousand feet. What is the proportion of the total rainfall that thus descends below the level of the mouth of the drainage river ? How does such underground water vary with the geology of the district ? Is this underground water "exported" to the sea by underground courses, and does it ooze up from the sea bottom ? These are curious and interesting questions that are worthy of more study than they have yet received,

SOMETHING LIKE AN OBSERVATORY.

SUCH is that of Nice, due to the munificence of M. Bischoffsheim, and now finished with ample appointments. The speciality of the Nice Observatory is that it is placed at the service of all astronomers, of all nations, for the prosecution of *bonâ fide* researches. I have not seen the regulations by which such research is defined, but presume that they are so framed as to prevent this excellent institution from becoming a mere peep-show for the amusement of idle visitors, and, on the other hand, to check undue monopoly of its advantages by any particular individual or set. Considerable vigilance may be required for the prevention of such abuses.

"ODOURS AND MOLECULES."

MESSRS. E. Fischer and F. Penzoldt find that one volume of mercaptan vapour diffused through fifty thousand million volumes of air is clearly perceptible to the sense of smell, and that the same is the case with chlorophenol when one volume is diffused through one thousand millions of volumes. These and many similar facts increase the difficulty (a very great difficulty, as it appears to me) of believing in the now prevailing theory of the discrete structure of gaseous matter.

If gases and liquids are supposed to be, as our senses show them to be, continuous in structure and interpenetrable and expansible bodily, we can easily conceive a diffusive and all-pervading expansion of any particular gas throughout another gas, in such wise that the result may be simple dilution of the same kind as is conceived by the unsophisticated intellect when it contemplates the diffusion and dilution of whisky in a tumbler of toddy. The amount of dilution that shall limit the possibility of smelling or tasting the active ingredient of the mixture will then be understood as simply depending on the intensity of its odour or flavour. When, however, we calculate the mean free path of the bounding molecules, and formulate the frequency of collision with the nasal membranes under different degrees of dilution, the subject becomes very muddy, like many others that have been rendered unintelligible by the explanatory efforts of molecular mathematicians.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS,

TABLE TALK.

REHABILITATION OF THE PRIZE-FIGHTER.

UNLESS the conscience of the people approves of laws it is futile to impose them. Laws that are only vexatious, that men delight in evading, and at the breach of which magistrates wink and almost connive, should be removed from our statute-books. I seek to know whether this is the case as regards the laws against prize-fighting. Once it seemed as if we had practically purged ourselves of the offence. Now it comes once more to the front. Our newspapers record the doings of the would-be "champion of the ring," and send special correspondents to report his achievements. In the heart of London, also, what is practically prize-fighting—since the gloves used are mere shams—is revived. Now, it appears to me that a generation ago we determined to rid ourselves of this ulcer. Are we falling from our former estate? When the men who assist at a fight are brought before the magistrate, nominal penalties or no penalties at all are inflicted, and the offender goes forth to repeat his offence at the next convenient opportunity. Whether or not the legislation of a generation ago was squeamish and is to be reversed to-day, I will not say, though I have a pretty strong opinion on the subject. What I do say, however, is that we cannot afford to connive at breaches of the law;—that so to do lowers the moral sense of the nation. Let us, then, either have magistrates who will apply the law as it stands, or let us erase the useless penalties from our books.

SHELLEY.

THE possession of the works of Shelley as they came from the poet's hand has been a luxury hitherto reserved for the rich. It will be so no longer. While conforming in all important respects to the original text, the edition of Mr. Richard Herne Shepherd, of the prose and poetical works of Shelley in five volumes, brings within the reach of the book-lover of modest means what have hitherto been, so far as the full sense of the author is concerned, sealed books. With

the exception of reducing to a uniform standard the orthography and punctuation, and correcting obvious clerical errors, the editor has reissued the various works in what is practically facsimile. A certain interest will always attend the first edition of a great work. What an author gains in subsequent years in experience he probably loses in freshness. It is at least certain that the changes introduced into some books—"Festus" to wit—are distinctly and emphatically damaging, and that the most judicious corrections of the Laureate and other writers fail always to command the admiration of the poetical reader. With Shelley, however, things stand on another footing. The alterations he made were forced upon him by the timidity of printers and publishers, who refused, except upon their own terms, to give his writings publicity; they were made by Shelley under compulsion, and are in no sense his own. So soon, then, as changed times permit, the works are to be read in their integrity. In place of the emasculated "Revolt of Islam," the reader now has "Laon and Cythna" with its full revelation of Shelley's moral, political, and theological views. Of the poets of the first half of the century, Shelley is psychologically the most interesting. His own absolute views and expressions are precisely what the world wants. They are now accessible, and the new edition, which includes many pieces not given in ordinary editions, is a boon of the highest order.

A DICTIONARY OF ANONYMOUS LITERATURE.

I WELCOME with pleasure the completion of the "Dictionary of Anonymous and Pseudonymous Literature" of Halkett & Laing. The book is less satisfactory than it would have been had the lives of the two compilers been spared to see it through the press. Many important omissions are to be noted, and some curious blunders are to be found. Nevertheless, it is a work of sustained labour and research, and is the most important contribution to bibliographical knowledge in England of the last decade. It is avowedly built upon the "Dictionnaire des Anonymes et Pseudonymes" of Barbier, a work the utility of which has stood the test of long service. The new dictionary needs the kind of supplement that is afforded to Barbier in "Les Supercheries Littéraires" of Quérard. It needs, indeed, many important additions and alterations. But it is eminently creditable, and deserves the recognition of all students of literature.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

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A STAGE UNDINE.

BY ISABELLA WEDDLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE theatre was crowded, though the new play was by no means either very poetic or very brilliant, or, in truth, very highly moral. Possibly in that latter defect lay part of its attractiveness; nevertheless, gorgeous colouring, clever if not graceful dancing, bright music, and a free display of round and supple limbs—all lent their quota to the desired result.

The piece was a success! The audience was in good temper and applauded everything; the poorest jokes made it laugh, the flimsiest sentiment was greeted with effusion, and the dancing created quite a *furor*.

In a private box very near the stage there sat however, a man whose delicate, sensitive face and large intellectual-looking head seemed to denote a nature that would make more ideal demands and have more fastidious tastes, yet his dark dreamy eyes rested on the performance as if entranced.

He sat back a little in the box, and was partly hidden by the shadow of a curtain, but had anyone cared to watch him they could have seen that he never shared either in the mirth or in the cheap emotion that was around him. Watching him still more closely it might have been noticed too that his eyes followed one figure alone in every scene.

No wonder! The girl was supremely beautiful. She could not be more than seventeen, probably not so much, and her beauty had not reached its zenith, yet in that dawn of still unfulfilled splendour there was only more piquant charm.

The creature seemed young with a youth such as our worn-out generation seldom knows. A youth that had all the freshness and

the buoyancy of a Hebe, all the voluptuous promise of Cæsar's Cleopatra.

She seemed the very embodiment of physical life and health as yet unawakened into spiritual consciousness, as yet mistress, not servant, of the still dormant soul. Her eyes were bright and clear and laughing, the mouth ripe and red and full, and the girl danced with such abandon, such absolute enjoyment, that others infinitely more skilled and trained had not half the charm.

The play was nothing to Gilbert Burrell, the physical representation of his ideal of loveliness was everything. Half-poet and half-sculptor, incomplete in everything and conscious of his incompleteness, Gilbert was at least wholly devoted to beauty. It meant to him the satisfaction of every sense, the realisation of every dream, the blossom of time, the promise of eternity.

There was in this worship an element of self-consciousness, a pitiful remembrance always present that his own life would ever be out of harmony with his ideal, would ever be a discordant note in the symphony of nature.

Rich enough to gratify every taste, so far as money could go, young enough and sensuous enough to thrill responsive to every sight and sound of this beautiful earth, had this man's soul not been cramped and confined in a ruined house of clay, life might have been for him full to overflowing with rapture and success. As it was, he never could move without a sense of humiliation, never could see himself in the glass without a shiver of repugnance; never could meet the eyes of a woman without, as he fancied, reading in them a mute compassion that was infinitely worse to bear than indifference would have been.

Great Heaven! could *love* never be his; only ever, ever this cruel scorching pity that made him unable for a moment to forget his burden? Fate had used him harshly. A babe of twelve months he had fallen from his careless nurse's arms, and a bent spine and a shortened limb were henceforth his heritage of pain.

He was weary of the women of his own class, the gentle souls that were sweetly gracious to him, that bore with his petulance and forgot to resent it, that put on no dainty airs of coquetry, no sweet flattering, provoking reserve, but treated him with a tender motherliness of which he was quick enough to understand the meaning. He was "out of the question" where love was concerned, therefore any amount of *kindness* was at his service. He had learnt to hate it!

When the curtain fell, for a moment he still sat on, but the light faded from his face. In the joy of watching absolute strength

and beauty he had almost forgotten himself; now the old pain was once more present. Slowly he rose and stood awhile hesitating as the house thinned, then walked boldly behind the stage. He was known there, and in a moment was among the nymphs and fairies of the ballet. They were tired now, and most of them looked jaded and depressed, but instantly his eyes lighted on the radiant creature he sought.

There was no weariness visible about her even yet, and she stood laughingly executing a *pas seul* as a final flourish when Gilbert entered. Another moment he was bowing before her as profoundly as to a duchess. Then he raised his eyes to meet hers with a quick questioning, dreading to read in them pity or contempt. Of the former he need not have been afraid, for those shining orbs had never yet been wet by sympathetic tears; and for the latter the fair Celia would never have dreamt of feeling it for a man that dressed so well, and wore such a magnificent diamond as that which sparkled on Gilbert's finger. The flash of it had caught her glance the moment he approached.

For good or ill, from that moment Gilbert Burrell's life was altered.

CHAPTER II.

CELIA was not what the world calls bad! She was only a beautiful untrained animal with a soul—if she had one at all—of which she was entirely unconscious; as for being good, or being wicked, she had never thought about either. So long as she had enough to eat and drink and plenty of pretty clothes to wear, and so long as her father did not get drunk too often, or did not ill-use her when he did, she was as happy as possible.

Yet the weeks went on, and Gilbert Burrell, with all his cultured refinement, was only growing more and more in love with this stage Undine.

She wondered at him vaguely as his admiration showed itself in ways to which she was all unused. He would gaze at her by the hour, and when he talked at all it was in dreamy idealisms she utterly failed to understand; yet the girl unconsciously found it easier to drift into a sort of tacit acceptance of his attentions because they did not take the form she would have expected, and were less demonstrative than idealistic.

Untrained though she was, Celia shrank from deformity of every kind, and craved for what she thought beauty, though as yet it only meant to her wealth and ornament and luxury. She saw nothing to

admire in her lover's clear-cut, refined face, nor in the exquisite modulations of his voice, his artist's hands, and his poetic thoughts—but his presents *were* lovely !

The flowers and the jewellery, the delicious bloomy grapes and velvety peaches, how she revelled in them all, and life was smoother and softer to her because of him, and the kitten-like creature purred contentedly because it was so.

It seemed very easy to say yes, very hard to say no, when he asked her at length to be his wife. At the time, it just meant to her having all those delightful things or giving them up for ever, and the poor child was not heroic enough for such self-denial.

So Gilbert had his way ! Poor, purblind idealist, he fancied that Fate had more than atoned to him for the sorrows of his youth. Bliss, unalloyed bliss, would be his now, long as life should last. No fear, no misgiving troubled him. He scarcely asked himself if she loved him, he felt so secure in his own devotion, so assured that no woman's heart would fail to respond to the tenderness he would lavish upon his darling. Blinded though he was, however, it was not long ere a vague something threw its ghastly shadow across his Paradise and struck a chill horror to his heart.

Was it a mere fancy, born of his morbid sensitiveness, or was it true that his wife never willingly let her eyes rest upon him ? Could it be *possible* that the very fact of marriage had made the girl more alive to his deformity, or was it just some undemonstrativeness of nature, some strange feminine vagary that made her now shrink from his caresses ? *Now*, when he had hoped her heart would open to him of its own accord ; now, when he was trembling with a new joy and a hope of coming blessedness !

Surely their child would draw them nearer to each other ; surely motherhood would give to this lovely creature the one touch of diviner beauty she needed to perfect her. But, alas for his dreams ! the boy that was to be the crowning joy of his life, the flower and the glory of hers, was born, as it seemed, but to perpetuate his humiliation. The child was the living image of his father, and when the poor little fellow was able to toddle about Gilbert used to watch him with a great mute pain at his heart, and his eyes hot with unshed tears.

And the mother ? Who could say what she felt, or if she felt at all ? For the most part she ignored both the father and the child, and lived her own life as brightly as she might. And the years did much for her outwardly. She had some dramatic instinct, some talent, and she adapted herself to the *rôle* she had to play wonderfully well.

The eccentricities of pronunciation and of phraseology had toned

down, till now what remained only gave a little air of piquancy and unconventionality.

She had grown to know her beauty and its power, and this knowledge brought with it an added dignity with just enough tincture of coquetry to make it attractive. That she was profoundly ignorant still, few discovered. When a beautiful woman smiles little more is required of her by way of answer, and Celia could occasionally be racy in addition.

Gilbert had long given up the hope of winning her love, given it up from the first moment their eyes met over the child that had been born to them, and his were wet with tears and hers were cold and hard and unresponsive. He who began by seeing his wife through a mist of poetry, now read her very clearly ; yet he only pitied her the more. His love had done a grievous wrong to the beautiful woman, and he lived in dread of the time when she should fully awake to the knowledge of all it meant.

If love, real, true love, should ever rouse her heart, and the slowly developing nature should spring to maturity at its touch, who could answer for what the end might be ?

Already her soul was stirring in its sleep, and the first flutters of awakening life were changing her. Though she was surrounded by every luxury she was less happy than in the old days of work and poverty and hardship. She was so dull at times that even a new dress or a fresh bauble diverted her no longer.

Then, again, she had fits of high spirits that to her husband's anxious eyes seemed to have more than a dash of recklessness. A crisis must come sooner or later, Gilbert knew, blessed or cursed by love's terrible prophetic insight.

CHAPTER III.

" You are cruel, cruel, Mr. Warburton. Why should you make me tell you that I love you ?" sobbed the woman. " What but pain can ever come from the knowledge of it ?" And the glorious dark eyes and full ripe lips were raised for a moment pitifully to the face of her companion ; but, alas for her ! it was triumph, not compassion, that she read there.

" But you *shall* say it, my beauty, with those sweet lips of yours, though your eyes have owned it a thousand times already ; then I shall feel as though life might even yet be worth the living." His voice had a hard ring in it, despite its passion, and the strong hands

that rested on her shoulders hurt her ; yet there was a power in the man she was helpless to resist.

A nervous thrill ran through her frame and the colour came and went in her cheeks.

"Don't, don't make me say it; I can never undo it then," she moaned; but a smile crept round Warburton's handsome mouth as he listened.

"Now, be a good obedient child," he said, "and let me hear you just once say, 'Horace, I love you ;' then I will hold you against the world, let it say what it will. Come, now, you've never called me Horace yet, Celia—Celia, my pet and my darling. Ah! I see, I must charm those trembling lips into speech. Now, when I hold you so, whisper it ever, ever so softly, and love will make me hear."

"Horace, Horace, oh, you *know* I love you; how can I help it?" cried the woman; but as she spoke she loosed herself from his embrace and stood looking wistfully away towards the blue and shining sea.

All was so calm, so sweet, so sunny that summer day on the Riviera, it seemed as though life should know nought of sin, nor wrong, nor pain, and as though human souls should be free to enjoy the warmth and the beauty of their short young day gladsomely, as the gay butterflies that chased each other wantonly from flower to flower.

Warburton threw himself on the sand at her feet; no troubles of conscience disturbed him, it was another triumph won; being won, already he could take it calmly, and he watched the woman a little curiously as the colour slowly faded from her cheeks and her hands clasped each other helplessly, while her proud head bowed itself beneath the shame that covered her.

"Who would have thought it, the creature has something of a conscience," mused the man; "it is troublesome, but it makes the game more interesting." He let her alone a moment or two, languidly enjoying her beauty, and intellectually relishing the study of a weak, tempted, struggling human soul—since that soul was a woman's; though he must not let the struggle be too long continued, lest the issue might grow doubtful, so much he recognised: recognising, too, that after the battle with her own higher self the woman, in her weakness and her weariness, would be all the easier conquered by an external tempter.

Bah! there was scarce a psychological phase a woman could go through on her downward path of which this man did not know the outward signs; he had played both Mephistopheles and Faust combined in his own person too often not to recognise every point of vantage.

That night Mrs. Burrell was gayer than her wont. The house where they were staying was full of those odds and ends of English society so often to be found abroad. People whose purses, reputations, health, and happiness have gone to wreck, and who make the best they can of the remainder in out-of-the-way places where their histories are unknown.

With her youth, her beauty, and her husband's wealth, Mrs. Burrell reigned queen of a place where there was little of attractive womanhood to be met ; and it scarcely needed her gift of song to win her all the admiration and flattery even she could wish.

She had sung again and again as though she could never tire, and her reckless laugh echoed through the room, and grated on her husband's fastidious ears even more than the songs she had chosen, yet never had his pitiful heart ached so much for the woman he yet loved.

Some answering magnetism in his own nature rendered him conscious of the storm of passion that was surging within her, and a divine self-forgetting pity made him long to help the wife whom he yet knew to be false to him at heart.

The evening was over at last, and the brilliant woman stood in the centre of her own room loosening her magnificent hair from the coils that had encircled her regal head. Gilbert stood watching her for a moment or two before retiring to his own apartment, which opened out of hers. A sudden, foolish impulse took possession of the man, self-restrained as he had grown of late, and he stepped up to her.

"Celia, Celia, dear wife ! have you not one word to give me ?" he said, half-brokenly—but a cold "Good-night" was the only answer to his appeal, and, stung to the quick, Gilbert Burrell turned away in silence.

It was midnight, yet the woman he left paced her room, and her little hands clenched themselves passionately. It seemed to her she held her whole life in her own power, and might choose to mould it as she would.

Duty had little meaning to her, yet not for nothing had she lived these last few years with one whose sense of honour was high and nature pure. Insensibly that ideal her husband revered had influenced her. Not now did she think so much of her wealth and her luxuries as she weighed the choice she had to make ; perhaps she had got used to them, and so valued them the less. Yet, with what she called love, on one side, and against it only an intangible something that held her back (though she could not name it, even to herself), she hesitated.

At length she throws herself upon her bed dressed as she is, and sleep settles on her eyelids. Conscience for the time is silenced in her breast, but it keeps her husband sleepless as it whispers of the wrong he has done the woman that he loved, and night deepens towards the dawn.

Some impulse makes him rise at last, and go to her room. He shades the night-light with his hand and bends over her as she lies flushed and smiling in her slumbers.

"Horace! Horace!" whisper the warm and pouting lips, and Gilbert grows ghastly pale, and his hand trembles. His brain seems to reel, and there is a strange noise in his ears. He sinks into a low chair by the bed, and tries to calm himself, but that odd noise only grows the louder. Surely, surely it is not his own heart throbbing so wildly? Is it the wind rising, or the sound of the distant water? he wonders vaguely, as it grows louder and louder and ever seems more near.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" comes a cry upon the night, and then the rush of hurrying feet, and Celia springs from her couch quivering with terror.

"Save me, save me, Gilbert! why don't you save me?" she cries; but Gilbert turns from her, hurrying to the adjoining room where his child and hers lies alone in its innocent helplessness.

The father seizes the boy in his arms, but Celia grovels at his feet in utter self-abandon. The surface polish has dropped from her, and all the wild animal instinct of self-preservation awakens within her, and conquers every nobler feeling.

A bitter smile curls Gilbert's lips for a moment, and his soul is full of unutterable contempt—then his face changes.

Men think quickly in such moods as his, and he glances at the beautiful creature more in pity than scorn. No wonder life is sweet to her since youth and beauty and love—such love!—are hers. He drags her to her feet and, holding still his child, rushes to the door. The stairs are a mass of flames already and exit by them is impossible, and he recognises that they three are alone in this quarter of the house. Closing the doors to shut out for a brief moment by its frail barrier the stifling smoke and heat, he flies to the window, which is fortunately open to the calm summer night. Below it runs a narrow ledge of ornamenta^l is? It is the only as further along he other fright of danger

Can he reach that, cumbered as he
ger and hope give him strength,
another window from whence
their escape. In that horror
r himself and his own, and

Gilbert's cries for help are all unheard. How is he to reach the place? Celia is all but helpless in her terror, and the father and the husband must choose between his wife and child. The footing is of the narrowest, and had he been the strongest of living men, he could not have helped two at once across that giddy bridge 'twixt life and death.

Agonisedly he looks from wife to child, from child to wife, and as he looks the shawl he has wrapped round his innocent darling drops from the little deformed shoulders. Ah! what can life be to such a one at best but pain? At worst, such agony as he himself has had to bear. And meanwhile the glorious woman is clinging to him for help, her scented hair bowing against his cheek, her soft white arms thrilling him with their unwonted touch.

"One moment, one moment, my darling!" he cries, as he places the child on the ledge; "cling to that outjut and you'll be safe." And hastily, with that unnatural strength such nervous organisations alone can attain in times of supremest tension, clutching here and there an ornament, here and there a spar or window-frame, he half-leads, half-drags the frightened woman towards the means of safety, and reaches the spot where the open French window gives for a moment a surer foothold, and below rested the ladder of escape.

"Let me have her, Burrell, let me have her, there's not a moment to lose," cries a voice, and a pair of strong arms are outstretched, and Warburton's handsome face is lit up by a sudden jet of fire amidst the smoke from the windows.

Merciful Heaven! is it for this he has saved her? To give her into the very arms of the man who has won her love! With a wild impulse of frantic jealousy he draws her closer, so close that she almost ceases to breathe, and the jewels on her uncovered breast cut into the white and delicate flesh.

Next moment she feels the strain relax, and the next has reached those outstretched arms, lowered to them by the help of the man whose heart she has betrayed. She reaches the ground, how she knows not, and now the animal terror is past and the woman in her reawakens.

"Save him, save him, Horace! Save him and my boy!" she cries, as she sees once more on the giddy ledge the dark figure of her husband clasping his child and hers to his breast.

Once again that perilous walk is attempted, but the child can give no help, and the father is all but spent and totters at each step, while now from every window tongues of fire leap out to catch the woodwork on which he rests.

A cry goes up—"Wait, wait, we'll bring the ladder nearer!" and willing hands and throbbing hearts make a rush to carry out the promise, Warburton not the last; but even as that cry reaches Burrell it is too late for any aid. A false step, a momentary loss of balance, and through the hot sulphurous air there fall to earth a father and a child, locked in each other's arms. In that moment of horror Celia's soul is born to conscious life, and she drops on her knees by his side.

"Oh! Gilbert, Gilbert, I was not worth it," she cries, as she covers his face with her tears and her remorseful kisses; but the dark eyes gaze into hers a moment ere they close for ever, and the soul of the man looks through them, and she knows herself forgiven. In that glance she gains her first conception of a beauty that is more divine than human, the beauty of a soul that loves unto the death and grudges not the very life-blood that is oozing from the dying lips. *Now* she could have loved him, but it is all too late; only his child remains, the child that is saved as by a miracle, for scarcely has he received a bruise in the fall that has killed the father—the father whose mangled body lies between the little one and the cruel stones of the courtyard.

Celia draws the boy to her heart, and tries to comfort him—she who never before thought of lessening any pain that was not all her own.

Morning follows night, and night the weary day, be human sorrow and remorse never so great; and weeks have passed away, but Celia has never once granted audience to Horace Warburton. He shrugs his shoulders and smiles cynically in the intervals of his *rouge et noir*. "My lady will tire of the saintly *rôle* ere long. Nature put more Venus than Madonna into those blue veins of hers, and the reaction will be in my favour if I'm not mistaken," he muses to himself, and meanwhile plays a waiting game. Her reluctance keeps him somewhat longer interested than her consent would have done, and he means to win her yet. Who can say with certainty whether or not he will succeed?

Worldly wisdom has no faith in the power of self-sacrifice to save one human creature; yet, though evil be strong and humanity weak, through sin and sorrow and remorse there lies an upward path which he or she who will may tread, though it be with bleeding feet.

Be it as it may, there is an indescribable change in Celia Burrell since that terrible night's experience; and letting the world and worldlings say their say, Charity is fain to hope that a soul was born to the beautiful woman by the anguish of another and that Gilbert Burrell neither loved nor died in vain.

“*MORIENDUM EST OMNIBUS.*”

THE interest which attaches to the lives of men distinguished above their fellows by their deeds, their writings, their misfortunes, or by accidental and adventitious circumstances, naturally follows them to the grave ; and if we have been anxious to know how they lived, we are certainly not less desirous of knowing how they died. Death being the inevitable lot of all, we are all concerned as to the manner in which our fellow-men meet it. Dr. Munk has recently put on record the consoling fact that Providence mercifully comes to the aid of poor humanity in its last and bitterest hour, and that the separation of soul and body is, as a rule, effected without pain. I believe that Sir Benjamin Brodie arrived at the same conclusion after a long and varied experience ; and biography furnishes us with almost innumerable instances of death-beds characterised by the utmost serenity and peacefulness. But it sometimes happens that death comes in a violent and terrible form, which it needs the greatest fortitude and the highest courage to face without shrinking. In most cases this fortitude and this high courage have not been wanting. Men and women have suffered on the scaffold or at the stake with a calm bravery which no agony of mind or body could disturb. An Anne Askew and a Marie Antoinette, a Sir Thomas More and a Danton, have exhibited the same noble quality of soul when the occasion has demanded it. Of the heroism with which “the serried ranks” confront death on the battle-field, or under the ramparts of beleaguered towns, all history is full. I do not propose in the following pages, however, to touch upon these sides of a great and interesting subject ; but to glance at a few examples of the strange and remarkable manner in which the drama of life is sometimes wound up—at the mystery which sometimes attends its tragical *dénouement*. In a word, I propose to bring together a number of death stories which possess certain distinctive features, and by those features are set apart from the ordinary class of such narratives. I propose to describe some death scenes which may be fairly called mysterious, remarkable, or unusual. The

descriptions will not be amusing, I confess ; but I think they are not without interest, and the reader, if he have a turn that way, may deduce from them a fair assortment of moral lessons to the great edification of himself or his friends. Speaking generally, I should say that most of them furnish striking commentaries on the pregnant truth that as a man sows, even so shall he reap. Of others I must own that the most obvious deduction from them is a truth not less pregnant, though necessarily very trite, "In the midst of life we are in death." But the moral aspect will not here concern me.

Let me begin with the death of Pope Clement XIV. as a sample of the mysterious or unexplained ; for, in spite of the glosses put forward by the historian of his pontificate, the circumstances attending it are still wrapped in obscurity. This is one of the inconveniences which beset a position of rank, power, or distinction ; ordinary men die, and are buried, and "there's an end" ; but the men of light and leading are not permitted to lie still in their graves. History is continually exhuming their bones, holding "crowner's quests" upon them, and pronouncing contrary verdicts which confuse the issue with excess of counsel. As for Pope Clement, putting aside the suspicion in which a great religious order was involved, we have simply the following particulars to go upon :—A water-melon is served up at the pontifical table ; the taster opens it and cuts off a slice, which, as in duty bound, he eats, and, we may suppose, as the fruit is a delicious one, enjoys ; he wipes his knife on a napkin, cuts off another piece, and presents it to the Pope, who partakes of it, and is straightway poisoned. Now, it is assumed that the poison was administered in the form of a subtle powder, sprinkled on the napkin with which the taster wiped his knife after cutting the first (and innocuous) slice. The expedient, if actually adopted, was worthy of the country of the Borgias, but obviously could not have been carried into effect without the connivance or assistance of members of the Papal household. It is difficult to believe that the taster would have been ignorant of it. I offer no solution of the problem ; but the following anecdote shows that the Pope anticipated a violent end, and had good grounds for the anticipation.

He was driving in the environs of Rome, in conference with Cardinal de Bernis, when on a wall close to one of the city gates he detected the four letters F.P.Q.P. As the carriage was going slowly, he had time to point them out to the Cardinal, whom he asked if he could decipher their meaning. The Cardinal replied in the negative ; whereupon the Pope exclaimed, "But *I* can, and they signify, *Finirà presto questo pontificato*" (This pontificate will speedily end).

The Cardinal was much alarmed by this interpretation, the accuracy of which was strengthened by the infirm condition of the Pope's health; and all the more distressed because it showed that the Pope's mind was filled with the gloomiest possible apprehensions. He naturally endeavoured to reassure his Holiness, pretending (what he did not believe) that chance might have determined this collocation of letters, and that half a hundred significations might be suggested; but the Pope simply shook his head, and was silent. The Cardinal, on regaining his palace, hastened to despatch a person in whom he had confidence to see if the four fatal letters were still upon the wall, but they had disappeared. It was impossible to mistake the intention of those who had traced them so that they might be seen only by his Holiness. We do not understand, however, why his Holiness arrived at so quick an understanding of their signification; for, as Cardinal de Bernis said, they were capable of various interpretations.

The great but imaginative historian, Michelet, speaking of the recollections which were awakened in his mind by the Campo Santo at Pisa, says: "In this cloister, where so many mysterious figures regarded me with an air of scrutiny, I remarked, among the ancient Etruscan tombs and those of the Italian Crusaders, the statue of the German Emperor, Henry VII., the chivalrous and religious prince who was poisoned when receiving the Eucharist, and died rather than reject the consecrated cup." It has been alleged that the poison was administered by his confessor, a Dominican named Bernard of Montepulciano, who had been bribed to commit the crime by (according to various statements) Robert of Naples, Philip of France, the Florentines, or the Pope. John of St. Victor, however, refers the Emperor's sudden death (August 24, 1313) to an imposthume, and says that the story of the poisoning had been disproved by medical testimony. The Dominican authorities naturally deny it, but it is supported by a good deal of evidence, and Ohlenslager, among modern historians, accepts it, while Gieseler and Palacky go no further than the Scotch verdict, "Not proven." According to the original version, Henry, when he felt himself poisoned, advised the confessor to escape before his guilt was discovered, and on being urged to save his life by swallowing an emetic, replied that he would rather die than dishonour the Saviour's body. His bold attempt to restore and extend the dignity of the empire, which had suffered so much at the hands of his predecessors, and to limit the pretensions of the Papacy, had raised against him some formidable enemies; and

the probabilities are great that his death, which occurred at the climax of his power and prosperity, was the result of an intrigue. Dante's treatise "*De Monarchia*," in which he expounds the principles of government held by the noblest Ghibellines, is a tribute to the memory of this great and good Emperor, whom he also celebrates in his "*Paradiso*" as—

“ . . . the great Harry, he who, by the world
Augustus hailed, to Italy must come,
Before his day be ripe.”

Villani describes him as a man wise, and just, and gracious, brave and intrepid in arms, a man of honour, and a devout Catholic; and he adds that, although by his lineage he was of no great condition, yet was he of a magnanimous soul, and much feared and held in reverence, and, undoubtedly, if he had lived longer, he would have accomplished the noblest things.

The death of the Czarewitch Alexis, son of Peter the Great, is one of the most tragical chapters in history; all the more tragical because the unhappy prince so nearly escaped his cruel fate. "It is impossible," says the historian Dutens, "to collect more authentic particulars in regard to the Czarewitch than those which I received from a Russian noble intimately connected with Marshal Romanzoff, son of the General who was employed to arrest him. This noble informed me that, being at Schönbrunn on a visit to the Count of that name, he conducted him to a small castle near at hand, and showed him the apartment in which Alexis had lived in concealment for a long time after he had been driven from his father's court. He also told me that the Czar, according to Marshal Romanzoff, having resolved that his son should be brought back to Russia, and knowing that he was secluded in some part of the territories of the Emperor Charles VI., wrote to that sovereign, about 1717, to obtain his permission for General Romanzoff to see his son, wherever he might be, and persuade him to return to his father's court, promising to use no compulsion if he refused.

"The Emperor, who had daily expected this demand, had advised Prince Alexis to repair to Naples, furnishing him with a strong recommendation to the Viceroy of that kingdom. So that when General Romanzoff arrived to fulfil his commission, he was informed that the Czarewitch was nowhere within the territories of the House of Austria. He then extorted from the Emperor an order to all the governors of his Italian States to give facilities to the General for seeing Prince Alexis if he resided anywhere within the limits of their respective governments.

"With this order in his hand he traversed the Milanese and all Lombardy, and then passed into Naples, but everywhere the same answer met him, that no one knew the place of the Prince's retirement.

"One day when General Romanzoff was conversing in Russian with the members of his suite before a barber whose services he had engaged, the barber showed so much astonishment that the General asked him, in Italian, the reason. He replied that he did not understand a word of the language which the General had been using, but that the cause of his surprise was its resemblance to that spoken by a great foreign lord whom he often went to shave at the Castel-del-Novo.

"The General, much struck by his remark, continued to question the garrulous barber, and having made him some presents, learned that a young lord, whose person he described, was served with the greatest respect by numerous attendants, and led a very retired and secluded life in the Castel-del-Novo. From the details furnished by the barber, the General had not the slightest doubt that he was the Czarewitch. He immediately repaired to the Viceroy, and having shown him again the imperial order, and assured him of his conviction that Prince Alexis was at the Castel-del-Novo, obtained permission to see him, on the conditions specified in the Czar's letter to the Emperor. He had an interview with the unfortunate Prince, who at first refused to proceed to Petersburg. The General, however, gave a handsome bribe to a woman who lived with the Prince, and had much influence over him ; and he was thus persuaded eventually to return to the Russian capital, where we know what destiny awaited him."

The manner in which Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, met his death at the Battle of Nancy is not generally known, and, indeed, is recorded by no other authority than the historical work known as the "*Chronique de l'Anonyme*," which serves as a valuable and necessary supplement to the *Memoirs of Philip de Comines*. The narrative, which clears up one of the mysteries of the latter part of the 15th century, runs as follows:—

"Duke Charles, seeing his rear-guard pressed everywhere so heavily that it was on the brink of a total defeat, ordered the *Sieur Delalain* to hasten to its assistance ; but most of his soldiers, panic-stricken at the terrible slaughter of their comrades, and at the ringing of the Swiss horns which reminded them of the lost fields of Grandson and Morat, made haste to fly for safety towards the moun-

tains, wherefore the Duke resolved to go in person. As his squire buckled on his armour, the golden lion which he wore at his crest fell upon his saddle-bow, an evil omen which drew from him the spontaneous exclamation, 'Hoc est signum Dei.' Nathless, he rode straight into the fury of the fight, and displayed so brilliant a courage that if he had been properly supported he would assuredly have wrested from the enemy the advantage which he had gained. Perceiving at length that almost all his partisans had abandoned him, that Jacques Galliot, who commanded the rear-guard, had lost heart, and, with most of his troops, fled in the direction of Tomblaine : seeing also that the battle had gone against him, he resolved on doing what he had always sharply censured when done by others, and on saving his life by flight—he who had never known what fear was, and of whom everybody said that he dreaded nothing but the fall of the heavens!—and in this mood he rode away between the town and the mountains with the intention of striking into the Metz road. But being closely pursued, though without being recognised, he was checked by a stream, in the muddy bed of which his horse sunk knee-deep, and at the same moment received three blows which killed him.

“It is said that it was a certain Claude de Bauzemont or de Blaumont, Châtelain of Saint-Dix, who brought down the Duke's horse by the thrust of a lance in the crupper. He was deaf, and probably the Duke may have said who he was without being heard. Afterwards, when he learned that it was the Duke whom he had unhorsed, he took it so much to heart that he soon afterwards died.”

The reader will remember that Duke Charles the Bold has found an English biographer in Mr. Kirk.

Was Queen Jeanne D'Albret (mother of Henri Quatre) poisoned, as some assert, by a pair of gloves which a villainous Milanese perfumer sold to her? De Thou, the historian, passes over the matter ; but a certain Bishop of Oléron, in his manuscript memoirs of the House of Navarre, seems to dispose of it by his straightforward statement that the Queen died (on June 9, 1572) of a pleurisy, brought on by the extraordinary activity she had exhibited in purchasing wedding clothes for the marriage of her son Henri with the beautiful, witty, and gallant Marguerite of Valois.

Margaret of Austria, wife of Philip III., King of Spain, whose mysterious death was an immediate cause of the disgrace and punish-

ment of Roderigo Calderon, reputed to have been her murderer, was poisoned, it is said, by means of perfumes, like Jeanne D'Albret. "She died," says the chronicler, "of the smell of some poisoned pastilles which had been thrown on the embers of her fire." The imperfect condition of medical science in the middle ages made poisoning comparatively easy, because the means of detection were so limited ; but at the same time it encouraged a tendency to ascribe to the operation of poison every death proceeding from obscure or misunderstood causes. Mediæval doctors made poison the scapegoat of their ignorance ; other scapegoats have been adopted by "the faculty" in later times.

It is pretended that Cardinal Mazarin, who died, according to most authorities, a natural death, was the victim of some subtle poison. In the MS. *Memoirs of a Curé of Ruel*, we are told that the poison was "exhibited," as doctors say, in perfumes, and this was the cause, it is said, of the painful nasal irritation from which the Cardinal suffered in his latter years. The Abbé Blache, so I read, also asserts that he died of poison, but in a different way ; and he positively declares that the man who administered it was named Pietro, and employed and paid by the great minister's bold, bad rival, the Cardinal de Retz. And he adds that De Retz furnished him with a complete narrative of his crime ; according to which he, a friend, and Pietro held counsel together one afternoon, when Pietro sketched out a plan for the removal of Mazarin from De Retz's path, saying that it would be requisite to make sure of one of Mazarin's confidential servants through his intimates, to whom it must be explained that a desire to see France was the motive which had brought Pietro from Italy ; that he was a wealthy and generous man—for it would be necessary to make presents—who, as a fellow-countryman of the great Cardinal, wished to pay him his *devoirs*. He said that he would complete his scheme within a year, and that in that time he would carry Mazarin in Charon's boat across the Dark River ; but he must have the wherewithal to conduct him safely and pay the passage.

The Cardinal told him that if money were needful for success nothing would fail him. His friend joined in the conversation, saying that he would undertake to furnish several letters of introduction to the Abbé Valento and Signor Bolardino, the most trusted of Mazarin's attendants, which he would obtain from their kinsmen. To this assurance Cardinal de Retz found it necessary to add his own, that he would provide the funds to pay Mazarin's passage on

board of Charon's boat. At the outset he offered Pietro ten thousand crowns in letters of exchange upon Rome, to be drawn in whatever name he pleased, which, however, were not to be paid until after Mazarin had embarked on his death voyage. And next he undertook to defray his expenses while he was in Paris, telling him to distribute with a free hand appropriate *douceurs*, and not to spare money.

If this account be true, what a picture it presents of unscrupulous villainy ! And what must have been the callousness of these men who so coolly discussed the details of a great crime, enlivening the subject, as it were, with a grim classical joke !

Our narrator goes on to say that the Cardinal afterwards sent Pietro to his kinswoman, the Marchioness d'Asseras, whom he instructed to discharge the obligations into which he had entered. From the Marchioness the Abbé Blache gleaned the following particulars :—Pietro informed her, it seems, that as soon as he had delivered his letters of recommendation, he should be in a position to judge, from the way in which he was received, of the probable success of his enterprise. He added, that of the potent effects of "the elixir of heredity"—which was the name he had given to his poison—he had had most satisfactory experience. God, he said, with terrible, but perhaps unconscious, blasphemy, had always preserved him from the slightest breath of suspicion, his elixir being of so subtle a character that not a drop of it was perceptible in any medicine with which it was mixed. He also said that *he had promised God* not to use this divine elixir except on occasions of special importance !

As soon as Pietro had seen Mazarin's confidential attendants, he returned to the Marchioness full of confidence in his success ; said that he would soon effect with them the necessary arrangements, and that at the proper time he would give her notice to purchase the presents he might deem it desirable to bestow on them. As a matter of fact, however, she had already expended more than a thousand crowns in this direction.

Daily did Pietro report to her the progress he had made in his infamous design. The twelve months had not elapsed when he announced that the blow was struck, and that before three months were over Mazarin would be on board Charon's wherry. And so it happened. The Cardina was taken ill with a malady unknown to the physicians ; no one, owing to the subtle operation of the poison, could detect its cause ; and on March 9, 1661, he died. Such is the strange story told by the Abbé Blache. If there be any truth at

all in it, I should say that Signor Pietro was an exceedingly audacious impostor.

A report got abroad that Mazarin had been poisoned, but his physicians all declared that such was not the case. The Marquise added that, after Mazarin's death, she carried out the agreement made with Pietro by Cardinal de Retz, who gave him, at his request, letters of exchange for Venice and Rome, and sent him away contented. Signor Pietro, out of friendship for her, gave her some of his "elixir of heredity," and left her in writing the secret of making it and the different ways of employing it.

Madame Campan, in her *Mémoires*, speaks of plots for the assassination of Marie Antoinette, and of the measures taken to counteract them. "In 1790," she says, "an official in the royal service discovered what he conceived to be a project for poisoning the Queen, who spoke to me about it with perfect coolness, as well as to her chief physician, Vicq-d'Azyr. He and I together considered what precautions it would be necessary to take. He relied to a great extent on the Queen's extreme abstemiousness, but advised me always to have within reach a bottle of sweet oil of almonds, which I was to renew from time to time ; this oil and milk being, as is well known, the surest antidote for the irritation caused by corrosive poisons.

"One of the Queen's habits particularly disturbed her physician. Powdered sugar was always to be found in her dressing-room, and frequently, without calling an attendant, she would put some spoonfuls into a tumbler of water when she wished to drink.

"It was agreed that I should pound a large quantity of sugar privately ; that I should always carry some boxes in my bag, and three or four times a day, when I happened to be in her Majesty's room, should substitute fresh sugar for that in the sugar dish.

"We knew that the Queen would have prevented every precaution of this kind, but we kept it concealed from her. One day, however, she surprised me when making the change of which I have just spoken, and told me she was sure it was an operation concerted with M. Vicq-d'Azyr, but that I was taking useless trouble. 'Remember,' she said, 'that no one will employ a grain of poison against me. The Brinvilliers do not belong to the present generation. Now-a-days one's enemies can use calumny, which is far more effectual for killing people, and through which I shall perish.'"

Reference may be made to the death of Monsieur de Charleville. In 1719 the Atac-Apaches of Louisiana seized him and the Che-

valier de Belle-Isle, when the excitement of the chase had beguiled them beyond St. Bernard's Bay, in the Gulf of Mexico. The French at that time were ignorant both of the name and the whereabouts of the Atac-Apaches, who lived at a great distance from all the settlements of the colony. The savages carried their two prisoners to their village, where they fell upon M. de Charleville with their bludgeons and beat him to death. Then they cut up the dead body, and ate it the same day at a banquet of the whole tribe, reserving M. de Belle-Isle as a *bonne bouche* for another feast, which, however, he had the good luck to escape.

The Roman Emperor, Hadrian, composed in his last hours those well-known lines—"Animula vagula, blandula"—which Pope has loosely paraphrased in his "Vitalspark of heavenly flame." Vespasian, in his mortal illness, according to Suetonius, fulfilled with his usual exactness the duties of his dignity; even on his death-bed he received the deputations and envoys who had come to seek audience from him. When the last moment came, he cried, "An Emperor ought to die standing," but as he struggled to rise to his feet, he expired in the arms of those who supported him. Which reminds one of the touching scene of the death of Emily Brontë. "Towards two o'clock her sisters begged her, in an agony, to let them put her to bed. 'No, no,' she cried, tormented with the feverish restlessness that comes before the last, most quiet peace. She tried to rise, leaning with one hand upon the sofa. And thus the chord of life snapped. She was dead."

The old Norse sea-kings loved to die upon their feet, and an incident of this kind is described in spirited verse by Charles Mackay in "The Sea-king's Death."

Various traditions have been handed down to us respecting the death of Aretino. According to some authorities, he fell backward from his chair in a fit of laughter at the recital of the tricks and adventures of his gay sisters at Venice, and was killed; others say that he died in his bed, and that, having received extreme unction, he turned to his priest, and exclaimed, laughing:

Guardatemi dai topi, or che son unto.
(Preserve me from the rats, now that I am anointed.)

Of the ruling passion strong in death, take some illustrations.

An hour before Malherbe, the great French writer, breathed his last, he woke suddenly from a profound swoon to reprove his nurse for using a word which, in his opinion, was indifferent French; and when his confessor remonstrated, he protested that he could not help

himself, and that even to his death it was his desire to maintain the purity of the French language.

Alonzo Cano, the Spanish painter and sculptor of the 17th century, refused, when lying on his death-bed, to kiss a crucifix which was presented to him, because, he said, it was so badly executed.

When the famous musician Rameau was dying, his confessor wearied him with a long homily, and he, rallying his failing energies, exclaimed, "What on earth makes you come here and chant to me, monsieur le curé? You have a deuce of a bad voice!"

Quin, the comedian, died while emptying a glass of Bordeaux; Palmer, the actor, while playing in "The Stranger." He had been unnerved by recent information of the death of a beloved son. In the fourth act of the drama, Baron Steinfort obtains an interview with the Stranger, and, recognising him as an old friend, inquires into the cause of his retirement. The Stranger replies that he has left his children in the town hard by. Palmer had scarcely uttered the words, when he sank at the feet of Millfield (who played the Baron), and died without a groan.

There was an actor named Cummins, some twenty years ago, who in a play in which he bore a part, had to deliver a speech concluding with the words—

Be witness for me, ye celestial hosts;
Such mercy and such pardon as my soul
Accords to thee, and begs of heaven to show thee,
May such befall me at my latest hour.

The last word had scarcely dropped from his lips when he fell dead on the stage.

These coincidences are very striking. More than a century ago an actor named Paterson played the Duke in Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure" (at the Norwich theatre). He had just delivered the beautiful speech—

Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep,

when he staggered back and expired.

The actor Mondery died while performing Herod in the "Marianne" of Tristan. Molière, at the close of a representation of his "Malade Imaginaire," was carried off the stage, dying. Montfleury, playing the part of Orestes in Racine's "Andromaque," broke a blood-vessel, and expired, choked with blood, having delivered with vehemence the lines:

Pour qui sont ces serpents qui sifflent sur vos têtes?
A qui destinez-vous l'appareil qui vous suit?

Angeleri, a Milanese actor, was so overcome by his enthusiastic reception on his first appearance at the theatre in Naples, that he fell down at the side-scenes, and died. At Caen, about twenty years ago, Madame Vaugeras at short notice took the prima-donna's rôle in Auber's opera of "*Les Diamants de la Couronne*." She sang and played successfully, and was much applauded; but a slight hiss which rose among the *bravos* so affected her that she was seized with a fainting fit, and died soon after being conveyed to her own home. Actresses now-a-days are made, I think, of sterner stuff.

That admirable comedian Harley, whose dry humour middle-aged playgoers remember with so much delight, was seized with a paralytic stroke while playing Bottom in "*A Midsummer-Night's Dream*," and never recovered. His dying words, it is said, were those uttered by Bottom just before he is metamorphosed by the fairies,—"*I have an exposition of sleep come over me.*"

Many of us can still recollect the distressing fate of poor Clara Webster, the danseuse, whose floating skirts of gauze and muslin were ignited by a gas-jet placed near the side-scenes, while she was performing in the ballet of "*The Revolt of the Harem*" at Drury Lane.

That is a pathetic story of the last appearance of the beautiful and amiable, but frail, Peg Woffington. She was playing Rosalind in "*As You Like It*." "*She went through Rosalind for four acts,*" says Tate Wilkinson, "*without my perceiving she was in the least disordered, but in the fifth she complained of great indisposition. I offered her my arm, which she graciously accepted. . . . When she came off at the quick change of dress, she again complained of being ill, but got accoutred, and returned to finish the part, and pronounced in the epilogue speech, 'If it be true that good wine needs no bush, it is as true that a good play needs no epilogue,' &c., &c. But when arrived at, 'If I were among you I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me,' her voice broke, she faltered, endeavoured to go on, but could not proceed; then, in a voice of tremor, screamed, 'O God! O God!' tottered to the stage-door speechless, where she was caught. The audience, of course, applauded until she was out of sight, and then sunk into awful looks of astonishment—both young and old, before and behind the curtain—to see one of the most handsome women of the age, a favourite principal actress, and who had for several seasons given high entertainment, struck so suddenly by the hand of death in such a situation of time and place, and in her prime of life, being then only thirty-nine.*"

The death of Mozart has often been described—sometimes with

romantic details which had but a slight foundation in fact. But even without such embellishments the story is full of pathos. He had been commissioned, under somewhat mysterious circumstances, to compose a Requiem for an unknown individual, proved, after Mozart's death, to be a certain Count Walsegg, who wished to pass off the composition as his own. He was suffering at the time from overwork and anxiety, and the production of his opera of the "Zauberflöte" did not improve his physical health or strengthen his nervous system. He began to suffer from fainting fits, and from those terrible attacks of depression which point to a fatigued brain. In vain his wife endeavoured to cheer him. One day he suddenly turned the conversation upon death, and, with tears in his eyes, declared that he was writing the Requiem for himself. "I feel assured," he continued, "that I shall not be here long; some one has poisoned me, I am convinced; I cannot shake off the idea." After a brief rally Mozart took to his bed, where the Requiem continued to occupy his thoughts. The day before his death he insisted that the score should be brought to him, and tried over a passage, singing the alto himself, while the other parts were taken by his friends. When they reached the first few bars of the "Lacrimosa," the conviction all at once went home to him that he would never complete this last effort of his genius—he broke into tears, and put away the score. As the evening wore on, it was evident that his thoughts were still constantly occupied with his "swan-song," for while dying he puffed out his cheeks as if in imitation of the drums. Towards midnight he suddenly sat up with his eyes fixed; then he turned his head on one side, and appeared to fall asleep. Just as another day dawned his spirit took its flight. He was in his thirty-sixth year.

Shelley's death was not without its conditions of mystery. The story has been told very frequently, but is too germane to the subject to be here passed over. The reader knows how, in a warm July afternoon, the poet, with his friend Williams and a boy, sailed out from Leghorn to return to his home at Casa Magni; how a storm gradually rose above the horizon, and the wind roared, and the sea rolled; and how the storm died away with low lingering murmurs, and then the sea was calm again, but Shelley's boat was nowhere to be seen; and how, two days afterwards, the bodies of the poet and his friend were washed ashore, and all believed that they had perished in the tempest. But it can hardly now be a matter of doubt that his boat was designedly run into by a small craft whose crew supposed her to belong to the rich English noble, Lord Byron, and that he was on board with a large supply of gold. The pirates had made no

allowance for the violence of the sudden gale. The *Ariel* sank with her little crew, and their crime went unrewarded. Long afterwards one of them confessed his share in it.

That grief makes many more victims than sudden excesses of joy, let the following examples prove : Cheke, the great English scholar, "who taught King Edward Greek," died of grief at having perverted from his religious belief ; Valentia, the Spanish theologian, because he was accused by the Pope of having falsified a passage in St. Augustine (if all our Shakespearean commentators had been as sensitive, the mortality would have been tremendous!) ; Elphinstone, the Chancellor of Scotland, was heartbroken by the battle of Flodden ; the Italian philosopher, Rhodiginus, died of grief because Francis I. was taken prisoner at Pavia—which shows that he was not much of a philosopher after all ; Inigo Jones, our English architect, did not long survive the execution of his royal master, Charles I. Ireland, the *littérateur*, was honest enough (it is said) to die of shame at having palmed off upon the public as Shakespeare's a dramatic effort of his own ; Castello, a Spanish painter of the 17th century, died because he recognised his inferiority to Murillo—a degree of self-conscious humility to which no painter has since attained. Lely died of jealousy at the success of Sir Godfrey Kneller, but it must not be thought that all artists who are jealous of their contemporaries are so foolish as to imitate his example. Klostermann, the German painter, and Le Pays, the French *savant*, were overwhelmed by the loss of their fortune ; and a similar cause seems to have proved fatal to Schadow and Breughel. Cardinal Ximenes died of vexation at his fall from power, and yet he was eighty years old—old enough to have been wiser.

Of deaths caused by love, the list, if it were compiled, would exceed, I suppose, the obituary of any other passion, or, as our naval alarmists put it, of any "combination" of passions. I shall content myself with a reference to Giorgione, the Italian painter, who died of grief at the infidelity of his mistress. In this connection I may quote the very queer and comical story which is told of Grimm by Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Grimm had fallen in love with a *fille d'opéra* and loved in vain. Then did he suddenly fall, says Jean-Jacques, into the strangest malady one has ever heard of. Day and night he passed in one unbroken lethargy, with eyes wide open, and pulse beating, but neither speaking, eating, nor moving ; appearing sometimes to hear what was said to him, but never answering, not even by signs ; and all the time devoid of agitation, free from pain and fever, and yet still and motionless as the dead. He was closely

watched by Rousseau and the Abbé Raynal ; the Abbé, being the stronger, kept watch by night, Rousseau by day ; never were both off duty at the same time ; the one did not leave until the other appeared. Grimm's friend, the Comte de Frièse, with whom he resided, was at length alarmed, and brought the physician Sénac to the sufferer's bedside. After carefully examining him, Sénac said there was no danger, and prescribed no medicines. Rousseau, very anxious about his friend, keenly scrutinised the physician's countenance, and observed that he smiled to himself as he went out. Nevertheless, the sick man remained in the same condition for several days, without taking any other nourishment than preserved cherries, which from time to time, says Rousseau, I put upon his tongue, and he swallowed them eagerly. One fine morning he arose, dressed himself, and resumed his ordinary mode of life, without at any time making the slightest reference to his extraordinary freak either to Rousseau or the Abbé Raynal, or thanking them for their affectionate attentions.

Deaths, as we all know, have often resulted from fear or sudden emotion. Frederick I. of Prussia was sleeping one day on a couch when his mad wife, Louise of Mecklenburg, having escaped from her keepers, gained his apartment, and, after wounding her arm in breaking through a glass door, threw herself upon him, screaming. The king, who had been kept in ignorance of her malady, was so startled by the appearance of this woman in her blood-bedabbled and white garments, that he imagined her to be the famous White Woman whose coming, according to an old tradition, always foretells the death of a prince of the House of Brandenburg. He was immediately seized with a burning fever, and died, six weeks later, at the age of fifty-six.

Some celebrated personages have lost their lives through singular accidents. According to Valerius Maximus, the great Greek dramatist, Æschylus, was one day sitting in the sun, outside his pretty Sicilian villa, when an eagle, carrying a tortoise, flew just above him, and, deceived by the polish of his bald head, which it mistook for a stone, dropped the tortoise upon it to break its thick coat of armour, but broke, instead, the poet's skull. I find it difficult to accept this story, though La Fontaine adopts it, and repeats it in his lively fashion :—

Quelque devin le menaça, dit-on,
De la chute d'une maison.

Aussitôt il quitta la ville,
Mit son lit en plein champ, loin des toits, sous les cieux.

Un aigle, qui portait en l'air une tortue,
 Passa par là, vit l'homme, et sur sa tête nue,
 Qui parut un morceau de rocher à ses yeux,
 Etant de cheveux dépourvue,
 Laissa tomber sa proie, afin de la casser :
 Le pauvre Eschyle ainsi sut ses jours avancer.

But, *pace* the Latin author and his French paraphraser, one would like to ask—First, Do eagles eat tortoises? Second, How was it known that this particular eagle mistook a bald head for “un morceau de rocher”? Third, How did the bird—flying, as eagles do, at a considerable altitude—contrive to let the tortoise fall with such precision?

This same Valerius Maximus tells us of another Greek dramatist, Sophocles, that he died of joy at having a tragedy accepted; but, according to an epigram in the Greek Anthology, he was choked in swallowing too hastily a grape—the very accident that caused the death of Anacreon. That a poet who sang so much about the juice of the grape should perish in this way seems to belong to “the eternal fitness of things;” nor does it offend one’s feelings so much as the death of General Knox (an American), who was choked by a chicken-bone—an untoward fate for a warrior!

The French comedian, Baron, wounded himself in the foot with a property sword, and, as he refused to have it amputated, mortification set in, and he passed away from the scene of life. Henry I., King of Castille, was killed by the fall of a tile from the roof while taking his amusement in the courtyard of his palace. A somewhat similar fate befell the great warrior king of antiquity, Pyrrhus—a woman heaving a tile at his head as he was fighting his way through the streets of Argos.

The horse has revenged himself upon man, his master, by causing the death of hundreds. Every schoolboy—or, at all events, Lord Macaulay’s schoolboy—knows what happened to Lord Macaulay’s favourite hero, William III. The king was ambling on a favourite horse, named Sorrel, through the park of Hampton Court. “He urged his horse to strike into a gallop just at the spot where a mole had been at work. Sorrel stumbled on the mole-hill, and went down on his knees. The king fell off, and broke his collar-bone. The bone was set, and he returned to Kensington in his coach. The jolting of the rough roads of that time made it necessary to reduce the fracture again. To a young and vigorous man such an accident would have been a trifle. But the frame of William was not in a condition to bear even the slightest shock.” And so the end came. But the blame of this catastrophe rested, perhaps, as much with the

mole that raised the hill, as with the horse that stumbled over it. The Jacobites, rejoicing in the death of "the Usurper," gave the credit of it to the mole, and frequently toasted in their cups "the little gentleman in black velvet."

One remembers the accident that cost the country the life of the great Conservative statesman, Sir Robert Peel. On Saturday, June 29, 1850, he left home on horseback to take an airing; it was then about five o'clock in the afternoon. After calling at Buckingham Palace, and inscribing his name in the Queen's book of visitors, he rode up Constitution Hill, and meeting Miss Ellis, a daughter of Lord Dover, who was also on horseback, stopped for a moment to exchange greetings. His horse, which was young and fresh, suddenly became restless, and, plunging violently, threw its rider, falling at the same time with its knees upon his shoulders. Two gentlemen who were on the spot immediately raised him, and a carriage being procured, he was lifted into it and conveyed home. There he was so overcome by the grief and agitation of Lady Peel and his family that he fainted. Sir Benjamin Brodie, and some of the most eminent surgeons of London, were quickly in attendance, but such was his exceeding sensitiveness to pain, and so terrible were his sufferings, that he was unable to bear the necessary medical examination, and not until after his decease was it discovered that one of his ribs had been fractured, and that the broken end had perforated the left lobe of the lungs. He sank rapidly, and died near midnight on the following Tuesday.

Leo IV., Emperor of the East, was passionately fond of jewellery. The Byzantine historians assert that, being present in the Church of St. Sophia, on September 8, 780, he was struck by the splendour of the precious stones in a crown which the Emperor Maurice had suspended above the altar. Immediately removing it, he put it on his head, and carried it into his palace. The superstition of the age affirmed that this act of sacrilege was punished by an eruption of the skin, which, in a few days, terminated his life at the age of thirty. The historian Platina ascribes the death of Pope Paul II. to a similar cause. He was so fond of jewels that he spent immense sums of money in collecting them from all quarters, and in these purchases exhausted the treasury of the Church. Whenever he appeared in public his head did not seem to be that of a mitred prelate, but rather "of a Phrygian Cybele, loaded with towers." To the weight of this gem-incrusted structure (and his extreme corpulence) may be attributed the fit of apoplexy which carried him off.

Deaths caused by excess at table—perhaps the most ignominious of all deaths—are very numerous. The historian of the Goths gives a strange account of the end of that terrible warrior, Attila, “the scourge of God.” The latest of his long list of wives was a young girl of great beauty, named Ildin. His passion for her was such that he celebrated their marriage by feasts of unequalled extent. Overcome by wine and sleep, he lay on his back, “and the blood, which ordinarily escaped from his nostrils, unable to find its customary channel, took a fatal direction, and, collecting in his throat, choked him.” Such was the end of this king, “so glorious in his battles.” I doubt, however, whether physiologists will be satisfied with this explanation.

Soliman I., one of the Ommiade khalifs, being overtaken by what our meteorologists now call “a cold wave,” on his way to Mecca, found shelter in a house near Tarif, where he amused himself by consuming seventy pomegranates, a kid, half a dozen fowls, and an enormous quantity of raisins. His death, immediately afterwards, “served him right.” Our scholar-king, Henry I., died of an attack of indigestion, due to a surfeit of lampreys, which reminds me of Dr. Johnson’s remark, that “the death of great men is not always proportioned to the lustre of their lives.” Hannibal, says Juvenal, did not perish by a javelin or a sword ; the slaughters of Cannæ were revenged by a ring. The death of Pope was imputed by some of his friends to a silver saucepan, in which it was his delight to heat potted lampreys.

The death of George I. seems to have been owing to a fit of indigestion. He was seized with his mortal illness while on his last journey to Hanover, and thrusting his head out of the coach-window, cried to his coachman, “Osnaburg ! Osnaburg !” The Fates (says Thackeray) are supposed to interest themselves about royal personages, and so this one had omens and prophecies specially regarding him. “He was said to be much disturbed at a prophecy that he should die very soon after his wife ; and, sure enough, pallid Death, having seized upon the luckless princess in her castle of Ahlden, presently pounced upon H.M. George I., in his travelling chariot on the Hanover road. What postillion can outride that pale horseman ?”

The Emperor Frederick III., and his son Maximilian I., both died, we are told, of eating too heartily of melons. The Italian architect Della Porta, the scholar Manutius, the Dutch painter Dujardin,—and I know not how many others, more or less celebrated,—have succumbed to dyspepsia. The list of the victims of this dire

disease would be a long one, and so would be that of people who have died of their physicians—Prince Henry, son of James I., for instance, Charles IX., Queen Anne, Lord Byron, Count Cavour.

The ridiculous rigidity of Spanish court etiquette was answerable for the death of Philip III. He was busily engaged with his despatches and State papers, and the day being cold, a great brazier of burning coals was brought into the room, and set down so close to his Majesty, that soon his royal face was bathed in perspiration. It was not in his nature, however, to find fault or complain, and so he sat in patience, enduring the excessive heat, until the Marquis of Pobar, one of the gentlemen of his chamber, perceiving how seriously he was inconvenienced, told the Duke of Alba, another of the royal body-guard, to remove the brazier. No, said the Duke, that was the duty of the King's chief steward, the Duke of Usseda, who was accordingly sent for. Unfortunately, he was not at hand, and before he made his appearance, the King was so heated that next day fever supervened, which, acting on a naturally fervid constitution, turned to erysipelas, and then the victim of etiquette died.

Miserable was the fate of Stanislas Leczinski, King of Poland. On February 5, 1766, he had moved to the fireplace (to see the time by a clock on the mantel) when a spark ignited his *robe de chambre*. In stooping to extinguish the flames he fell against the grate and could not recover himself. Before assistance came, the fingers of his left hand were reduced to cinders, and his left side was one great wound. He died on the 23rd, aged eighty-eight.

Lenglet Dufresnoy was about six years younger when, reading a prosy book, he fell asleep and tumbled into the fire, whence he was rescued by his neighbours with his head almost entirely burnt. Leontius Pilatus, a Greek scholar of the fourteenth century, Jean Gosselin, a learned Frenchman of the sixteenth century, Roos, a German painter of the nineteenth, were all burnt to death by accident.

The assassin's knife has proved fatal to not a few men of letters and great artists. Scotus Erigena, the learned author of the "*De Divisione Naturæ*," fell a victim to the fury of his scholars. Veneziano was killed (in 1476) by André del Castagno, who hoped through his crime to keep to himself the secret of painting in oil. The learned Jean Goujon and Ramus both perished in the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The Abbé de Villars, who wrote the celebrated Rosicrucian romance, "*Le Comte de Gabalis*," was murdered by robbers. And the illustrious art-critic, Winckelmann, was killed at Trieste

by an Italian named Archangeli, who stabbed him with a knife five times in the lower part of the abdomen.

Pietro Torregiano, the great Florentine sculptor, who, in the tomb of Henry VIII., in Westminster Abbey, has left a splendid monument of his genius, executed for a Spanish grandee a statue of the Infant Jesus, for which he was promised liberal payment. When the grandee's servants arrived with bags of copper money, to the value of only thirty ducats, the sculptor burst into a storm of indignation, and seizing his mallet, broke the statue into pieces, and drove away the domestics with their burden. The proud Castilian noble took this affront so ill that he immediately denounced Torregiano to the Inquisition for having offered an indignity to the Infant Jesus. The unhappy sculptor was arrested, imprisoned, and put to the torture, expiring in the most terrible agonies.

In the case of some famous men who have fallen on the field of battle, a certain atmosphere of mystery has always surrounded their death. The Scots long believed that their king, James IV., had escaped from the lost field of Flodden, as his dead body was never found, and no one seemed to have seen him stricken. A similar belief was long cherished by the Portuguese with respect to their king, Don Sebastian. It is frequently contended that no ball from the enemy's ranks killed Gustavus Adolphus at Lutzen, or Charles XII. in the trenches at Friedrichshall. The former was assassinated, according to some authorities, by his cousin, Franz-Albrecht, Duke of Saxe-Lauenburg, who afterwards entered the Imperial service ; the latter was found with his hand still gripping the guard of his sword, an evident proof that he had been attacked at close quarters,—but his murderer was never discovered.

Not less remarkable was the death of the Count of Sissona at the battle of La Marfie. His army had just put to flight the royal troops; he was riding slowly forward surrounded by his officers, and watching the rapid withdrawal of the French, when he suddenly fell from his horse dead, though no one was able to tell who killed him. His attendants could say no more than that they heard a report, that they saw a horseman dash by, and that their master at the same moment fell from his horse, head downward, with his foot in the stirrup; that they found him with a bullet in his forehead and the wad in his head, and that his face was scorched by the powder, showing that his assailant had fired at close quarters. Who that assailant was they did not know, or were afraid to confess, and the mystery was never cleared up. As the death of the Count happened opportunely for the policy

of Richelieu, the suspicion was natural enough that one of the Cardinal's agents had been concerned in it.

Curious or exceptional circumstances have attended the execution of many notable personages. The reader will recall, for instance, the case of the Duke of Suffolk in 1450. As the leader of Queen Margaret's party, he had incurred the hatred of the people; the Commons had demanded his committal to the Tower, and subsequently exhibited articles of impeachment against him. To avoid the attack, he made a formal submission of himself at Westminster to the King's will and pleasure, and was sentenced to five years' banishment; hurried out of London; remained in Suffolk till the end of April; and then sailed from Ipswich with a couple of ships, but was overtaken by a large armed vessel called "Nicholas of the Tower," and on the summons of its commander compelled to go on board of her. He was received with a cry of "Welcome, traitor," was arraigned upon the impeachments, and found guilty. "And in the sight of all his men he was drawn out of the great ship into the boat, and there was an axe and a stock, and one of the lewdest (meanest) of the ship bade him lay down his head, and he should be fairly ferd (dealt) with and die on a sword, and took a rusty sword and smote off his head within half a dozen strokes, and took away his gown of russet and his doublet of velvet mailed, and laid his body on the sands of Dover; and some say his head was set on a pole by it."

The headsman charged with the execution of Mary Queen of Scots was so disturbed by the scene—which Mr. Froude has described with such dramatic effect—that his aim wandered, and the first blow, falling on the knot of the cambric kerchief that bound the Queen's eyes, scarcely grazed the flesh. She neither spoke nor moved. He struck again, this time effectively. The head hung by a shred of skin, which he divided without withdrawing the axe.

The gruesome details of the execution of Cinq Mars—it was not so much an execution as a horrible massacre—I will not inflict upon the reader. He will find them minutely detailed by Fontrailles, and he may at the same time look up Alfred de Vigny's fine romance of "Cinq Mars." A frightful scene was enacted on the scaffold when the Duke of Monmouth paid the penalty of his rash rebellion against James II. After performing his devotions he prepared himself for death, giving six guineas to the executioner, and placing five more in the hands of a bystander, to be handed to the man if he performed his dreadful task with dexterity. He bade him be more merciful to him than he had been to Lord William Russell, whom he had killed only by repeated strokes; but feeling the edge of the axe, he expressed

his fear that it was not sufficiently keen. Having refused a bandage for his eyes, he knelt down, laid his head upon the block, and gave the appointed signal. The headsman, unnerved, struck a blow so feeble that, to the great horror of the spectators, Monmouth raised his head from the block and looked him, as if reproachfully, in the face. The wretch made two more ineffectual efforts, and then flung down his axe, protesting that his heart failed him. As the body still moved, the multitude filled the air with shouts of rage and execration, and the sheriff compelled the man again to take up his axe, and with two more strokes the bloody deed was done. But it was with difficulty the dismayed and horrified crowd were prevented from tearing in pieces the author of this dreadful butchery.

The last scene of the wayward career of that brilliant Frenchman, the Duc de Biron, when condemned to death for open and shameless treason against Henry IV., was of a tragical character. The place of his punishment was the inner court of the Bastille. Biron seems to have flattered himself that he should be acquitted, and when the Chancellor, with some of his officers, presented himself to read the death sentence and announce its immediate fulfilment, he broke into a passion of mingled despair and wrath. At one moment he begged for mercy in tones of the utmost abasement, at the next he shrieked out menaces against all who had offended him or been concerned in his downfall. In storm and whirlwind he spent the few hours of his life that remained to him, but was at length induced to make his confession to a priest, and to utter a prayer or two to the Divine Judge before whom he was so quickly to appear. A few minutes before five in the afternoon he was informed that all was ready, and that he must descend into the court of the prison. As he quitted the chapel, his quick eye lighted upon the executioner. "Begone, wretch!" he shouted; "touch me not till the last moment. If thou come near me until then, I swear that I will strangle thee!" On the scaffold he twice repeated the command and the threat. Looking upon the soldiers, who stood silent in their array, with arquebuses ready and matches lighted, he exclaimed in a voice of pathos, "Will none of you put a bullet through my heart and earn my gratitude? Oh, to die like this! so basely, by so disgraceful a blow!"—as if the shame lay in the punishment and not in the crime.¹ The representative of the law again read his sentence,

¹ When the friends of the Count van Horn, who, for grave offences, had been condemned to be broken on the wheel, interceded with the Regent Duke of Orleans that he might suffer by the axe as a more honourable death, the Regent replied, "The shame is in the crime and not in the punishment."

Biron violently interrupting when he was charged with having plotted the king's death. Thrice he tied a handkerchief over his eyes—thrice tore it off again—displaying none of the calm and gallant bearing he had always shown on the field of battle. The executioner wishing to cut off his hair at the back of his neck, he again broke out into a fit of ungovernable rage. "Touch me not," he said, "except with thy sword! Lay hands on me while I am alive, and I will strangle half the creatures who are present, and compel the rest to kill me!" So fierce was his look, so savage his tone, that several persons withdrew in alarm. It was thought that he had intended to seize the executioner's sword, but it had prudently been concealed. At last, after a painful delay, he requested one of the officers of the Bastille to bandage his eyes and put up his hair, after which he laid his head on the block. "Be quick! quick! quick!" were his last words, and they had scarcely dropped from his lips when the headsman raised his sword. A single blow, and Biron was no more.

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

SHAKESPEARE'S TREES.

IF there be one thing more than another for which we owe a debt of eternal gratitude to our American cousins it is "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." In that happiest blending of the humorous with the pathetic there is a well of innocent and at the same time instructive diversion which refuses to be drawn dry. It matters not at what page we open that unique volume; dig where we will, we come to gold and diamonds. Whether we make a third in one of those charming walks with the schoolmistress, or lay to heart the warnings contained in the "Allegoria Senectutis," or content ourselves with the quaintness of "Parson Turell's Legacy" and the jocose ebullitions of "the young fellow whom they call John," we cannot but rise the better for our reading. It is a book to raise the spirits of the most disconsolate, to melt the grimmest misanthrope to geniality, to raise a hope in the breast of the most desperate. It makes us ashamed of the foibles of mankind without destroying our faith in ourselves; if we are eaten up with frivolity it preaches eloquently to us from the text, *Ernst ist das Leben*; if we are inclined towards undue austerity it convinces us very practically and emphatically that "there is a time to laugh," and that the man is grievously mistaken who "with superfluous burden loads the day." It displays a more than bowing acquaintance with science and art, and at the same time it keeps a warm corner for nature. Indeed the passages which treat of life in the fields are among the happiest in a book wherein all topics are handled happily. The writer is especially at home in the forest. He is accustomed, of course, to much wider areas than we can nowadays compass in this country, but he does not plume himself unduly on his superiority in this respect. If he somewhat irreverently dubs our famous forest-historian "old Daddy Gilpin," he makes ample amends by acknowledging the affection with which he is wont to contemplate his works. If he calls him the "slowest of men, even of Englishmen," yet he also considers him "delicious in his slowness," a great compliment as coming from a source which is the very anticlimax of stagnation.

The "Autocrat," being, as he himself confesses, a very Solomon in the number of his tree-wives, would have discoursed right pleasantly on the subject of Shakespearean dendrology. His command of aptly chosen language, combined with his rapturous love of trees, would certainly have produced a very pretty essay. But his observations, whether at the breakfast table or elsewhere, have by this time almost completed themselves, for he was born ere the century had entered its teens, and he has uttered never a word about the trees of Shakespeare. We shall never know what his genius, which once loved so well the fair family of Hamadryads, would have made of such a theme, with what graceful illustrations his fancy would have embellished it, how much more he would have seen in it, and brought out of it, than we ourselves can hope to do. Yet, though the best be denied to us, let us not altogether despair of some poor semblance of profitable result. By approaching the nymphs of the forest warily and laying all due homage at their feet, we may peradventure succeed in finding some of those "tongues in trees" which delighted the whilom exiles in the glades of Arden.

The sovereignty of the woods has long been determined, and in Jove's tree we recognise the divine right of kings. Shakespeare himself has far more to say of the monarch than of any of his subjects; and who would suggest that this pride of place is not worthily bestowed? For many a long century the oak has stood forth as the favourite emblem of all that is sturdy and inflexible. Alone among trees it branches out at right angles. Virgil, in his famous description (Georg. ii. 290), mentions its principal characteristics, its firmness—*media ipsa ingentem sustinet umbram*—the stoutness of its limbs (*fortes ramos*), the peculiar twisting of its branches (*brachia tendit huc illuc*), its expansive spread (*ingentem umbram*), and lastly its longevity (*multa virum volvens durando secula vincit*). Shakespeare, on the other hand, seems to have been impressed chiefly by the strength and toughness of its timber. Thus, in "Measure for Measure," ii. 2, Isabella, complaining of the insolence of man when "drest in a little brief authority," contrasts with it the fury of heaven which is spent only on the strong :

Merciful heaven !
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled *oak*,
Than the soft myrtle.

So, too, Casca, awestruck by the battle of the elements and the "civil strife in heaven," exclaims ("Julius Cæsar," i. 3) :

O Cicero !

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty *oaks*.

King Lear, again, speaks of "*oak*-cleaving thunderbolts" (iii. 2), and, describing a storm of more than common violence, Montano ("Othello," ii. 1) asks :

If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of *oak*, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise ?

In "The Tempest" are two passages, each of which points to these same enduring features. In the first Prospero threatens the newly-enfranchised Ariel thus (i. 2) :

If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an *oak*,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howled away twelve winters.

In the second (v. 1), when enumerating various instances of his magic power, he says with evident satisfaction :

To the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted *Jove's stout oak*
With his own bolt ; the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake ; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar.

But even Shakespeare sometimes contradicts himself, for, while in "Coriolanus," v. 2, we read of "the *oak* not to be wind-shaken," in "Troilus and Cressida," i. 3, we are distinctly referred to a season—

When the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted *oaks*.

Of oaks which must have been famous in Elizabethan times we find next to no mention. Almost the only passage which can be fairly construed into such an allusion is that in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," iv. 4, which refers to a tree still visible :

There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an *oak*, with great ragg'd horns, &c.

The sylvan scenery of "As You Like It" is not as favourable as might have been fairly expected to quercine parable. Still there are three references which belong to the Shakespearean treatment of the oak. Two of these are eminently picturesque. The melancholy Jaques is discovered by two of the Duke's retinue, who (ii. 1)—

Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an *oak*, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood.

And Orlando comes suddenly upon his elder brother, in parlous case (iv. 3)—

Under an old *oak*, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity.

Finally, Rosalind declares (iii. 2) that "it may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit," the fruit on this occasion discovered at its foot being none other than the love-lorn Orlando.

Timon of Athens introduces the simile of the falling leaves in his famous dialogue with Apemantus (iv. 3) :

But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary ;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment ;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the *oak*, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows.

"Coriolanus" contains three allusions to the Roman civic crown, which, as all the world knows, was woven of oak-leaves ; the phrases "oaken garland," and "brow-bound with oak," are used to express the dignity which, in its kind, was accounted the second in importance among Roman citizens. If we may trust Pliny and Plutarch, this particular crown was at various times made of three different kinds of oak-foliage, that of the *ilex* or holm-oak, the *esculus* or oak with the edible acorns, and the *quercus*, which was probably identical, or nearly so, with our own British variety.

Shakespeare's treatment of the king of the forest is, it must be owned, somewhat disappointing. Though he is very frequently mentioned, far more often than any other member of the woodland family, there is not one passage concerning him of which it can be said that it is a household word. This is all the more remarkable when we consider that the Forest of Arden lay in Warwickshire, and that the county in former days contained little beyond the forest. Even now in some parts it is renowned for its trees. And the journey, three centuries ago, from Warwickshire to London must have been almost entirely through a densely-wooded district. But, if in all his four-and-thirty plays he has given us no exceptionally striking apostrophe of the oak, it is even stranger that he has passed over some forest trees in total silence. He must often have traversed Buckinghamshire, with its far-stretching beechen groves ; yet there appears to be no mention whatever of Gilbert White's favourite tree. It is a tree, too, which lends itself with such facility to poetical

language, and from the days of *sub tegmine fagi* has always been in request. Why, then, should our greatest of poets have been content to leave this glossy-leaved beauty of the woods so absolutely unnoticed? No wild flower escaped his eye, and he finds room for more than one foreign tree; but for the beeches which share with the oaks the chief forest honours of the land he has no word of admiration, or even of recognition. They are utterly ignored.

The graceful ash is in a similar predicament. Once, and once only, do we meet with the word; and then it is in a metaphorical sense. Aufidius, on becoming aware of the presence of Coriolanus, cries (iv. 5):

Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained *ash* an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters!

But for some mention of the tree itself, *fraxinus in silvis pulcherrima*, we search, and search in vain. Yet the ash has, with much propriety, been called the Venus, as the oak is the Hercules, of the forest.

And there is a third example of this seeming neglect. The birch—

Most beautiful
Of forest trees, the Lady of the Woods,

is noticed only in its castigatory aspect, a distinct insult to one of the fairest ornaments of our native landscape. We could have dispensed with this one contribution to the history of flagellation, had we been vouchsafed in exchange some happy description of this most elegant of vegetables. The solitary allusion is to be found in "Measure for Measure," i. 3, and runs thus:

Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of *birch*,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd.

So, then, at least three of our most characteristic trees are practically denied a place in the Shakespearean Flora. Other great poets have been far more liberal and catholic in their treatment of the forest. Virgil, especially, may be noted for the fulness and beauty of his tree similes and apostrophes. On the other hand, there is one tree which Shakespeare evidently regarded with the greatest veneration, although he can himself never have seen it. This is the cedar. Now, the date of the introduction of the cedar into England is placed by the author of the "Hortus Kewensis" as late as 1683,

when four specimens are known to have been planted in Chelsea Botanic Garden. Selby, it is true, writing in 1842, considers that the size of the two surviving members of this quartette points to a somewhat earlier introduction. But even he is clearly of opinion that it cannot have been seen growing in this country until after the reign of Elizabeth, and thinks it quite possible that it may have been first brought under the notice of British planters by Evelyn. The latter, in his "*Sylva*," published in 1664, commends it as "a beautiful and stately tree," and adds that "it grows even where the snow lies, as I am told, almost half the year, for so it does on the mountains of Libanus, from whence I have received cones and seeds of these few remaining trees. Why, then, should it not grow in old England?" We may assume, therefore, that no cedar flourished under an English sky until long after Shakespeare's death. His acquaintance with the tree must have been based on Biblical references, and, as all know, it stands pre-eminent for dignity and importance in the catalogue of Bible dendrology. It is a favourite simile of the prophets to express strength, size, and longevity. "Daddy" Gilpin quotes, as the most complete word-picture, the passage in Ezekiel (xxxi. 3-9), which we may perhaps be forgiven for quoting also, for it is unique as a description of a forest-tree :

Behold, the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon with fair branches, and with a shadowing shroud, and of an high stature ; and his top was among the thick boughs. The waters made him great, the deep set him up on high with her rivers running round about his plants, and sent out her little rivers unto all the trees of the field. Therefore his height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long because of the multitude of waters, when he shot forth. All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young, and under his shadow dwelt all great nations. Thus was he fair in his greatness, in the length of his branches: for his root was by great waters. The cedars in the garden of God could not hide him: the fir trees were not like his boughs, and the chestnut trees were not like his branches ; nor any tree in the garden of God was like unto him in his beauty. I have made him fair by the multitude of his branches : so that all the trees of Eden, that were in the garden of God, envied him.

Shakespeare must certainly have had this grand analogy in his mind when he put into the mouth of the dying Warwick the fine lines, finer than any simile he has drawn from the forests of his native Warwickshire, in "*Henry VI., Part III.*," v. 2 :

Thus yields the *cedar* to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.

The same character in Part II. of the play (v. 1) has already made use of the comparison :

As on a mountain-top the *cedar* shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm.

And Gloster, in "Richard III.," i. 3, pluming himself on his pride of birth, can find no better illustration of the sublimity of his race :

But I was born so high,
Our aery buildeth in the *cedar's* top
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Cranmer, too, in his well-known prophetic eulogy of the days of Good Queen Bess, finds, like the Jewish prophets, no tree so suitable to convey the impression of far-reaching influence ("Henry VIII.," v. 4) :

And, like a mountain *cedar*, reach his branches
To all the plains about him.

Once more, the Roman renegade Coriolanus, when his mother Volumnia kneels before him, seeks to express the utter incongruousness of such an incident by suggesting other manifest impossibilities which may now be expected at any moment to come to pass ("Coriolanus," v. 3) :

What is this ?
Your knees to me ? to your corrected son ?
Then, let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars ; then, let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud *cedars* 'gainst the fiery sun,
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

It will be noted that these five quotations, the five in which the foremost Scripture tree is treated by Shakespeare with the greatest distinction, are, one and all, cited from historical plays. In no tragedy or comedy does he make more than the barest allusion to it, and, indeed, in only four other dramas is it mentioned at all. "The pine and *cedar*" are coupled in "The Tempest," v. 1 ; the phrase "as upright as the *cedar*" occurs in "Love's Labour's Lost," iv. 3 ; while in "Titus Andronicus," iv. 3, the hero of the play, wishing to emphasize his own and his brother's insignificance, modestly says : "Marcus, we are but shrubs, no *cedars* we." Lastly, in "Cymbeline," v. 4, the three epithets "stately," "lofty," and "majestic" are all applied to this one tree. On the whole, then, we are justified in saying that, wherever in Shakespeare we find the cedar mentioned, we find also a corresponding desire on his part to impress upon the minds of his readers an image of vast size, sublime dignity, or

obstinate endurance. And this, when we reflect that never in his life can he have beheld a living specimen of *Cedrus Libani*, is sufficiently remarkable.

The only other Shakespearean conifer is the pine. To this, however, there are two or three very picturesque allusions. It was in a pine that Ariel was imprisoned by Sycorax :

She did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven *pine*.

"The Tempest," i. 2.

And Prospero reminds him (*Id.*, *ibid.*) :

It was mine art,
When I arrived, and heard thee, that made gape
The *pine*, and let thee out.

Among sundry illustrations which Antonio adduces of the hopelessness of attempting to move Shylock's hard heart he suggests ("Merchant of Venice," iv. 1) :

You may as well forbid the mountain *pin*es
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven.

The hindrances which occur to mar the fairest actions are exemplified in the waywardness of the tree's growth. The "ample proposition," says Agamemnon ("Troilus and Cressida," i. 3), "fails in the promis'd largeness," even—

As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound *pine*, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

So, too, the sons of Cymbeline, described by Belarius as "gentle as zephyrs, blowing below the violet," can also, on occasion, "their royal blood enchain'd," be as boisterous ("Cymbeline," iv. 2)—

As the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain *pine*,
And make him stoop to the vale.

Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, is described, in his degradation, by Suffolk, as a "lofty *pine*," which "droops and hangs his sprays" ("Henry VI. Part II.," ii. 3). We read also of "the tuft of *pin*es" ("Winter's Tale," ii. 1), an expression still in common use ; and there is a fine passage in "Richard II.," iii. 2, where the sunrise is pictured as "the searching eye of heaven," when "he fires the proud tops of the eastern *pin*es."

Next to the oak, perhaps, the most familiar of our English trees is the elm. It is found in almost every hedgerow, and in favourable circumstances becomes one of the most striking members of the great tree-family. Shakespeare has not done it justice. In "Midsummer Night's Dream," iv. 1, one of its liabilities is mentioned in the lines :

The female ivy so
Enrings the barked fingers of the *elm*.

And a somewhat similar allusion, taken from Virgil, may be found in "Comedy of Errors," ii. 2, where Adriana says: "Thou art an *elm*, my husband, I a vine." But beyond these two very inadequate references there is only the term of reproach, "thou dead *elm*" ("Henry IV. Part II.," ii. 4), to represent a tree which other poets have handled with great felicity.

The sycamore, however, though much rarer, comes in for more notice than many of the commoner inhabitants of the wood. Boyet proposed to close his eyes for half an hour "under the cool shade of a *sycamore*" ("Love's Labour's Lost," v. 3). When Lady Montague asks for tidings of Romeo, Benvolio replies ("Romeo and Juliet," i. 1) :

Underneath the grove of *sycamore*
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son.

And even the most superficial of Shakespeare readers remembers the opening line of unhappy Desdemona's song, "The poor soul sat sighing by a *sycamore* tree" ("Othello," iv. 3).

There are several allusions to the yew, and generally in a funereal or quasi-funereal connection, but none to particular specimens which even three hundred years ago must have been nearly as famous as they are to-day. The best bows were made of yew-wood ; hence the expression "double-fatal *yew*" ("Richard II.," iii. 2). Its association with churchyards has always given it a sort of uncanny reputation among trees ; the witches' cauldron, therefore, naturally enough contains, *inter alia*, "slips of *yew*, sliver'd in the moon's eclipse" ("Macbeth," iv. 1). The "dismal *yew*" ("Titus Andronicus," ii. 3) occurs more than once, and "my shroud of white, stuck all with *yew*" ("Twelfth Night," ii. 4) is a very familiar line. The yew trees in the churchyard which witnessed the final catastrophe of Romeo and Juliet are twice commended to our notice (v. 3).

With the signification of the yew we commonly couple, in our minds, that of the cypress, the latter having been *par excellence* the funereal tree of ancient times, and being still in high favour in

eastern countries, as every Turkish cemetery shows us. Shakespeare has illustrated the same idea. "In sad *cypress* let me be laid," says the Clown's song in "Twelfth Night," ii. 4. "A *cypress*" (or "*cyprus*"), "not a bosom, hides my heart," says Olivia, in the same comedy (iii. 1). And Suffolk, in the course of his denunciation of his enemies, cries ("Henry VI., Part II.," iii. 2):

Poison be their drink !
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste !
Their sweetest shade, a grove of *cypress* trees !
Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks !

Another ancient use of cypress wood is alluded to by Gremio, who mentions that he has stored his most precious arras and embroideries "in *cypress* chests" ("Taming of the Shrew," ii. 1).

The Lombardy poplar was not seen in this northern latitude before the middle of the eighteenth century, the first cuttings having been imported, according to Selby, from Turin about the year 1760. Shakespeare, therefore, may be excused for omitting all mention of what has now long been one of our most conspicuous trees. But other varieties of the tribe are indigenous. All, however, are ignored save the aspen, which is employed in the proverbial simile still current ("Titus Andronicus," ii. 4):

O ! had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like *aspen* leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them.

The willow, to which frequent allusion is made, is almost invariably mentioned in a symbolical sense. It was the emblem of forsaken maidens. Thus Lorenzo says ("Merchant of Venice," v. 1):

In such a night
Stood Dido, with a *willow* in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

Desdemona's Willow Song, "Sing all a green *willow*," is too well known to need quoting at length. But the saying of Bona, the French Queen's sister, in "Henry VI., Part III.," iii. 3, is perhaps not quite so hackneyed. When the messenger is about to return to his master, Edward IV., in England, King Lewis, Queen Margaret, and Warwick all send more or less opprobrious messages; and Bona chimes in with—

Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the *willow* garland for his sake.

This seems to argue an extension of the original significance.

But in the case of Ophelia the forsaken maiden is once more symbolized ("Hamlet," iv. 7):

There is a *willow* grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream.

This, however, was not the only use of the willow. It had, besides, a certain practical utility in common with the birch, to which Benedick refers in "Much Ado about Nothing," ii. 1, when he says, "I offered him my company to a *willow* tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped."

The lime, or linden, is mentioned only in "The Tempest," v. 1, where Ariel, in reply to Prospero's inquiry as to the shipwrecked Alonso and his companions, assures him that they are—

Just as you left them: all prisoners, sir,
In the *lime*-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release.

We have now exhausted the list of what are usually called forest trees of the first rank, and may briefly recapitulate the results at which we have arrived. We find, then, that the oak, pine, cedar, sycamore, and willow are all handsomely represented in Shakespeare, the cedar especially so, having regard to the fact that in his day it had not yet been acclimatised; that the elm, the birch, and the lime are introduced, the third only once, the first three times, and the second also only once, and that in a strictly technical sense; while the beech is not mentioned at all, and the ash only in the sense of a spear-shaft. We are so accustomed to regard him as literally encyclopædic that the omission of one or two of our own favourites seems almost like a slur upon his reputation. As was mentioned above, his treatment of flowers, whether cultivated or wild, is more liberal. Yet we cannot but admit that even the trees have furnished him with the theme of many noble lines which we could ill afford to lose. He has in reality handled so many topics exhaustively, that we are apt to bear him a grudge wherever an apposite reference is wanting. The blanks, few as they are, impress us more forcibly than the innumerable prizes.

Of the minor trees very few, of which he can reasonably be supposed to have had cognizance, are altogether omitted. There are, for example, seven or eight allusions to the elder, though none, by the way, to the alder. Judas, we learn, "was hanged on an *elder*" ("Love's Labour's Lost," v. 2). Grief is described as "the stinking *elder*," which entwines its roots with those of the vine and strangles

the weaker vessel ("Cymbeline," iv. 2). A futile revenge is called "a perilous shot out of an *elder* gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch" ("Henry V.," iv. 1); and elder guns, or some modification of them, may still be reckoned among the *simulacra* of warfare which delight the hearts of children. Again, "heigh, ho! the *holly*," will be remembered long after all Baconian heresies and schisms are forgotten, and the voice of the Cryptogrammarian is hushed. The beautiful but parasitic ivy is mentioned, as we have seen already, in connection with the elm, and is also denounced in "The Tempest," i. 2, where Prospero says of Miranda's uncle :

That now he was
The *ivy* which had hid my princely trunk
And suck'd my verdure out on't.

So, too, the phrase "usurping *ivy*" meets us in "Comedy of Errors," ii. 2. Another parasite is referred to in the line: "O'ercome with moss and baleful *mistletoe*" ("Titus Andronicus," ii. 3).

The olive-branch, as emblematical of peace, is a favourite metaphor. "I hold the *olive* in my hand," says Viola; "my words are as full of peace as matter" ("Twelfth Night," i. 5). Again, "But Peace puts forth her *olive* everywhere" ("Henry IV., Part II." ii. 2). And yet again, "And I will use the *olive* with my sword" ("Timon of Athens," v. 4). In its natural sense the word is found more than once in "As You Like It." In this play, founded on a novel by Lodge, we read of a sheepcote "fenced about with *olive* trees," a strange sight in the Forest of Arden, but due to a poetical license which may be traced in the original story. The hawthorn also figures here: "hangs odes upon *hawthorns* and elegies on brambles" (iii. 2). And again in "A Midsummer Night's Dream": "this *hawthorn*-brake our tiring house" (iii. 1); and in "King Lear," iii. 4: "through the sharp *hawthorn* blows the cold wind." The crab, though a beautiful tree when in full bloom, is not particularly attractive at other seasons. But in Shakespeare's time it seems to have served a recognised purpose: "Fetch me," cries the Porter, in "Henry VIII.," v. 3, "a dozen *crab*-tree staves, and strong ones." Crabs, however, were also used as stocks for grafting: "We have," says Menenius ("Coriolanus," ii. 1), "some old *crab*-trees here at home, that will not be grafted to your relish"; and the converse is mentioned in "Henry VI., Part II.," iii. 2: "and noble stock was graff'd with *crab*-tree slip."

"Get ye all three into the *box*-tree," whispers Maria to Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian ("Twelfth Night," ii. 5), as Malvolio

appears in sight, "the trout that must be caught with tickling." Its kindred myrtle is mentioned twice or thrice—"the morn-dew on the *myrtle*-leaf" ("Antony and Cleopatra," iii. 12), for example, but this seems to be the only allusion to the more prosaic box. "*Laurel* crown" ("Henry VI., Part III.," iv. 6), and "*laurel* victory" ("Antony and Cleopatra," i. 3), both occur. So old-fashioned a tree as the mulberry was sure to find a place, as it does, indeed, both in virtue of its fruit ("Cor.," iii. 2) and on its own account: "and Thisby, tarrying in *mulberry* shade" ("A Midsummer Night's Dream," v. 1). The hazel, another old favourite, serves for a graceful simile: "Kate, like the hazel-twig, is straight and slender, and as brown in hue as hazel-nuts" ("Taming of the Shrew," ii. 1). In "Richard II.," ii. 4, there is a solitary mention of one other tree, famous alike for its ennobling and its culinary properties: "the *bay*-trees in our country are all wither'd." Finally, there are sundry allusions to the vine, "the merry cheerer of the heart." "The *vines* of France" are specially singled out for commendation ("King Lear," i. 1), and the dying Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, compares himself ("Henry VI., Part I.," ii. 5)—

To a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground.

The palm, it is true, is also *en évidence*, but only, like the olive, of the apocryphal variety found in the brave Forest of Arden.

If "Daddy" Gilpin's position be conceded, viz., that "it is no exaggerated praise to call a tree the grandest and most beautiful of all the productions of the earth," no apology can be needed for this brief epitome of Shakespearean dendrology. It proves, at least, that he had almost as good an eye for inanimate nature as he undoubtedly possessed for distinguishing the characteristics of mankind. "Myriad-minded" as he has been called, he could point a moral from the forest as well as from the court. He abounds in the first requisite of all genius, to think nothing too humble for observation, or too insignificant to learn from. As a consequence of this, though it would not be right to say that his "tongues in trees" are among the most important, or even the most discriminating of his utterances, yet regarded as a *parergon*, as so much extra matter "thrown in," where there was already an infinity of subjects treated, they are deserving of notice, and often of admiration. Where else, save in the Bible and Shakespeare, shall we find such a perfect sympathy with Nature in all her forms and phases? That one man should have availed to write so shrewdly, and withal so poetically, of bird, beast, fish, flower, and tree, and should also have evinced so

wondrous an insight into the subtlest workings of the human heart, must ever remain a marvel. It may, at any rate, be safely said that whatever he has written, whether on British oaks or Roman generals, cedars of Lebanon or catastrophes of life, deserves the careful study of all those of his countrymen who aim at the acquisition of that rare treasure, a well-stored mind.

ARTHUR GAYE.

THE "HAMILTONIAN SYSTEM" OF EDUCATION.

IN the contest that is waged between the upholders of the old-fashioned grammar-and-lexicon style of education and the advocates of "improved methods," mention is made from time to time, as in a recent number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, of what is known as the "Hamiltonian system." The name is by no means a familiar one to the present generation of students, few of whom, probably, are aware how fiercely the educational world was agitated, some sixty years ago, by the first introduction of Hamilton's daring scheme of reform, and what sanguine estimates were formed of its possible results. "We should opine," said a writer in the *Westminster Review* in 1829, "that some time about the year 1849 all the little boys and girls in the country will have great reason to make mention of Mr. Hamilton in a thanksgiving, in their morning and evening prayers." Twenty years were then calculated to be sufficient for the realisation of the Hamiltonian system ; yet (alas for the impatience of human forecasts!) thrice that period has now almost gone by, and the little boys and girls, so far from blessing the name of their deliverer, are still groaning daily under the bondage of the grammarian.

James Hamilton, who was born in 1769, and was at first occupied in mercantile pursuits, has himself left a record of the origin and reception of what he regarded as a great educational discovery. We learn from his "History of the Hamiltonian System," published in 1829, that he got the idea of dispensing with the use of grammar or dictionary from a French *émigré* at Hamburg in 1798. He did not, however, put the plan into execution until 1815, and then more by accident than by deliberate intent ; for having gone to the United States with the purpose of becoming a manufacturer of potash, and having actually set out on horseback from New York to proceed to the farm which he had taken, he suddenly changed his mind, rode back to New York, and finding himself in need of employment to gain a living, took to education as a *pis aller*, adopting as his method

the system which he had been turning over in his mind during the seventeen preceding years. If we may trust his own account—and in this instance there seems no reason for distrusting it—his success in the United States was almost phenomenal. How he commenced at New York with the "Rev. Mr. Feltus" and "Judge Van Ness" as his earliest pupils; how the rapidity of their progress soon attracted crowds to his class-room; how, after founding a school at New York, he visited all the chief cities in the States and Canada, winning popularity everywhere, in spite of the vigorous opposition of the native schoolmasters—all this, and a great deal more besides, sounds more like fairy-lore than fact in the Hamiltonian narrative. He tells us that it was at Philadelphia that what had at first been a mere essay in educational reform began to assume the proportions of a "system"; and now, before we proceed to the account of the promulgation of Hamilton's doctrines in England, it may be well to state, as much as possible in his own words, what the system was, and how it differed from the established methods of education.

The Hamiltonian system consisted of six principles, not formulated by their author beforehand, but suggested and adopted by gradual experience. (1) The first principle, which Hamilton declared to be the basis of all the rest, is that the master must "*teach* instead of *ordering to learn*." This may appear at first sight to be a mere truism, but a little consideration shows that in reality it involves a complete reversal of the ordinary method of classical instruction; since the schoolmaster usually conceives it to be his duty to give his pupils merely a clue to follow out for themselves by help of dictionary and grammar, whereas the Hamiltonian teacher would impart the desired knowledge at once. Here we have a direct conflict of principles; on the one hand the assertion that it is not what is done for a boy, but what he does for himself, that is of value in education, and that the master must not aim so much at the infusion of knowledge as at the strengthening of his pupils' minds in the process of learning; on the other, the belief that knowledge is not only an end in itself, but also the best and readiest means of improving the mind. To tell a pupil the meaning of a sentence or passage, instead of leaving him to puzzle it out, right or wrong, for himself, would be regarded by the majority of classical masters as a weakness discreditable to the teacher and enervating to the taught; yet this is precisely what Hamilton advocated as the only robust and effectual method of education, at any rate in the earlier stages. The contempt expressed by many orthodox teachers for this fundamental principle of the Hamiltonian system is founded, as was long ago shown by a writer

in the *Westminster Review*,¹ on a complete misconception. The error lies in supposing that the faculties of a pupil are not being properly and sufficiently exercised if he is merely *receiving* knowledge, "as if activity of the intellectual faculties were not in the very nature of the thing essential to the reception of a new idea. In receiving knowledge on any subject that is new to it, even the most acute and powerful mind has plenty to do." This, then, is what Hamilton meant in laying it down as the axiom of his system that the master must *teach* (*i.e.* fully explain at the outset), in contrast to the usual plan of *ordering to learn* (*i.e.* appointing the pupil a task and aiding him only by hints and suggestions). It is often said nowadays by the adherents of the old methods that boys go to school not to learn, but "to learn how to learn." The Hamiltonian system is based on the opposite of this principle.

(2) Hamilton's second principle is that pupils should be taught *to translate at once*, instead of being made to get the rules of grammar by heart. He held that a vocabulary, the meaning of words, is the first and most essential foundation of knowledge ; and that the direct study of grammar may be conveniently deferred until the pupil has incidentally become familiar with the various inflections of the language he is reading. *Reading*, he again and again asserts, is the all-in-all of instruction ; it is "the pure spring of nine-tenths of our intellectual enjoyments," and, as such, must not be sacrificed to grammar or composition, or to getting by heart anything whatever, "because these are utterly unattainable before we have read a great deal." In expressing this opinion, Hamilton was of course only following in the footsteps of previous reformers, Facciolati, Dumarsais, Locke, and others, who had urged the same point with more or less insistence. "If grammar," says Locke, "ought to be taught at any time, it must be to one that can speak the language already; how else can he be taught the grammar of it?" Hamilton, like other educational reformers before and since, makes a vigorous attack on the most vulnerable points of the old classical system, such as the great expenditure of the pupil's time in contrast with the smallness of the results ; the boy, he says, is kept, "like another Sisyphus, the whole time of his scholastic life, rolling up the stone of science all the day, to see it roll down every night, and then be obliged every morning to renew the disgusting task."

(3) Thirdly, Hamilton again followed Locke and Dumarsais in adopting the use of literal interlinear translations ; but he insisted very strongly on one point which he said they had overlooked, *viz.*—

¹ January 1829.

the necessity of making the translations not merely interlinear but *analytical*, since "no translation can justly be called literal which is not analytical." By analytical translation is meant that in which "every word is rendered in English by a corresponding part of speech ; the grammatical analysis of the phrase is never departed from ; the case of every noun, pronoun, adjective, or particle, and the mood, tense, and person of every verb, are accurately pointed out by appropriate and unchanging signs." In this way, he declares, an analytical translation is a grammar and dictionary in one ; and those persons who object to the Hamiltonian system because it neglects grammar, are like men who "cannot see the wood for trees." "To analyse a phrase word for word ; to translate it by corresponding parts of speech ; and to point out the grammatical construction of the phrase, the natural dependence of all the words of a sentence on each other—is not this the very essence of grammar?"

(4) Fourthly, he supplemented the last-named principle by the assertion that "words of all languages have, with few exceptions, *one meaning only*, and should be translated generally by the same word, which should stand for its representative at all times and in all places." He pronounced this a vital point in his system, not as "a theoretic, invariable truth," but as "an operative and practical principle," by which the tyro is directed on a safe and simple road, and rescued from the limitless chaos of the dictionary, which, by assigning numerous meanings to one and the same word, is utterly bewildering to the mind of a beginner. In order to conform as far as possible to this principle, Hamilton deliberately and cheerfully sacrificed all idiomatic beauty and elegance of language in his English versions, making them absolutely literal even to the point of grotesqueness ; and even discountenancing Sydney Smith's suggestion that there should be two translations in use, one of which should be literal, and the other free. So uncompromising was he on this point, and so little dismayed by the ridicule which it attracted, that he is said to have remarked that whereas Dumarsais had translated in good French, *he* translated in bad English, and that this was the chief difference between them, from which he deduced his own superiority.

(5) The fifth principle had reference to the question of pronunciation and *vivâ voce* teaching. "The simple sounds of all languages being, with a few exceptions, identically the same, it must be as easy for an Englishman to pronounce French as English, when taught." The instruction given in the Hamiltonian classes was accordingly to be oral ; the ear of the pupil was to be instructed no less than the eye ; and the sound of the words was to be intimately associated

with the sense. In this way Hamilton claimed to be able to teach his pupils to speak a language as readily as to read it.

(6) The sixth and last point in Hamilton's system was the arrangement of the class and the method by which the teacher conveyed the instruction to his pupils. As we have just seen, the teaching was primarily oral ; the printed translations being merely a supplementary contrivance, a key by which the lessons could be repeated and perfected out of class. The Hamiltonian teacher was directed to proceed in the following manner, the subject being, for instance, Latin, and the book to be first studied, the Gospel of St. John.

Taking these principles as a basis, the teacher forms his class of eight, ten, twenty or one hundred—the number is of little moment, it being as easy to teach a greater as a smaller one—and brings them at once to the language itself, by reciting with a loud articulate voice the first verse thus : *In* in, *principio* in beginning, *Verbum* Word, *erat* was, *et* and, *Verbum* Word, *erat* was, *apud* at, *Deum* God, *et* and, *Verbum* Word, *erat* was, *Deus* God. Having recited the verse once or twice himself, it is then recited precisely in the same manner by any person of the class whom he may judge most capable ; the person copying his manner and intonations as much as possible. When the verse has been thus recited by six or eight persons of the class, the teacher recites the second verse in the same manner, and thus continues until he has recited from ten to twelve verses, which usually constitute the first lesson of one hour.

At each succeeding lesson the progress of the class becomes more rapid, until, at the seventh, it is found that the translation is accomplished with only occasional help from the teacher ; but in order to insure this, it is necessary that every word of the preceding lessons shall have been thoroughly mastered. Hamilton asserts that after ten lessons his pupils are able to translate the whole Gospel of St. John, and thus is accomplished what is called the first section of the Latin course. After a second section of ten lessons, in which a harder book is read, the teaching of grammar is introduced.

From this time, that is from the beginning of the third section, the pupil studies the theory and construction of the language as well as its practice, for which purpose he reads the ancient authors, beginning with Cæsar. . . . The fifth and sixth sections consist of Virgil and Horace, enough of which is read to enable the pupil to read them with facility, and to give him correct ideas of prosody and versification. Five or six months, with mutual attention on the part of the pupil and teacher, will be found sufficient to acquire a knowledge of this language, which hitherto has rarely been the result of as many years."

Greek was taught by Hamilton after a similar fashion ; and he boasts that the two classical languages, "instead of occupying eight or ten years' disgusting labour, may be thus acquired without difficulty,

nay, with interest and delight, in eighteen months or two years." It will be observed that grammar was not banished from his system, but merely postponed ; and in like manner composition could be studied, by those who desired it, by a simple reversal of the same process with the same books. But his main principle was that the constructive work must follow, and not precede, the analytical ; *reading* was to be the real basis of the pupil's education.

Armed with this "system," and encouraged by the success achieved by his schools in many American cities, Hamilton made his appearance in London somewhere in the year 1823, and soon caused a fine flutter in the scholastic dovecots by his sensational advertisements and the startling guarantees which he freely offered to all who would give him a trial. At first it seemed as if he were going to carry all before him, not in London only, but in Edinburgh, Dublin, Liverpool, Manchester, and "at least twenty other places" which he visited. In eighteen months he had six hundred pupils, and was engaged in publishing editions of his books in various languages ; his fame even spread to the Continent, where his "*système naturel*" showed signs of rivalling the popularity which Dumarsais' interlinear translations ("*Méthode raisonnée pour apprendre la langue latine*") had enjoyed in France at the time of the Revolution. On the other hand, he found that the opposition offered to his innovations was much stronger in England than in America ; for he was vehemently assailed as a quack and impostor, and soon after his arrival in London a pamphlet was published, entitled "*An Exposure of the Fallacies of the Hamiltonian System*," in which Hamilton was described as "a cunning, oily rogue." The writer, a Mr. J. H. Hartnoll, seems to have made himself peculiarly and personally obnoxious to Hamilton, by attending his lectures on every possible occasion and denouncing him to the audience, until at last the lecturer, who, according to Hartnoll's statement, used "the grossest invective" against his tormentor, was compelled to invoke the assistance of the police. Other pamphlets followed, chiefly from private professors of modern languages, who were evidently afraid that the growing fame of the Hamiltonian system would injure their interests ; while even such dignitaries as the Professor of Greek at Glasgow condescended to notice "the broad assumptions of this noisy reformer ; his warranting advertisements, of which the style seems borrowed from the stable-yard ; and his vituperative prefaces, not unworthy of a similar school." It is difficult, after so long a lapse of time, to estimate the rights and wrongs of this wordy warfare ; but, judging from the specimens I have seen, I should say that Hamilton

certainly had the advantage over his opponents in temper as well as argument. The objections they raise against his methods are, for the most part, very trivial and pointless; but it was no doubt an error of judgment, on his side, to engage in any such controversy at all; and this he himself admits in the "History of the Hamiltonian System."

Among those favourably inclined to Hamilton and his theories was Mr. John Smith, M.P., who was eager to found a Hamiltonian University; and it was chiefly by his exertions that a public trial of the system was instituted and carried out in 1825. "The lads selected for the experiment," says Sydney Smith in his article on the "Methods of Teaching Languages," "were parish boys of the most ordinary description, reading English worse than Cumberland curates and totally ignorant of the rudiments of any other language. The books set before them were the Gospel of St. John (Latin), parts of Cæsar's "Commentaries," some Italian books, and a selection of French histories." In his account of the affair Hamilton declares it to have been a failure, in comparison with what he usually effected, owing to the fact that such exceptionally backward pupils had to be taught the meaning of numberless *English* words before they could proceed to the Latin; but he adds that, in comparison with the ordinary system, it was distinctly a success. Such was also the independent judgment of a writer in the "Morning Chronicle" of November 16, 1825, who was present at the examination of the eight country boys by the gentlemen who inspected the class, among these visitors being two members of Parliament and the elder Mill, the historian of British India.

They first read different portions of the Gospel of St. John in Latin and Cæsar's "Commentaries," selected by the visitors. The translation was executed with an ease which it would be vain to expect in any of the boys who attend our common schools, even in their third or fourth year, and proved that the principle of exciting the attention of boys to the utmost, during the process by which the meaning of words is fixed in the memory, had given them a great familiarity with so much of the language as is contained in the books above alluded to. Their knowledge of the parts of speech was respectable, but not so remarkable. The same experiments were repeated in French and Italian with the same success, and upon the whole we cannot but think the success has been complete. It is impossible to conceive a more impartial mode of putting any system to the test than to make such an experiment on the children of our peasantry.

This report, the accuracy of which is vouched for by Sydney Smith, and seems to be beyond question, was no doubt instrumental in advancing Hamilton's reputation. His system was adopted in a modified form, and with an admixture of grammatical teaching in its

early stages, at the Bruce Castle School and at Maidstone, in both of which cases a successful result was reported by those who were engaged in the experiment. In 1826 appeared Sydney Smith's article in the *Edinburgh Review*, full of the warmest approval of the new method of teaching in its main aspects, though criticising it in certain minor points which Hamilton afterwards defended; and in 1829 this was followed by an equally favourable notice in the *Westminster*.¹ Even the hostile writer in the *London Magazine* for May 1827, while expressing his "enormous indignation" at the "quack" who ventured to insinuate that he could teach a language in fifty hours, was fain to admit that the system contained several good points, to which, however, he would not allow the merit of novelty. The superiority of the Hamiltonian scholars to their brethren of the grammar and dictionary was to be accounted for chiefly by the idleness of the latter. "In a grammar-school scarcely an hour in the day is spent by each boy in learning or in being taught, and that hour is not spent well. The greater part of the time is spent in mere mischief or idleness; in cutting desks, skinning books, dog's-earing leaves, drawing profiles, dreaming of tops, speculating on marbles, whispering, scribbling"; rather cold comfort, this, for the defenders of the classical strongholds. As far as we can now judge by the testimony still extant, the results produced by the Hamiltonian system wherever it was fairly and freely tried were valuable and substantial; and in the argumentative controversy that raged over the question of educational methods, the victory rested on the whole with the advocates of the new teaching.

Yet somehow the Hamiltonian system did not succeed in taking permanent hold of the popular fancy after the death of its author in 1831; and, looking back to it after a period of sixty years, we must pronounce the attempt to reform our educational methods to have been very nearly, if not altogether, a failure. No doubt some indirect results were realised in the way of making classical teachers set their houses in order and remove some of the more glaring anomalies of the old system; yet the main principle of grammar first and reading afterwards, which it was Hamilton's avowed object to overthrow, is still held to be the sheet-anchor of education, while analytical interlinear translations are still not exactly the books that are used in the lower forms of public schools. The classicists are certainly entitled to lay what emphasis they can on the fact that Hamilton's reforms did not take root and bring about the desired reformation

¹ *Vide Westminster Review*, vol. x. pp. 309-314.

though this, perhaps, can hardly be a matter for surprise to those who consider the strength and antiquity of the traditions which Hamilton attacked. We may surmise, too, that he made an error in advancing his doctrines, which were obviously and necessarily of a somewhat tentative character, as a cut-and-dried "system," for this, when viewed in conjunction with his habit of advertising and guaranteeing, suggested the suspicion of chicanery and boastfulness. He himself admits that he was guilty of one serious blunder, in attempting, as he did, to found numerous provincial schools, instead of devoting his attention to one or two typical institutions ; for, as he never stayed longer than six months at a time in any one place, he was sure at each move to leave some disappointed pupils behind him, and thus swell the ranks of those who for one reason or another were opposed to his innovations.

On the other hand, if we look at the present state of classical learning, I think it must be admitted that, by the rejection of Hamilton's improved methods, the grammarians and their supporters won a victory which has cost them very dear. There is a significant remark of Hamilton's which bears on this point: "Mankind," he says, "are anxious for real knowledge, and will not much longer put up with the shadow of it. Either the teacher will find out a mode of communicating a knowledge of the learned languages in a shorter time and more efficaciously than has been hitherto done, or the study of those languages will be relinquished altogether." It seems to me that this prophecy is even now in process of being verified, for the former alternative having been rejected by our classical teachers, the latter is being actually brought about by the institution of "modern sides" and the growing popularity of "modern subjects." The study of Greek, which might have been retained under a Hamiltonian system, is rapidly dropping out of the ordinary school curriculum.

There is no reason why educational reformers should accept or defend each and all of the principles included in Hamilton's system ; still less are they concerned to take up the gauntlet on behalf of Hamilton's own wisdom or learning ; for, as Sydney Smith long ago pointed out, the important question is not whether Hamilton was the wisest or weakest of men, nor yet whether his translations are good or bad ones, but "whether very close interlinear translations are helps in learning a language." This use of interlinear translations is, roughly speaking, the distinctive feature of the Hamiltonian system, and the fact that this system did not succeed half a century ago in

establishing itself as a permanent institution is no proof that it will not ultimately be recognised as based upon a sound and rational principle. It is on this issue that the educational battle has yet to be fought out ; and I, for one, firmly believe that the main principle for which Hamilton contended will in the end be accepted.

H. S. SALT.

MARIONETTE MEMOIRS.

IF it be objected that puppets and their performances are beneath the dignity of history, it may be answered that some very famous men have found them useful in supplying suggestion, allusion, or metaphor; and though a long list of these might be compiled, it will be sufficient to mention Shakespeare, Cervantes, Molière, and Goethe, a fairly representative quartette. It may further be observed that the learned Jerome Cardau, in his encyclopædic tome, *De Varietate Rerum*, devotes some space to the description of some Sicilian puppets or marionettes (for the latter title, originally French, has gradually supplanted the national names of puppets in ordinary parlance), which he highly eulogises for their elaborate performance. And we may also note the fact, in support of the marionettes' claim to consideration, that Torriani, the famous engineer of the Emperor Charles V., devoted some of his time and genius to the improvement of the puppets, which were popular favourites in Spain. Thus we claim to have fairly proved that the subject of this paper is not too trifling for the chronicler, and the present or recent popularity in London of marionette performances is possibly a reason for thinking the subject not out of date. Indeed, a good many people, rather apt to give themselves airs on the subject of their acquirements, may not be aware of the antiquity and associations which belong to these miniature actors, or of the prominent part they have sometimes played in matters political and social. So important has sometimes been their rôle, that they not infrequently have come into collision with authority, as will be seen, thus reversing the generally accepted legal adage, *De minimis non curat lex*. Early indeed is the origin of puppets, speaking generally. Indeed, those who care for so long a retrospective journey can go back to the days of Rome, Greece, and Etruria. Thenceforward, and especially in the Middle Ages, puppet-shows of a more or less artless fashion flourished. But the age of the marionettes proper may be said to begin with the seventeenth century. Known as puppets in England, *burattini* in Italy, *Puppen* in Germany, and *titeres* in Spain—the four lands chiefly notable, but by no means

the only ones, for these lilliputian actors—the local terms gradually gave way to the generic name of marionettes, France, as was then usual, influencing opinion even in the case of puppets. The taste for these performances became cosmopolitan. But though each country held the puppet-show in high estimation, it will be seen that in each country there was the national characteristic stamping the popular performance with a certain individuality. We proceed to notice the marionette-history of each of the five nations named, in succession.

In England there is, as has been the case in other matters, less of variety or peculiarity than elsewhere. Puppet-shows of a rude and inartistic nature—in fact, marked by embryo John Bullism—had for centuries been popular, long before the marionettes proper figured on their mimic stage in elaborate completeness. Particularly in Queen Elizabeth's days was this the case, when, by the way, Punch was a popular favourite. But this was not the Punch of our own street corners, who, in his tragi-comedy with Judy, is not more than a century old as we now see him. However, moral and satirical lessons in very downright style seem to have been the chief *métier* of the English marionettes, and it is curious to note how many English dramatists in order of time have alluded, or been indebted, to the puppets or their successors the marionettes for allusions and "hits" in general. Indeed, some of the Jacobean dramatists throw a good deal of light on the usual performances of puppets. But on the whole, as compared with other lands, England's marionettes do not seem to furnish any exciting episodes in their history, or to have flown at such high game as their continental rivals. Nor for elaboration of performance can they be compared to some of them—certainly not to those of Italy.

Indeed in Italy—as might be expected from a land where the poorest native, in any subject in which he is interested, seems to us cold Northerners to have the gesticulation and pose of a born actor—the marionettes have always been of the highest class. In the olden days of petty principalities the police and the censor were nowhere more active or interfering than in Italy. Thus, all popular opinion being completely suppressed, and especially on the stage, it followed that the people turned to the puppet-show for anything like criticism on political or social matters. This was particularly the case at Rome, where the subtle and keen-witted natives recognised a whole volume in the expressive gestures of the *burattini*. Ballet and opera, exquisitely and elaborately performed in most complex fashion, were made the vehicle of cutting jokes levelled at the Government, and,

indeed, served as the most available vehicle of public opinion. In no country, too, were there so many grades of marionette performances, from the box of homely puppets performing by the roadside up to the complete theatre with seats, lights, and orchestra, of the most beautifully-wrought, costumed, and manipulated figures. Whole operas—musicians and vocalists of the first class being behind the scenes—and dramas in five acts were the common achievement of these aristocratic marionettes. Their audiences comprised people of all ranks. One of the learned librarians of the Vatican, Aliaci, who held that office during the pontificate of Alexander VII., was a constant visitor to the mimic theatre as a relaxation from his brain work. Nor were the Italian marionettes confined to miscellaneous audiences. A practice grew up of engaging a company of the puppets to perform at private parties. A wealthy entertainer considered his viands, wines, and music incomplete unless one of the best *troupes* of *burattini* was engaged to make mirth for his guests. On these occasions brilliant hits at political and social personages and occurrences were indulged in, and so complete was the manner in which the performance was carried out, that each popular character put on the stage had the words of the part spoken by a special *artiste* who could accurately imitate the tones of the original. Another great point in the Italian marionettes was their exquisite ballet dancing. Every kind of dance, every flourish and pirouette in which famous living performers excelled, was imitated most accurately by the puppets, and their bows in response to the unanimous applause were as elaborate as those of the originals. In fact, the Roman authorities at one time passed what was practically the highest possible eulogium on them, by making the mimic ladies wear *caleçons*, much as the King of Naples did in later days with his actual *corps de ballet* ! In Rome satirical plays were much in vogue ; in Genoa and Milan spectacular performances, military and otherwise, were much in favour. On the whole the most general enthusiasm was evoked everywhere by opera, and especially by the masterpieces of Rossini.

In France the modern development of the marionette is, we believe, dated at its earliest from the achievements of the famous Briochés, *père et fils*. These artists, with their famous performing monkey, began to flourish early in the reign of Louis Quatorze. Thenceforward the marionettes became very popular with the Parisians, and, in consonance with their audience, revelled in witty epigrams and social sarcasms. Later on they came under the notice of the Lieutenant of Police in connection with attacks on the Huguenots ; but these latter being out of favour, nothing was done.

Under the Regent Orleans, as might have been expected from the character of that prince, their performances became very pronounced indeed in the matter of licence. . But as the eighteenth century went on, and Europe became the scene of general war among all the powers, the puppets, of course, became the mirror and chronicle of the time. Elaborate military spectacles were all the fashion, and epigram gave way to cannon. When the fierce storm of the Revolution swept over France, the marionettes took the prevailing sanguinary sentiment. As the grimmest episode to be found in the history of the puppets, we will mention one fact, vouched for by Camille Desmoulins, when he was pleading for a return to clemency—a plea which made Robespierre send him, with Danton, to the scaffold. During the time that the axe was taking off the heads of one of the “batches” sent regularly to Sanson, the marionettes, *near the scaffold*, were dividing the attention of the fierce-frivolous crowd on the Place de la Révolution, gathered to feast their eyes on the hecatomb. The performance on the miniature stage ended with the execution of Polichinelle by a miniature guillotine ! Surely nothing in the history of civilised nations surpasses the grotesque grimness of this incident—nothing throws greater light on the public feeling of the time. Curiously enough, Polichinelle is supposed in his original form of hump and figure to have been a caricature of the gallant Henri Quatre. Hence his royal descent naturally marked him out among his companions, in those fierce days of equality by slaughter, as the figure who was to be selected to mount the guillotine. It is not, by the way, generally known that Punch, as regards his profile, figure, and gesture, is imagined to have originated as a sort of skit on *the* popular King of France.

Spain in her *titeres* loved marionettes as well as did any other of their admirers. But, on looking into their history, we find stamped on their performances the dominant national character. All readers of “Don Quixote” will recall the knight’s onset on the figures. And they were of the usual type. As has been mentioned, Torriani, the engineer, so greatly improved the Spanish figures as to much enhance their reputation. They were in Cervantes’ day much larger than in other lands, a cart being usually necessary to transport them from place to place. The characters were essentially those of Spanish legend and history. Knights errant, Paynim giants, magicians, lovely princesses, enchanters, and others, were the usual *dramatis personæ*. Nay, so national was the miniature stage, that a bull-fight was frequently represented, and, as may be expected, was one of the most popular performances. The Spanish marionettes enjoyed special advantages,

having an undisputed right of entry into fairs and towns, and being considered as part of the national life. Charles V. himself took much interest in mechanical figures after his abdication, and to this to some extent can be traced the fondness of the upper ranks for the *titeres*; but as to the populace in general, the love of the mimic actors and actresses is at least as old in Spain as mediæval times. Another and, as might be expected, most favourite subject for representation was the conquest of Mexico, and that romantic drama of history was always one of the best dishes a *titerero* who desired to succeed could place before his patrons. Government interfered little, if at all. The genius of the Spaniards was not satirical as regarded their rulers. Authority was one of the *cosas de España*, unquestioned, whatever it might seem. Tragedy, too, such as Racine or Corneille loved, was very marked in the Spanish marionettes. Thus, at Valencia was a famous and favourite *titeres* stage, whereon was represented, in most "legitimate" fashion, the tragedy of "The Death of Seneca." In this lugubrious drama realism was carried on the miniature stage to so complete an extent that the great philosopher was put to death in his bath, reversing the Horatian rule, *coram populo*; and the manner of his execution being phlebotomy, the blood flowing from his arms was imitated by the manipulation of a red ribbon! Legends, traditions, and ballads seem to have always been the staple material for the performances of the Spanish marionettes; and it will be remembered that this is the colouring of the play which the puppets who so excited Don Quixote's ire were about to perform. In the most despotic days the *titeres* were unusually free from State interference, probably from the difference between the scope of their ambition and that of the French and Italian marionettes, who were vigilantly watched by the lynx-eyed authorities. Politics, save in the way of *pronunciamientos* of modern growth in the army, had little interest for the Castilian; and his puppet-shows, much to their own benefit, reflected the national character, which then, as now, dwelt as much in the dreamy contemplation of the past as in the view of the present.

In Germany the puppets are older than anywhere, going back to the eleventh century, when, as now, the carving of figures from wood was a general accomplishment in certain districts. The *Puppenspiel*, in the fifteenth century, came into general Teutonic favour. Mystical romance of the Hartz-mountain type was the favourite *motif*. As time went on, a compound of heavy humour and very gruesome suggestion, not uncommon in some of the illustrated German children's books, became common in the *Puppen's* performances. In fact, the German marionettes—and the Dutch, who borrowed from them—had

a style which was quite distinctive from those of any other country. Frightfully hideous faces, and jests of a blood-curdling facetiousness, were mingled with jack-pudding fun in some of the popular plays. In one very favourite performance there is an incident which was highly popular, and which forcibly illustrates what we have been saying. A gibbet with a corpse on it stands in the path of a prodigal rioter. The wind swings the form to and fro. By-and-by the limbs fall off in succession, followed by the trunk and head. In ghastly verisimilitude the disconnected members gradually re-form themselves, and the corpse, rising, pursues the wayfarer off the stage. But in fairness it must be said that the prevalence of this and similar performances, in which profanity and nonsense were sometimes conjoined with ghastliness, became very much diminished, and the class of performance much improved after the middle of the last century.

Collision with the ruling powers was at one time a very common experience of the German marionettes, following the close censorship exercised as to the regular stage. This so circumscribed the scope of its action that audiences deserted the theatre proper and crowded to the marionettes, whereupon authority turned its attention to the puppets. Thus, in 1731, a very elaborate play, introducing Peter of Russia and Mentschikoff, the alternately mighty and exiled minister, was very popular in many German towns, coming at last to Berlin. There, however, on the ground that great offence would be given to the Russian court, the marionettes found their play peremptorily forbidden. During the height of the French Revolution the Prussian Government went further. They ordered the cessation of the majority of marionette performances, as being calculated to spread the views of the Terrorists ; and for many years after the puppets were not allowed to perform in Berlin proper, but confined to the suburbs. In fact, Prussia took a leaf from the book of the *ancien régime* in France, and instituted a persistently vigorous censorship of the miniature stage. Among the grim personages who always held leading places in the German puppet-shows was the headsman, who for centuries was a prominent figure in Teutonic life, as alluded to in "Anne of Geierstein," and who performed various functions more grim and unpopular or opprobrious. To the German puppets one unique honour belongs: Goethe's favourite amusement in his boyhood was a marionette theatre, which was a present from his grandfather, and he relates in "Wilhelm Meister" how great was his liking for his performers. Later on in life he took the first idea of his *Faust* from the puppets, although we may patriotically remember that long before his time our own "Kit Marlow," the Elizabethan dramatist (too little

read now, but the author of some immortal plays), had first put the tragedy into English dramatic verse. Nor is it to be forgotten, to the credit of the German marionettes, that Haydn in his early days composed some operas for them.

Lastly, as showing into what distant and barbarous regions the marionettes have travelled, may be mentioned the fact that Clarke, the traveller, alludes in his "Travels in Various Countries" to finding them in Tartary and highly appreciated among the wild Cossacks of the Don.

F. G. WALTERS.

PROGRESS IN RUSSIA.

SO rapid has been the progress of Russia during this century that even an English reader who derives his ideas of the country from Dostoieffsky's novels has already to recast his opinions. Every Englishman wishes for Russia representative institutions ; but how or within what time would any Parliament have passed a measure like the emancipation of the serfs? Whatever faults Russian autocracy may have, that of a stationary conservatism is the last that can be brought against it. Let us recall some of the changes of more recent date. Before 1862 justice was conducted in private sittings. That year saw publicity accorded to the trials of accused men, the introduction of juries for non-political offences, the separation of judicial from executive functions, the introduction of irremovable and well-paid judges chosen by the Government instead of by the local nobility. The knout has been abolished. Every district now elects a magistrate every three years for the decision of minor offences, and the principle of election enters into the district assemblies, which decide all matters of local interest. A law of 1867 abolished the hereditary character of livings in the Church. The restrictions on travel as well as the high fees for foreign passports have also been abolished.

But it is only when we take long intervals of time that historical progress can be properly appreciated, and just as we realise our own progress best by comparing the reign of Queen Victoria, say, with that of Elizabeth, so only by recalling the leading features of Russia three centuries ago can we thoroughly perceive the progress that has been achieved in all those details of social life which make up our idea of civilisation.

And first, it is a curious reflection that but for England, Holland, and Italy, the modern Russia, which so many of us dread, might never have come into existence at all. She would have succumbed, in all probability, to Sweden and Poland, or been reduced again to vassalage under the Tartar hordes. The Ivans of Russian history, and especially Ivan the Terrible, had the foresight to appreciate the

advantages of an extended commerce with the West. Guns and pistols were at that time unknown to the Tartars ; and Horsey has related how easy a victory the Czar gained over them by the help of a body of Scotchmen armed with these weapons, and how the Tartars fled before "those new devils with their thundering puffs." For improved engines of war, for lessons in strategy, for a better knowledge of fortification, Russia was mainly indebted to Italian instruction ; but it was to England that Ivan IV. sent, when sorely pressed by Sweden and Poland, for gunpowder, copper, lead, and other munitions of war, and it was England that readily sold them to him. Before Ivan's time no mines were worked in Russia, and the only condition on which he would allow the English to search for iron was that they should teach his subjects how to smelt it. The kings of Sweden and Poland had foresight enough to endeavour to check this growing trade with England ; but it was all in vain, and King Sigismund to little purpose wrote to Queen Elizabeth to put a stop to a navigation which, he said, tended "to the open destruction of all Christian and liberal nations," and caused the Muscovite, "the enemy to all liberty under heaven, daily to grow mightier." Curious that Sigismund should have anticipated by some 300 years the very ideas which ultimately drove us into the Crimean war, and which still imperil our peace and prosperity ! But the prohibition by our Government, in 1561, to transport armour or artillery to Russia, though it can hardly have been efficacious, looks as if even then some fear was felt of the possible power of the Muscovite.

But, besides thus assisting the growth of Russia, we sent her at the same period artisans and goldsmiths, surgeons and physicians. And a doctor's calling then in Russia can have been no pleasant one, for he ran the risk of being punished as a sorcerer if he failed of a cure, or of even being executed if his patient were of the blood royal. A Jewish doctor was publicly executed under Ivan III. for not having prevented, and so for having caused, the death of the Czarevitch.

The punishment for sorcery was to be roasted alive in a cage of heated iron ; and the belief in, and practice of, sorcery was widely prevalent. The most credible calumny against Sylvester and Adachef, the ministers of Ivan IV., was that they had deprived him of his wife, Anastasia, by wicked enchantments. If Horsey may be trusted, Ivan IV. himself sent, shortly before his death, for sixty witches from Lapland, to calculate the length of his days by the signs in the heavens. Kourbsky tells how, at the siege of Kasan by Ivan IV., the Tartar magicians appeared every day at sunrise on

the walls of the town, and by their arts caused torrents of rain to flood the besiegers' camp; and how the Russians counteracted this device by sending to Moscow for the miraculous cross of the Czars, wherewith to bless some water for the purification of the ground.

It is only possible to glance at some of these absurdities of superstition, which in Russia, as elsewhere, filled so large a part of human life. The evening before the Blessing of the Waters, the famous ceremony still annually performed, the Russians used to mark crosses with chalk over every door and window in their houses, lest the devil, when conjured out of the water, should find an asylum in their domiciles. Perhaps they do so still. Letters of recommendation to St. Nicholas were placed in the fingers of the dead; and new shoes were placed on their feet for the long journey before them. Female mourners used to howl over the dead, often asking them, as is so common in savage life, for what reason they died. People were loath to plough, or sail, or ride, or even walk, without first a prayer from the priest. Hermits, or prophets, used to live in the woods or run naked about the villages, wearing long hair, and iron collars round their necks. Fletcher speaks of them as highly favoured of the people, because they alone dared to attack the crimes of the great. One hermit, indeed, who was wont to inveigh against Ivan IV. in Moscow itself, was canonized at his death, had miracles performed at his shrine, and received devotional visits from the highest in the land in the church that held his bones.

Ivan IV. strove to put down all these Pagan superstitions, and especially the follies of the hermit custom; but he who contends with superstition renews the experience of Hercules with the Hydra. It is curious that in the ukase condemning these and other abuses in 1552 the shaving of beards and moustaches is more severely condemned than even drinking or gambling. "Of all these heretical customs not one is more reprehensible than shaving the beard, a fault that all the blood of a martyr would not redeem. To shave the beard in order to please men is to violate all laws, and to make oneself the enemy of God, who created men in His image." Everyone remembers how the very reverse of this—namely, the compulsory shaving of beards, was among the most noted reforms of Peter the Great. So unstable is human legislation! Yet how tenaciously Ivan's view of the beard maintained its hold is well illustrated by the story of the carpenter, who told Captain Perry that, in spite of Peter, he still carefully kept his beard, that had been removed by

¹ Marmier's *Lettres sur la Russie*, ii. 55.

compulsion, and meant to have it buried with him in his coffin to account for to St. Nicholas.

The clergy throve on this general state of ignorance and superstition, and did their best to perpetuate it. The first printing house set up in Moscow, with Ivan the Terrible's encouragement, was burnt to the ground, "as was thought," says Fletcher, "by the procurement of the clergymen." The strenuous opposition so long offered to all foreign influences resulted from the efforts of the clergy to prevent innovation. Possevin, the Jesuit, speaks of the contempt then felt for all languages but Russian; among all Ivan's councillors he mentions only one as acquainted with Latin. Peter the Great made a knowledge of Latin compulsory on the clergy, who even in his day are said to have sought to prevent the dispersion of translations from foreign books relating to the arts, to war, or to divinity.

The law of the Church, as it affected daily life, was, in the letter at least, most severe. In the Demostroi, by the monk Sylvester, cards, dances, the chase, even chess, are forbidden; the pleasures of music and song, or sports with bears, dogs, or hawks, are threatened with punishment hereafter. Nevertheless, fights between men and bears in a walled arena formed the favourite entertainment of holy days; just as our own Queen Elizabeth diverted herself with witnessing bear-baiting after church on Sunday afternoons. Fasting was more successfully enforced; for seven consecutive weeks in Lent many contented themselves with bread and water on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, abstaining totally on all other days. During the first week of Lent the Metropolitan was supposed to touch neither food nor drink, whilst for the Czar himself one piece of bread and one draught of water sufficed for the day. During the same week, too, no one who regarded his reputation might be seen out of doors. Probably Russians are wiser nowadays, but they suffered long and persistently in the cause of abstinence, for so late as the first half of the eighteenth century we find General Manstein assigning it as one of the causes of the great sickness then prevalent in the Russian armies that for three-quarters of the year the soldiers abstained from flesh meat, scorning all dispensations granted by the Synod during the time of campaign, and preferring to die than to break their fast.

But all this abstinence was fully compensated for at permissible times. Karamsin alludes to the copious repasts of the rich and the little exercise they took as contributing to that state of obesity which used to pass for a distinction and in spite of which life was frequently

prolonged to a hundred, or even a hundred and twenty years.¹ The love of drink, too, reigned in Russia as it reigned nowhere else. All the early travellers, at all events, agree in noticing drunkenness as the predominant Russian vice, and Chancelor expressed his belief that no other people could compare with the Russians on this point. For fifteen days after the feast of St. Nicholas, says Barberini, they did nothing else but drink in their houses or the streets day and night.² From Easter Sunday to Shrove Sunday few Russians (according to Jenkinson) were sober, nor did they account it any shame to be drunk day after day. At weddings it was usual for all persons to drink too much ; but on feast days, after service, when persons of distinction retired to drink, the common citizens and merchants would return to their work, as "thinking it more holy to stoop to labour than idly to waste their substance and their time in drinking, playing, and so forth." The vice actually turned to the commercial advantage of England, for on account of their drinking less our traders became more popular than the Russians among the people about the Caspian Sea. Writes an English agent to his principals: "They are sorry that we doe trade into these partes, or we are better beloved than they are ; because they are given to be drunkards, they are much hated of these people." The credit belongs to the second Empress Anna (1741) of putting a stop to the fashion of drinking at Court, and the Russians have gradually lost the evil pre-eminence they once enjoyed in the matter of this baneful vice. In the year 1858 we read of whole villages uniting together in temperance societies.

The clergy, according to Fletcher, reflected both the ignorance and the manners of their flocks ; and there appears to have been no instruction given to the latter, by preaching or otherwise, save on two stated days of the year, when every ecclesiastic, from the Metropolitan of Moscow downwards, read an exhortation to their congregations against treason and malice. But the clergy were rich, especially the *black* clergy—that is, the monastic, as opposed to the *white*, or parochial, clergy—and their power was in keeping with their revenues. The Metropolitan was really above the Czar ; Jenkinson goes so far as to speak of him as "next to God, after our Lady and St. Nicholas." At the annual Blessing of the Waters the Czar followed the Metropolitan in the procession, and would stand on the ice during the ceremony, whilst the head of the Church sat in a chair. And on Palm Sunday, when the Metropolitan, or later the Patriarch, rode in procession from church to church, with a book in one hand and a

¹ x. 366.

² *Viaggi di Moscovia*, 201.

golden crucifix in the other, the Czar had not only to lead his horse on foot by the bridle, but actually received 200 roubles in payment for the service. So in the chief towns on the same day the Wojevod did by the bishop. The custom lasted till Peter the Great took in hand to reform the relations between the clergy and the State. In this matter Peter but followed the lead of Ivan IV. He placed the clergy under the secular power with regard to crimes. He compelled the rich monasteries to pay taxes and to contribute to his men-of-war. By allowing no one under fifty to enter a monastery, he placed limits on that "infinite rabble" of monks spoken of by Fletcher in the sixteenth century, when for security and peace so many flocked into the monastic life. Before his reforms it appears to have been a capital offence for any one to leave Russia without the consent of the Patriarch; and in nothing did Peter give more offence to the clergy than by taking or sending young nobles to travel abroad. It was regarded as a violation of the prohibition to the children of Israel to have any communion with the neighbouring nations. They feared, says Perry, "that it would be a means of corrupting them in the principles of their religion."

According to Heidenstein, the sixteenth-century Russians detested all who differed from them in religion as barbarians, and would have nothing to do with them. This feeling was carried so far that when the Czar received foreign ambassadors he had water brought to him wherewith to wash the pollution from his hands. It was difficult for any foreigner to obtain admission into a Russian church. But the Russian Government at all events has generally shown a tolerant spirit towards foreign religions. Ivan IV. allowed the free exercise of all religions throughout his dominions, and had a Lutheran church built at Moscow for the use of foreign officers in his army. Peter the Great allowed foreigners to have their churches in St. Petersburg, and himself assisted at the service of the French church. The colonies of German Lutherans established by Catherine II. were "indulged in the free exercise of their religion."¹ Gautier has remarked how Lessing would have delighted in the Nevsky Prospect at St. Petersburg, where nearly every creed follows its own cult in its own church.

But it may be suspected that this toleration went against the grain of the Greek Church. Otherwise, why did Peter the Great, before starting to Astracan in 1722, publish the following excellent ordinance: "Although we have long since granted liberty of religion in our empire to all Christian sects, we perceive the necessity of

¹ W. Richardson's *Anecdotes*, 70.

reiterating and confirming it anew, so that we declare that we will not meddle at all with affairs of conscience, although we should have the power, by the absolute power given us by God ; we wish, on the contrary, that each Christian should take on himself the care of his own happiness. We order that this be adhered to, and, in virtue of the custom already established, no one be arrested or annoyed in the public exercise of his private religion, but that he be, on the contrary, protected and maintained in an entire liberty ; and if it happens that in some places of our empire there be neither priest nor church, each shall have the right, not only of performing his devotion in his own house, but also the liberty of there assembling those of his own worship for that purpose.”¹

The Jews and the Roman Catholics would certainly have something to say against the religious toleration of Russia, and the toleration at all times applied rather to foreigners than to natives. The persecution of the Jews a few years ago was but a fresh chapter of a very old story. The worst act of persecution by the Greek Church was that of the Jews by the Archbishop of Novgorod, near the end of the fifteenth century.² Menchikoff, who ruled for Peter II., issued orders for their irrevocable banishment ; and it is said that they had no share in the toleration even of the second Catherine.³ They were again banished in the reign of Elizabeth (1741-62). Before the ukase of 1835 they had no rights at law ; and since that time they have been admitted to the universities and to university degrees.⁴

Dissent has always maintained a firm root in Russia, has taken many extravagant forms, and met with varying treatment at the hands of the State. The Greek orthodox clergy have always been “the fanatical adversaries of the whole Raskol.” The latter seem to have originated with the so-called Old Believers, or people who would not consent to the reforms of the patriarch Nikon in the correction of the Slav texts of the sacred books (1654), and who on these old corrupt texts founded all sorts of absurd rules and practices. Besides these Old Believers were the Strugglers of the Spirit, the Milk-drinkers, the Scoptsi (who followed the famous example of Origen), and others. Communism entered largely into the life of these sects, and some refused to pray for the Czár or the royal family. They held the keeping of church registers as a deadly sin, on account of David’s chastisement for numbering the people. But perhaps their most distinctive feature was their insistence on making the sign of the cross with two fingers instead of with three ;

¹ Galitzin, *La Russie au 18^e siècle*. 415.

² Chantreau’s *Voyage Philosophique*, i. 145.

³ Marmier, ii. 50.

⁴ Bremner, i. 267.

they said that to make it with three was a denial of the Trinity, and so high did this dispute run after the death of Peter the Great that 1,000 persecuted families are said to have taken refuge in Poland. Some of the sectaries periodically expected the end of the world, dressing in white on such days, or lying as corpses in holes to await the event. At first they were excommunicated ; then they were left to ridicule, and till lately they had a church at St. Petersburg.

People of these persuasions could hardly perhaps expect complete toleration. At all events the amount they have enjoyed of it has proved a variable quantity. Even Peter the Great is said to have tried torture for the conversion of certain fanatics, who not only abhorred image worship and regarded smoking as a sin, but also thought all property unchristian.¹ Peter also, though for the most part he left the sectaries at peace, compelled those at Moscow to pay double taxes, to wear a particular dress, and to attend church every Sunday. Under Elizabeth there was a great movement against all religious dissent, whole tribes being driven into revolt in some quarters. During this time 53 sectaries burnt themselves to death at one place, 172 at another. Their number in the department of Nijni-Novgorod alone fell from 45,000 to 5,000. Peter III., Elizabeth's nephew, reversed all this ; recalled the fugitives from the woods and deserts, and gave them lands in Siberia, for "even Mahometans and idolaters are tolerated in the empire, and the Raskolniks are Christians." So, again, the toleration of Catherine II. protected the Raskolniks, and even freed them from the double tax they had paid for their opinions since Peter the Great. But it is clear that, extensive as religious toleration has generally been in Russia, it has never been really free from that taint of imperfection which attaches to all things human. Nevertheless, religious ideas touch so closely on laws and government, that much which from one standpoint may be called persecution may from another be regarded as matter of police.

The material prosperity of Russia, however much it still leaves to be desired, has so far improved that it has passed into a national proverb that "No one dies of hunger in Russia." Yet three centuries ago Jenkinson said that "a great number of poor people" died daily in Moscow for want of sustenance, or, supporting life in summer on roots and grasses, were often reduced in winter to making bread of straw, whilst the bark of trees passed "as good meat with them at all times." Jenkinson thought no people in the world (and he had seen

¹ Holman's *Travels*, i. 137.

a good deal of it) lived so miserably as the Russian poor. Fletcher speaks of the vagrant and begging poor as "almost infinite," and so pinched with famine as to beg "after a violent and desperate manner." The nobility and soldiery robbed the peasantry with impunity, and so systematic was the oppression of the latter that they were debarred from the practice of all arts and learning, and so strictly forbidden to travel that death and confiscation were the penalties for trying to cross the closely-guarded borders. They hid their property in monasteries, underground, or in woods ; no one liked the amount of his property to be known, and many (as in Ireland) dressed badly to avert the suspicion of wealth. This, too, before the poor had become serfs in the reign of Boris Godounoff.

The result of all this was a widespread depopulation. The poor fled from ill-usage, leaving whole towns and villages empty. Fletcher saw some fifty deserted villages within 100 miles. Possevin says that distances of 300 miles were to be seen without a single inhabitant, and whole villages standing desolate. Forests increased over lands once cultivated. But, of course, wars and Tartar ravages and pestilences were potent contributory causes of this state of things ; and it may be doubted whether the population of Russia is much greater now than it was in the middle of the sixteenth century, when its populousness struck Chancelor, before the causes of diminution had come into full play.

In olden times the position of women in Russia was deplorable, and, as elsewhere, it has only improved by degrees. Herberstein declares that no woman was deemed virtuous unless she lived in domestic seclusion and was never seen outside home ; and Jenkinson says that, except on their way to church at Christmas and Easter or when paying visits, it was an accident if you ever saw a Russian lady. This habit has survived more or less even to this century, for Bremner speaks of the women as "guarded with oriental seclusion," and Théophile Gautier attests the same thing. So strong in the sixteenth century was the prejudice against women that even fowls or animals killed by their hands were regarded as unclean ; and often, if their husbands were absent, they might be seen standing at their doors and begging some passer-by to perform for them the butcher's office. Not infrequently the murder of husbands avenged the maltreatment of wives ; to meet which a law was ordained that for this crime women should be buried with their heads only above the ground, there to be left till they were starved to death.

In olden days marriages were always arranged by intermediaries, and no one would have dreamed of conducting his own suit. One

of the most popular changes effected by Peter the Great was the regulation that no couple should be married without the consent of both parties, and that they should be allowed to meet for at least six weeks before marriage. The intending bridegroom sent his future wife such symbolical presents as needles and thread, raisins and fruit, and a whip. On the wedding day there was always the show of resistance on the part of the bride, so common everywhere ; the bride would resist to the uttermost leaving her house to go to the church, and would sob and make a great noise all the way thither.¹ In the church it was etiquette for her to fall down at her husband's feet, and to knock her head on his shoe in token of her subjection. It is said that for three days after marriage she risked her character if she spoke more than a few words at meal-time, "with great manners and reverence" to her husband.² It was customary for husbands to make their wives and daughters an allowance for paint, and so fond were the ladies of this mode of adornment that Jenkinson compared them to millers' wives who looked as if they had been beaten about the face with bags of meal.

There was a strong feeling against the lawfulness of second marriages, and fourth marriages were looked upon as altogether unchristian. Ivan IV. married six times, but the people refused to pray for the son of his sixth wife in the churches, deeming it necessary to draw the line somewhere, even for a Czar. When husband and wife wished to separate, it seems to have been enough for them to stand on opposite sides of a stream and to pull a piece of thread in two, to symbolise the pulling apart of their own lives. And often husbands, in expectation of death, would make themselves monks and leave their wives to their fate ; in this case, however, they could not remarry them if they recovered. But probably the lot of the weaker sex was neither better nor worse than it was in other countries. They were not regarded as incapable of inheritance, daughters having an indefeasible claim to a fourteenth part of their parents' fortunes ; and credit must be given to Ivan IV. for having decreed in his law assessing the fines payable for insults according to a scale of rank, that in such cases a woman should be entitled to double the sum that would be due to her husband for the same offence.

But perhaps the progress of Russia will appear most marked if we take the change in the penal laws culminating in the abolition of the knout. Take, for instance, the old punishment of debtors. Three hundred years ago these might be seen standing in rows of forty or fifty every morning from eight to eleven, and being beaten with

¹ Hakluyt, i. 360.

² Fletcher's *Russian Commonwealth*, 102.

cudgels on their shins and calves. After their daily beating, they were kept closely in chains, and if after a year they were still debtors, themselves, wives, and children were sold as slaves for life or for a term of years, according to the amount of the debt. Women as well as men were liable to this daily beating. As compared with the English penal laws of the time, the early travellers seem to have been impressed with the superior humanity of the Russian. Theft, for instance, was not usually punished capitally, as in England: impunity, or the law of mercy, applied to the first offence, but a thief lost his nose on the second occasion, his life only on the third. Herberstein even denies that thefts or murders were punished capitally, but only crimes of great enormity, for which hanging was the usual penalty. But sometimes beheading was resorted to; Fletcher must mean impaling when he speaks of "setting on a stake"; and many prisoners were kept till the winter, when they were knocked on the head and pushed under the ice. Impalement, quartering, and such fearful punishments seem to have lasted till the middle of the last century for political offences. But more suffering has probably been incurred in Russia, as elsewhere, in the extortion of evidence than in the punishment of actual guilt; and judges used to attach weight to evidence procured by knouting, or roasting, or breaking a man's ribs with hot tongs.

But with the strong vein of cruelty that pervaded Russian (not more indeed than it pervaded any other) penal legislation, a leaning to humanity has always been apparent. The same people that are famous for Siberia and the knout used to release all prisoners and recall all exiles at the beginning of every fresh reign, and to release debtors from the city gaols on the feast of the Annunciation. The Czar Alexis reminded his first Minister that he was not Czar for the purpose of destroying his subjects, and he is said never to have signed a death warrant without tears.¹ Elizabeth vowed never to inflict capital punishment, and abolished it by ukase; whilst Catherine was the first European monarch to adopt in legislation the principles of Beccaria in condemnation of torture. Even with regard to Siberia, about which there has been so much exaggeration in England, prisoners no longer walk to that country, and many of the worst abuses have been removed. Bremner, writing forty years ago, could even then say: "The greater part of the Siberian exiles are by no means severely treated; they are more colonists than convicts, and have it in their power not only to live in comfort, but to secure the comfort of those about them."²

¹ *Chantreau*, ii. 225.

² *Ibid.* ii. 92.

Enough has perhaps been now said to show that Russia is by no means the backward stationary country so fondly imagined by many political writers and novelists. Few countries, if any, have advanced more than Russia within three centuries in every department of life. She is, of course, like ourselves, still far from perfection ; but it answers no good purpose to ignore the progress that has been achieved, a progress that has been as real as our own, and shows as few signs of abatement.

J. A. FARRER.

THE WHEEL AND THE GALLOWS.

AMONG our national institutions the gallows still holds its place, though assailed by humanitarians ; displaced in France by the guillotine, it remains among us, and it is an institution that dates back from the remotest antiquity. The wheel, a kindred institution with the gallows in France and Germany, has been abolished everywhere, and that has its history and origin almost certainly as ancient, if not as well authenticated, as the gibbet.

Both are older than Christianity in Europe, and with Christianity completely altered their significance.

A monograph by M. Henri Gaidoz, on the Gaulish god of the sun, describes numerous figures of the deity, and altars and other monuments that have been found in France, representing him with the wheel as his symbol. The god sometimes bears the thunderbolt in one hand and the wheel, with five or eight spokes, in the left. One statue of the god in the museum at Avignon has a ten-spoked wheel in his right hand, and the eagle of Jove at his feet.

Among the Teutonic races and Norsemen, Woden or Odin, the god of the wind and sky, was also a sun-god, and was represented holding a golden wheel. He was also said to be one-eyed, that one eye being the sun. As the Romanised Gaul identified his wheel-bearing sun-god with Jupiter, so did the Frankised Gaul identify Woden with his old god of the solar orb.

The wheel of this deity was not forgotten when Christianity became general, and the western wheel windows in cathedrals are reminiscences of it. At Chartres, in stained glass, Christ is represented at the Transfiguration, when "his face did shine as the sun," on a wheel of eight spokes. The wheels of fortune—of which a window in the cathedral of Basle gives a representation—are another survival. Another, still more curious, is the wheels suspended in some Brittany churches, hung with bells, which are pulled by petitioners during mass, and which give, or are supposed to give, oracular answers to the petitioners.

At the solstices the wheel of the sun played a great part. The

summer solstice (June 25) was converted into a Christian festival, and a varnish was given to old solar rites ; but to this day in the Bavarian highlands, in Carinthia, in the Ardennes, the Vosges, and in many other places, on that eve a wheel is set on fire and rolled from the tops of hills, or is whirled about in the air. Indeed a monk of Winchelscombe, of the reign of Henry VI., in speaking of the customs observed on Midsummer Day, says that the wheel was then rolled in England. Another writer, of the time of the Reformation, relates how the wheel was wrapped in straw and set on fire and then rolled down a hill, and he adds that the appearance was that of a falling sun. He considers this a papal superstition, but it was much more ancient; it derived from heathen times.

There can be little doubt that the famous labarum, the symbol under which Constantine defeated Maxentius, and which was composed of the Greek first letters of the name of Christ within a circle, is an adaptation of the sun-wheel. The account which Eusebius gives of the vision of Constantine which led to the adoption of the labarum shows its association with the sun. The labarum was a wheel of six rays, with a loop at the head of the central upright, which represented the P and was crossed by the X. The appropriation of pagan symbols to which the faithful of the new religion gave a Christian signification is a fact well known in ecclesiology. As Didron says, "the Church made use of the art of antiquity to serve her own ends." The saying needs modification. It was not so much the Church, which would have been content to do without pagan associations, as the people, who insisted on retaining the material symbols of their ancient belief, and would not be persuaded to abandon them, so that the Church was forced to allow them to be retained, and sought to give to them a new significance.

We have no clear evidence that victims were immolated to the sun god on the wheel, but it is probable that such was the case. It is another thing altogether with regard to the gallows. We have the most distinct evidence that the gallows was used among our heathen Norse and Teuton ancestors as the proper instrument for offering human sacrifices to the great god Woden or Odin, who was both a wind and a sun god. Woden was a cruel deity, and he demanded victims, and the victims he demanded were human.

In the Elder Edda, a collection of very ancient poems relating to the Norse gods and heroes, who were the same as the gods and heroes of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers and of Franks and Burgundians, is one mysterious piece, supposed to be sung by Odin himself

as he hangs in the world-tree, a self-immolated victim, between heaven and earth, for nine nights :—

I know that I hung
In the wind-rocked tree,
Nine whole nights,
Wounded with a spear,
And to Odin offered
Myself to myself,
On that tree
Of which no man knows
From what root it springs.

As he thus hangs, himself the sacrifice offered to himself as god, he composes a song of twice nine runes, and the result of the twelfth is:—

If on a tree I see
A corpse swinging by a halter,
I can so grave runes
And them write,
That that man shall with me
Walk and converse.

That is to say, every victim hung on a tree becomes one of Odin's band with whom he rides in the storm blast, as the Wild Hunter, over the earth.

Unfortunately, the myth connected with this curious poem has not been preserved, but we can gather so much from it, that for some unknown purpose, Odin hung himself in the world-tree, whose roots are in hell and whose top is in heaven, and whose fruit are the stars ; that whilst there he was pierced with a spear ; and that thenceforth he claimed as his own all men hung, and such he took to form his spirit company.

In one of the early Norse sagas we have a story of a king called Vikarr, who desired to dedicate himself to the god. Accordingly, he had a gallows erected before his palace, and got a friend to fasten a halter round his neck, and hang him on the gibbet. Another story tells of a woman who, to gain her husband's love by brewing a good vat of ale, hung her son to the god.

At Lethra, in Denmark, every nine years ninety-nine men, and as many horses, were hung in honour of the god ; and at Upsala numerous human victims dangled by the neck about the image of Odin.

After their great victory over the Romans the Cimbri and Teutones hung all their captives as a thankoffering to their gods ; and after the slaughter of the legions of Varus, the horses of the

Romans were found hung on the trees of the scene of defeat near the Westphalian Gate.

Indeed, one of the names of Odin was "the hanging god," either because he hung himself or because he was the deity who had victims hung up to him. He was also entitled the lord of the gallows, the world-tree. The great tree in which he hung, the tree which unites heaven and earth, of which the Christmas-tree is a reminiscence, was called Yggdrasil, which, being interpreted, means the horse of Ogre, for one of the names of Odin was Yggr, or the Ogre, and all the nursery tales and rhymes concerning ogres have reference to this great god of the English people. Jack mounts the beanstalk, and above the clouds encounters the one-eyed ogre who devours men. The seven-league-booted ogre is the sun striding over his diurnal course. Jack the Giant-Killer, who is a Cornishman, represents the Christian Briton fighting against the pagan Saxon impersonated as the great man-eating ogre.

Fee-fo-fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman ;
Whether he be alive, or whether he be dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread.

In this again we have a reference to Woden (Odin), who was also called "the miller," for the mutter and roll of the thunder was supposed to be the working of his heavenly quern, in which he ground up his human victims for his food. In the East—in the basin of the Euphrates and Tigris—the sun god was also represented with a wheel. On a representation of Shamash, the sun god, found at Sippar, before the enthroned god is a great wheel with eight rays, which is apparently made to rotate by a contrivance of ropes. Whether the ancient Chaldeans and Assyrians offered human sacrifices to their sun god we do not know, but there are two curious passages in the Book of Joshua which indicate a connection between the sun and hanging. Joshua hung the king of Ai "on a tree until eventide : and as soon as the sun was down, Joshua commanded that they should take his carcase down from the tree." So also with the five kings taken in Gibeon. "He hanged them on five trees : and they were hanging upon the trees until the evening. And it came to pass, at the time of the going down of the sun, that Joshua commanded, and they took them down off the trees."

Originally, victims were either free-will offerings, or were picked from among the noblest and best of the land. So we hear of a Norse king that he sacrificed one of his sons every ten years, and of the Swedes in time of famine sacrificing their king. When Agathocles

came before the walls of Carthage, the Carthaginians chose out two hundred boys of the best families, and three hundred more offered themselves freely. These were all sacrificed to obtain from the gods delivery from Agathocles. On another occasion, the general Maleus, to obtain the favour of the gods, clothed his son Castalo in royal purple, put a gold crown on his head, and, so arrayed, nailed him to a cross. Indeed, so deeply had, in some places, the idea sunk into the general conscience that the victim must be of the best, that in Genoa, in the middle ages, long after all idea of the true significance of an execution was lost, a criminal was *ennobled* before he was hung.

In one of the Norse sagas we are told of a king's daughter, who, on hearing of her father's death in battle, hung herself in a place dedicated to the gods. Her father, having died in battle, had gone to feast with Odin in Walhalla, and her only chance of rejoining him was by this means which she adopted. Were she to die in her bed she would descend to the nether world of Hela.

Probably it was not found easy to obtain free-willed victims after a while, and then, as Odin demanded his supply, it was made up with captives taken in war; and later still, when wars were not so frequent, with criminals.

In the West of England, in numerous places are fields, situated in lonely spots, that go by the name of gallows-traps, and the popular saying concerning them is that whosoever sets foot in them is predestined to be hung. The probable origin of this superstition is that these were actual traps for the unwary, who, should they be found treading on this hallowed ground, were pounced on and strung up to the god of sun and gale. When it was found difficult to supply the god with prisoners and criminals in certain districts a parcel of land was set apart to Odin, and it was thought that whosoever—of course a child or a stranger—incautiously entered this plot had been drawn thither by the deity, and chosen by him as his victim. All scruple was stifled, and the unfortunate was seized and devoted to the gibbet-god. We cannot say for certain that this is the origin of the gallows-traps, but it is the most probable explanation of their existence, and of the superstitious dread that still attaches to them; it is, moreover, in accordance with similar institutions elsewhere.

Mention has already been made of Joshua hanging the kings of Canaan till the going down of the sun. Those of the Israelites before, who "were joined to Baalpeor," were treated by Moses in like manner. He was ordered to "take the heads (*i.e.* princes) of the people and hang them up before the Lord against the sun;" that is, because the princes of Israel had given themselves up to the

worship of Baal, the sun-god, therefore they were crucified or hung facing the sun, in the customary way in which victims were offered to him. It is probable that Joshua in like manner hung the kings with their faces to the sun to show his scorn of their god, Baal, who had been unable to help them, nay, who, as the sun, had been forced to stand still to assist in the rout of his votaries.

It is interesting to see hanging associated with solar worship, but among the Norse and Teutonic nations it was in all probability connected with Odin rather as the god of the wind than as the sun, and that death on the wheel was the mode of sacrifice to him or to whatever other god was worshipped as the deity of the wheel. This god among the Teutonic peoples was Fro. In 1653, when the tomb of Childeric was opened at Tournai, a gold ox head was found in it with a wheel of nine spokes on the forehead, and such a wheel was used as an amulet very generally. Gaulish helmets represented on the arch at Orange are horned, with wheels between the horns. On a Merovingian funeral monument at Metz the nine-spoked wheel figures on the breast, just as later did the cross.

The wheel symbolised not the sun only, but also the lightning. It was used as a means of kindling a fire by turning it rapidly about on an axle. In the island of Mull, till the introduction of lucifer matches, this method of kindling a fire was customary.

Considering the sacredness of the symbol of the wheel, it is rendered most probable that victims to the sun were offered by entwining their limbs about the nine spokes, and then erecting the wheel on a long pole, so as to expose the victim's face to the sky. We find this method of execution of criminals in Europe, and it is probably, like hanging, a survival of a sacrifice to the sun.

The Romans knew of fastening a criminal round the tire of a wheel and then rolling it; this was the *inligare in currus* of Livy; but among the German nations the other was the form of execution. Gallonius, in his book on martyrdoms of the saints, gives several plates representing the torture of the wheel, and in his text quotes his authorities. In the first a man bound to a wheel is rolled down a hill; in the next we have the man bound to the wheel with limbs twisted in and out among the spokes, set up in the sun; in the third a martyr bound about a wheel is turned over flames, and another over spikes. That the Greeks and Romans did sometimes employ the mode of twining the limbs among the spokes and exposing to a lingering death in the sun is almost certain. In one of the doubtful epistles of Phalaris it is particularised, but it was not common; and those acts of the martyrs which mention it are also

not genuine. It is, however, spoken of by Gregory of Tours in the sixth century. In 1310 the Parliament at Toulouse ordered the execution of a robber captain by the wheel, and Francis I., in 1535, decreed death on the wheel to all highwaymen. In 1226, Frederic, Count of Isenburg, the murderer of Engelbert, Bishop of Cologne, was thus executed, but his limbs were broken before he was affixed to the wheel. This was a modification, a concession to humanity, that came in with Christianity. Originally the victims were allowed to linger for many days on their wheels, bound in the most torturing contortions, and deprived of food and water. But even when their limbs were broken they lived for many hours. A still further concession to humanity came in the seventeenth century, when the criminals were beaten on the chest and neck with an iron bar. But this concession was not general, and in the sentence of the judges, order was given whether the execution was to take place "from below" or "from above." If from below, that signified that the extremities were to be struck with the bar, and only the final blow to be dealt on the breast.

Curtius, a French writer of the sixteenth century, describes the penalty of the wheel. "It is a mode of death more like that of the cross than of the gallows. In the first place the limbs are bound to four cross beams, then are broken with an iron bar ; after that the shattered body is taken off the cross and fastened to a wheel which is set upright, so that still living and feeling, still writhing, the victim may die slowly in the full glare of the sun, lying on his back, face upwards."

The last case of the use of the wheel in Germany was about 1840. It disappeared before the guillotine, as already said, from France, about fifty years earlier. Tacitus tells us that traitors and fugitives were hung among the Germans ; and in the Salic laws hanging is mentioned. Indeed all early Teutonic records of law and justice mention the gallows, and Snorro Sturlason, the Icelandic chronicler of the lives of the kings of Norway, speaks of it. It was usual to strip or half-strip the criminal who was hung, and sometimes to put a wooden hat filled with pitch on his head, which latter ran down over and closed his eyes. Gallows were wont to be erected on spots of land running out into the sea, and by rivers and firths. It seems to have been the mode of death appropriated to thieves, and in the laws of the Ripuarian Franks it is thus specified, so also among the Norsemen.

One remarkable fact remains to be noticed. In all religions the sacrifice becomes in some manner identified with the god to whom

offered, and partook of his virtue and power. Whether this is a mere confusion of ideas, or whether there is some logical sequence at bottom, we will not stop to inquire, but it remains a fact everywhere, that a feast follows a sacrifice, and that the partakers of the sacrifice believe themselves to be brought by participation into very close communion with the deity to whom the victim has been offered. The victim is supposed in some mysterious way to become invested with the attributes of the god, and to be a vehicle of communication between the god and the recipient of the flesh of the sacrifice.

Whether at any time a cannibal feast followed on an act of sacrifice on the wheel and the gallows we cannot say, but a whole series of superstitions exists connected with criminals who have suffered the extreme penalty of the law which points to something of the sort. An executioner throughout the middle ages and to the present day derived and derives a revenue from the sale of pieces of the cord and of other articles connected with the criminal who has suffered, and these relics are purchased and preserved, not out of a morbid love of horrors, but out of a real belief that they are beneficial, that they bring with them protection against accidents and are preservatives against disease. Not ten years ago, the writer was shown by a woman, by no means in the lower walks of life—in fact, a picture dealer—a small object in a frame. This she said was a bit of the *skin* of a certain famous murderer who had been hung, for which she had paid a guinea.

“And what on earth makes you preserve it?” was the natural inquiry.

“Oh!” replied the woman, “the house will never catch fire as long as that is in it, so we are saved the insurance money.”

The mutilation of bodies hung in chains was of frequent occurrence in former times, on account of the same and similar beliefs. The hands and the feet and hair of the dead were cut off. The former were constantly taken by thieves and burglars, who believed that the hand of the man hung would enable him to open any lock and enter any house with impunity.

The plunder of the gallows was sought in the early days of Christianity by those who were pagans at heart, and who thought by obtaining relics of those offered to the ancient gods they put themselves in relation, brought themselves into communion, with these old deities. The idea of an execution being a sacrifice to the old gods was gone out of the minds of those who had become Christians, and they held such executions to be infinitely disgraceful, not because they held the crimes in horror, but because the execution was in

some way associated with that ancient heathenism which they had been taught to abhor; but there always remained a substratum of the people who held to the ancient faith more or less intelligently. At length, even the remembrance of the gods to whom victims were offered on gallows and wheel was lost, and then only a dim and stupid superstition lingered on that relics of those who were executed or their crimes possessed some mysterious virtues.

The eagerness with which Christians in the early and middle ages sought after the relics of martyrs derives from the same belief. These witnesses to the truth had offered themselves as willing sacrifices to God, therefore their remains had become in a manner vehicles through which God operated miracles. The whole practice of the collection of relics and belief in their miraculous efficacy have no roots in Christianity, but derive entirely from heathen notions. It was like a vine, whose roots are outside a house, brought within, and which, under the protection of its glass roof, luxuriates and fruits profusely.

One word in conclusion on the word gallows. The old word for the gibbet is galg, and gallow is the low or place for the gibbet. When we remember that the gallows on which Odin hung is called Ogre's horse, it is interesting to note a popular riddle asked children in Yorkshire:

What is the horse that never was foaled,
That is rid by a rider below,
With a bridle, bitless, of tow,
Unshod with steel, silver, or gold?

The answer is—the gallows. A German designation of the gallows is the raven-stone, the raven being the bird of Odin.

S. BARING GOULD.

LETTERS OF THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

NOWHERE, perhaps, has the state of French society during the reign of Louis the Fourteenth and the Regency been more graphically described than in the voluminous correspondence of the Princess Palatine Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, and mother of the Regent. The following extracts have been chiefly selected from letters addressed by her to her aunt Sophia, Duchess of Hanover, and to her half-sisters, the Countesses Palatine Amelia Elizabeth and Louise, and dated from 1683 (twelve years after her marriage with the younger brother of Louis the Fourteenth) to 1720:—

“Fontainebleau, September 25, 1683.

“For the last fortnight nothing has been talked about but the death of M. Colbert. He was so hated by the populace that his body would have been torn to pieces had not the road between his house and the church been lined by a regiment of foot guards. This, however, did not prevent the mob from affixing on the walls of the chapel where he lies buried a prodigious number of abusive lampoons and epigrams, both in prose and verse. One of the Paris water-carriers coming in the morning to the fountain was observed to have a black crape tied round his hat, and being asked by his comrades for whom he was in mourning replied, ‘For M. Colbert,’ adding that they ought to follow his example. ‘Why?’ inquired one of them. ‘Because,’ he answered, ‘we all have reason to be grateful to him for not putting a tax on water, although he taxed everything else.’”

“Versailles, January 26, 1688.

“The King told us to-day that a hairdresser of the name of Albert had introduced into England the fashion of head-dresses so prodigiously tall that the tops of the sedan chairs were obliged to be raised in order that ladies who adopted the new mode might be able to sit upright in them.”

“Saint Cloud, August 20, 1690.

“If the late King of England (Charles the Second) prophesied truly, King James is not likely to be ranked among the saints. The Duchess of Portsmouth, who has been staying here, told us that the late King was in the habit of saying, ‘You see my brother; well, when he is King he will lose his kingdom by being over-religious, and his soul by his attachment to ugly women, for he has not good taste enough to admire pretty ones.’ ”

“Saint Cloud, September 13, 1690.

“I cannot accustom myself to the way in which religion is practised here, and am half tempted to follow the example of the Englishman Fielding. Some years ago, at Fontainebleau, he was asked if he were a Huguenot, and replied in the negative. ‘You are, then, a Catholic?’ ‘Certainly not.’ ‘A Lutheran perhaps?’ ‘Far from it.’ ‘What are you then?’ ‘I don’t mind telling you,’ said Fielding; ‘I have a little religion of my own.’ ”

“Paris, December 27, 1691.

“You have doubtless heard the stories about M. de Mauroy, the superior of the mission of the Invalides. Nearly a dozen ladies of quality are mixed up with them; to one he gave a pension, to another twenty thousand crowns, to a third a handsome equipage; in short, he was extremely liberal to all. M. de Louvois, who regarded him as a saint, gave him every year ten thousand crowns to distribute amongst the poor, and he spent the money as I tell you, besides leaving debts to the amount of sixty thousand crowns. He had a collection of false beards so well made as to defy detection; and one day, having hired a *fiacre*, told the driver to stop before a certain church. Presently, to the astonishment of the latter, an abbé stepped out of the vehicle, and returning after a while bade the coachman drive to a house in a distant quarter of the town. There, instead of the abbé, an officer in full uniform with wig and sword got out, and some hours later reappeared, giving orders to proceed to another church, which they had no sooner reached than the driver, beholding his fare once more transformed into the missionary who had engaged him and gravely entering the church, galloped away as fast as his horses could carry him, without waiting for his money, declaring to all he met that he had been driving the devil about ever since the morning.”

“Versailles, February 3, 1695.

“The cold is so bitter that yesterday at mass I thought my feet

were frozen, for, out of respect for the King, we are not allowed to have a *chancelière*.¹ He was angry with me for wearing a scarf, and said they were never worn in church. 'Very likely,' I replied, 'but it has never been so cold as it is now.' 'Formerly,' said the King, 'you had none.' 'I was younger then,' I said, 'and did not feel the cold so much.' 'There are older people than you,' he went on, 'who do without them.' 'That is,' I answered, 'because they would rather freeze than put on anything that does not become them; whereas I prefer being badly dressed to catching my death of cold. He said no more.'

"Fontainebleau, October 12, 1695.

"People now talk of King William (the Third) in a very different tone. Everywhere he is spoken of as a 'master-mind, a great monarch,' and so on. You are quite right in saying that those who are fortunate never want admirers."

"Versailles, September 20, 1696.

"The Prince of Wales (the Old Pretender) is the sweetest child imaginable. He speaks French now, and converses very prettily. He is neither like his father nor his mother, but bears a striking resemblance to the late King, his uncle; and I am sure that if the English saw him they could not for a moment doubt his belonging legitimately to the royal family."

"Paris, November 3, 1697.

"When the Prince di Conti has had a glass too much he is extremely diverting, for he imagines that it is not he who is tipsy, but someone else. Last year he came up to me after one of his drinking bouts, and told me that he had just been talking to the Pope's Nuncio, who was so very far gone that he could not make him understand a single word. 'But, cousin,' said I, 'are you quite sure that you are sober yourself? for you appear very lively.' 'Ah,' he replied with a laugh, 'exactly what Monseigneur and M. de Chartres have been saying; they will fancy that I am intoxicated, and will not comprehend that the Nuncio is.' If I and my son had not hindered him, he would have asked the Nuncio where he had been carousing."

"Versailles, December 21, 1698.

"'Tartuffe' is allowed to be played all the more readily as nobody imagines it can refer to himself. But I think that if anyone were to write such comedies now they would not be tolerated so easily, as certain persons at present in high favour might very well be supposed to have furnished the models for them."

¹ A boat or basket lined with fur to keep the feet warm.

“Saint Cloud, June 10, 1701.

“I have been told a sad story of a goldsmith named Tertullian Sehu, a Protestant, who tried some time ago to escape from France with his wife and children. The woman was arrested at Lille, and thrown into prison with four of her little ones ; the eldest son was shot in the heel, and will probably share the fate of Achilles. As for the father, I have not heard whether he has been taken or not. I pity these unfortunates most sincerely, and only wish the King knew that such cruelties as these have already caused many Catholics to become Calvinists.”

“Versailles, December 29, 1701.

“I am convinced that you cannot be as wrinkled as I am, but I care little about my looks, for never having been handsome I have nothing to lose. Besides, I see that those whom I remember beautiful are now positively ugly. Not a soul would recognise Madame de la Vallière as she is at present, and as for Madame de Montespan, her skin is like a crumpled sheet of paper. She has a red face covered with wrinkles close one to another, and her once lovely hair is as white as snow. Madame de Maintenon, on the contrary, is not the least changed ; she is exactly what she was thirty years ago.”

“Versailles, January 3, 1705.

“The following true story relates to the Duke of Luxembourg when he commanded the King's army in Flanders. He had expressly forbidden the troops to plunder the peasantry, and one day going by chance into a garden found a soldier there cutting cabbages. M. de Luxembourg flew into a violent rage and thrashed the offender soundly with his cane ; whereupon the culprit begged him not to strike so hard, adding that, if he did, he would repent of it shortly. This enraged the Duke still more, and he went on beating him until he could no longer lift his arm, the other still replying in the same strain as before. A short time after M. de Luxembourg was told that one of his men had distinguished himself in a recent action, and performed feats of valour worthy of a Roman hero. Curious to see the object of these reports, he sent for him, and once face to face with his commander, the soldier burst out laughing, and said, ‘Do you remember, Monseigneur, when you thrashed me for cutting cabbages I told you that one of these days you would repent of it ? Confess that you are sorry for it now, and that I have revenged myself as an honourable soldier ought to do !’ ”

"Marly, June 16, 1705.

"M. de Louvois was latterly a firm believer in spiritual manifestations, owing to the following circumstance. Having heard that a certain major possessed the faculty of putting himself in communication with spirits by means of a glass of water, he at first ridiculed the idea, but finally consented to witness the experiment. He was then courting Madame Dufrénoy, and that very morning, when alone in her apartments, had taken from her toilet table an emerald bracelet, in order that he might enjoy her vexation on missing it. No one had seen him, no one therefore could possibly know what he had done. Coming straight from thence to the place appointed, he directed the child who acted as medium to tell him what he was thinking about. After looking into the glass of water the child replied that he was doubtless thinking of a very handsome lady dressed in such and such a manner, who was searching everywhere for a valuable object she had lost. 'Ask her what she is looking for,' said M. de Louvois. 'An emerald bracelet,' was the answer. 'Then,' pursued M. de Louvois, 'let the spirit inform us who took it, and what became of it.' The child looked again and laughed. 'I see the man,' he said; 'he is dressed exactly as you are, and is as like you as one drop of water is like another. He is taking the bracelet from the table, and putting it in his pocket.' At these words M. de Louvois turned as pale as death, and from that time believed in sorcerers and fortune-tellers to his dying day."

"Versailles, December 21, 1707.

"Marshal Catinat is the most disinterested of men. He had received no pay for several years, and on M. Chamillart's offering to send him the entire sum at once refused to take it, saying that he had sufficient for his wants, and that the King needed money more than he did."

"Versailles, October 28, 1708.

"Except bankers and tax-collectors, there are few people here who possess large fortunes. Marshal Villars is the only one who has profited by the spoils of the Palatinate; Marshal Marsin told him one day to his face that the wealth he had acquired there was ill-gotten money. 'How can it be ill-gotten,' said Villars, 'if the King gave it to me?' 'The King could not give you what did not belong to him,' replied Marsin; 'and for my part I should consider myself dishonoured by accepting it.'"

"Versailles, April 7, 1709.

"Yesterday, near the Place Manbert, a commissary of police was

killed by a mob, consisting of a hundred 'dames de la halle,' who have all been imprisoned. The cause of this outbreak was the increase in the price of bread. It has been found necessary to double M. d'Argenson's guard, his life being in danger."

"Marly, August 21, 1710.

"M. de Vendôme came yesterday to pay me a farewell visit ; he is on his way to command the King's troops in Spain. His wife will be inconsolable, for they say she is extremely attached to him. I conclude that she has not forgotten the pretty speech he made when he married her. 'Madame,' he said, 'I am but a poor hand at gallantry, and do not know how to frame a compliment. I will therefore only assure you that, since you permit me to have the honour of being your husband, I shall never misuse the privilege ; and you will always be absolutely your own mistress as well as mine.'"

"Marly, February 5, 1711.

"There is no such thing as conversation nowadays ; at Meudon people only talk in whispers. The Dauphin seldom speaks, and the King hardly ever ; I think the latter counts his words, as if he had made up his mind not to exceed a certain number. At Saint Cloud it is just the same ; the ladies are so afraid of saying anything that may possibly displease and prevent their being asked to Marly that the few words they exchange are limited to two tiresome topics—dress and play."

"Marly, July 20, 1711.

"I have always heard that the wife of Milord Marlborough behaved most insolently to Queen Anne, so her Majesty acted rightly in dismissing her. What can it signify to Lord Sunderland whether the Queen be well or ill served by Madame Masson (Masham) ! That Sunderland is a very dangerous personage ; judging from his quiet and demure looks, no one would suspect him of cunning. He was for some time ambassador in France, and a great player at basset."

"Paris, November 14, 1715.

"I fancy that a good many of King George's subjects will abandon him now that the Chevalier de St. Georges has arrived in Scotland. I was told this evening how he contrived to escape from France. He was staying with the Prince de Vaudemont at Commercy, where he had been invited for a stag hunt, and on the return of the party was present with the others at a grand banquet, which lasted until four in the morning. When he retired to his chamber the Chevalier

begged that, as it was so late, he might not be called before two in the afternoon ; at the appointed hour his servants on going into the room found it empty. The Prince de Vaudemont, when informed that his guest was missing, affected surprise, and directed a search to be made ; and this proving ineffectual, he acknowledged that the Chevalier had departed, and added that he had given orders for the drawbridge to be raised, so that no one might leave the *château* for the next three days. By this means the Chevalier reached Brittany *incognito*, and there hired a fisherman's boat, which conveyed him on board a vessel cruising about at sea, where he was received by a number of Scottish lords, who accompanied him to that country."

" Paris, March 24, 1718.

" The Duchess of Shrewsbury (wife of the English Ambassador) is a great talker, and says very strange things. I remember hearing her say, ' You see that my dear Duke has but one eye ; Nature only gave him one, finding it impossible to make a second equally beautiful ! ' "

" Saint Cloud, August 4, 1718.

" My son (the Regent) told me yesterday that the Czar (Peter the Great) discovered his son's conspiracy against him by means of some letters addressed by the Prince to his mistress. The Czar summoned his State counsellors and bishops to the palace, and when they were all assembled sent for his son, embraced him, and asked him if it were possible that he had sought to assassinate him. The young man denied everything, whereupon the Czar delivered the letters to the counsellors, saying that he could not judge his own son, but left it to them to treat him not rigorously but indulgently. The tribunal unanimously condemned the Prince to death, on hearing which he solicited a last interview with his father, to whom he confessed his crime and besought his pardon. He died two days later, it is reported, by poison in order to avoid the shame of a public execution. It is a horrible story."

" Saint Cloud, August 3, 1719.

" The late King (Louis the Fourteenth) was perfectly ignorant as regards the Scriptures. He considered me a learned woman because I had, to a certain extent, studied them. If he had chosen to read he would have known more, but he hated reading. He knew absolutely nothing about different forms of belief. His confessor told him that all who were not Catholics were heretics, and could not possibly be saved, and he took it for granted without examining further."

“ Saint Cloud, October 26, 1719.

“ A canon of St. Cloud, a most worthy and excellent man, but extremely strict in religious matters, came to see Monsieur (the Duke of Orleans), who was very fond at times of playing the hypocrite. ‘ Monsieur Feuillet,’ said the latter, addressing the Canon by his name, ‘ I am exceedingly thirsty ; is it allowable on a fast day to indulge in a glass of orange juice ? ’ ‘ Monsieur,’ replied the Canon, ‘ if you have a fancy for eating an ox, you are at liberty to do so ; but behave like a good Christian, and pay your debts.’ ”

“ Paris, December 3, 1719.

“ Strange stories are afloat respecting people who have made large fortunes with shares of Monsieur Law’s bank. The other evening Madame Bégond was at the opera with her daughter. Presently a female came into the amphitheatre, extremely ugly and common-looking, but splendidly dressed and covered with diamonds. ‘ Surely,’ said Mdlle. Bégond to her mother, ‘ that is our cook Marie ! ’ ‘ Hush, my dear,’ replied Madame Bégond ; ‘ you must be mistaken.’ ‘ But, mother, only look at her,’ persisted the young girl ; ‘ it can be no one else.’ Those who were near them, hearing this dialogue, stared in their turn at the new-comer, and the words, ‘ Marie, the cook,’ were circulated about until they reached the ears of the individual alluded to. Rising from her seat, she coolly addressed the audience as follows : ‘ Yes, it is quite true ; my name is Marie, and I was Madame Bégond’s cook ; but now I am a rich woman, and dress as I like. I owe nobody anything ; and if I choose to wear fine clothes what harm can it do ? ’ You may imagine that the whole house was in a roar.”

“ Paris, February 4, 1720.

“ Paris is not nearly as full as it was. Many people have left it owing to the cost of living. No payments are allowed to be made in gold, and nothing is to be seen but banknotes and twenty-sou pieces. I have strictly forbidden anyone to speak in my hearing of shares or subscriptions, as I do not wish to understand anything about them. Except my son and Madame de Châteauthiers, I do not know a single thoroughly disinterested person in France ; certainly not the princes and princesses of the blood royal, who actually exchange fisticuffs with the clerks of the bank.”

“ Paris, March 23, 1720.

“ Yesterday morning a young man, of a good Flemish family, Count Horn, committed an odious crime. He had lost four thousand

crowns at play, and not having the means of paying devised a scheme for procuring the money. Taking with him three accomplices, he went to the Rue Quincampoix, and meeting there one of the bank clerks, asked him if he had any shares to sell. 'How many do you want?' inquired the clerk. He mentioned a certain number, and offered if the clerk would accompany him to a tavern hard by to settle with him there. Shortly after their arrival the four wretches fell upon the poor man and murdered him ; and then, having secured the pocket-book containing the shares, made their escape through a back window. The Count, however, imagining that the safest way to conceal his crime was to accuse someone else, presented himself before the commissary of police of the quarter and declared that some persons unknown had tried to assassinate him. The commissary, looking at him attentively, and observing that, although covered with blood, he exhibited no trace of a wound, began to suspect foul play, and ordered him to be arrested. At this moment arrived one of the other three, upon which Horn appealed to the commissary to hear his testimony, adding that he had been an eye-witness of the attempt. His accomplice, mistaking the sense of his words, and concluding that the Count had acknowledged his guilt, confessed everything, and both were immediately committed to prison, and are to be tried on Monday." ¹

CHARLES HERVEY.

¹ Four days later Count Horn and his accomplices were broken on the wheel.

SCIENCE NOTES.

METEORIC HAIL.

IN discussing Schwedoff's theory of the cosmical origin of hail-stones in my Notes, October 1882, and October and November 1885, I pointed out the fallacy of Sir W. Thomson's hasty dismissal of that theory as a "manifest absurdity," on his assumption that a piece of ice must be fused and volatilised by the heat generated during its passage through our atmosphere.

My presumptuous attempt to refute the highly reputed mathematician was based on the fact that the basis of his mathematical demonstration was worthless; one of the primary factors of the calculation being omitted, viz., that of the time during which the ice is submitted to the superficially generated heat. I cited the case of a piece of ice remaining solid for some time in the midst of the hottest furnace, and the superficial fusion of metallic meteorites.

I have just met with the following from a lecture by H. C. Sorby, reported in *Nature*, vol. 15, p. 495. Referring to the structure of meteorites, which he has investigated so profoundly, he says: "We have thus a complete proof of the conclusion that the black crust was due to the true igneous fusion of the surface, *under conditions that had little or no influence at a greater depth than $\frac{1}{100}$ of an inch.* In the case of meteorites of different composition the black crust has not retained a true glassy character, and is sometimes $\frac{1}{80}$ of an inch in thickness, consisting of two very distinct layers, the internal showing particles of iron which have neither melted nor oxidised, and the external showing that they have been oxidised, and the oxide melted up with the surrounding stony matter. Taking everything into consideration, the microscopical structure of the crust agrees perfectly well with the explanation usually adopted, but rejected by some authors, that it was formed by the fusion of the external surface, and was due to the very rapid heating which takes place when a body moving with planetary velocity rushes into the earth's atmosphere—*a heating so rapid that the surface is melted before the heat has time to penetrate beyond a very short distance into the interior of the mass.*"

The italics are my own, to indicate Sorby's perfect agreement with my conclusions as opposed to those of Sir W. Thomson. If the time is too short for the heat to penetrate farther than $\frac{1}{80}$ of an inch in meteoric iron, or $\frac{1}{100}$ of an inch in earthy meteors, how utterly insufficient must it be to permit the complete diffusion

throughout the substance of so much worse a conductor as ice. We must not forget that the *quantity* of heat demanded for melting and boiling a given quantity of ice is, as I explained in the note, October 1882, more than three times as great as is required for melting an equal weight of iron.

COSMICAL WATER.

SOME readers may be inclined to ask why, in the above, I return again to this subject so persistently. The question is a fair one, and I will answer it accordingly.

We know that water exists in three forms upon our earth, that the solid and liquid water covers nearly three-fourths of its surface, and that the air above contains water in the gaseous state.

But the law of gaseous diffusion of water is not so generally understood, though very simple. Wherever water exists exposed to free space, or to space occupied by other gases than its own vapour, it evaporates into that space until the space is filled with gaseous water, having a tension or density proportionate to the temperature of the space.

Thus the water of our ocean being exposed to solar heat, and equally capable of evaporation into the dense air immediately above it, or the lighter air above the clouds, or into all the boundless space beyond, be that space a vacuum or plenum, must thus evaporate, or have evaporated until all that space be saturated according to its temperature, if not saturated already. Therefore, the fact that our ocean is not dried up indicates the existence of "water, water, everywhere."

The spectroscope ratifies this conclusion; water, or its chief constituent (which is set free whenever water is raised above a certain temperature), is found to envelope every star, as well as our own sun and all his attendant planets. It is physically impossible that such can be the case without a general diffusion of aqueous vapour, seeing that the enveloping vapour of every one of these orbs is receiving and absorbing the heat that radiates from myriads of suns. Such vapour thus heated must diffuse, and in its diffused state must still receive radiant heat, and thus be sustained as vapour, though doubtless of extreme tenuity.

But what must happen to such vapour that is near to one of these suns (and consequently denser than the more distant), if it suffers an eclipse, *i.e.*, if a solid orb passes between it and the sun, and thus projects a shadow through it?

Clearly, a sudden condensation must occur, and such condensation under such conditions must produce solid particles, which, by their aggregation, may become hailstones. We know that hailstones

display a structure proving them to be composed of minute particles of ice, forming a conglomerate that has been fused on its outer surface, *i.e.*, that they have a structure identical with that described by Mr. Sorby as the structure of both earthly and metallic meteorites.

The reader will thus understand that the questions involved in that of the meteoric origin of hailstones are of the highest and broadest philosophical interest. They involve, in fact, our fundamental conceptions of the structure of the universe.

THE DESTRUCTION OF LOCUSTS.

IN the Zoological section of the British Association an interesting paper on this subject was read by Mr. S. Brown. He showed how in Cyprus these troublesome creatures have at certain times devastated the island, and at other times have been destroyed. Thus between 1862 and 1870 the Turkish Government reduced their numbers so far that in 1870 they did no measurable damage; then the Turks relaxed these efforts and the locusts again increased, until in 1878, the time of the British occupation, their operations became serious.

Local advisers with an eye to business advised John Bull to open his pockets and pay liberally for the collection of eggs to be destroyed. He did so with more effect on the pockets than on the locusts, for in 1882 they destroyed from 15 to 20 per cent. of the crops.

Then Mr. Bull took a lesson from the infidel, and adopted the old Turkish mode of proceeding, which was simply to erect canvas screens across the line of march, which turned the stream aside into pits duly trapped so that escape was impossible. In two years the destruction of the enemy was so complete, that during the last five years no damage whatever has been done to the crops.

I nevertheless presume to repeat an old suggestion of my own, *viz.*, that Messrs. Crosse & Blackwell, or Messrs. Fortnum & Mason, or other enterprising firms should give their attention to the manufacture of locust paste, or the packing of potted locusts as a delicacy for gourmands. Those who understand them practically assert with great confidence that they resemble shrimps, prawns, or lobsters, but are richer and more aromatic.

A demand once created, there is no difficulty in obtaining supplies. The screens reduce the labour of collection to a minimum, as for commercial purposes they may be diverted at once into suitable hampers or packing cases in lieu of the trapped pits.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.**A COLLECTION OF LOVE-LETTERS.**

FEW ideas have ever commended themselves less to me than has the notion, carried out by Mr. Merydew, of publishing the "Love-Letters of Famous Men and Women." If there are any sanctities in the world they surely comprise the utterances—pleading, rhapsodical, or passionate—of a man seeking to win the woman that he loves. Such utterances are intended to be read by "one woman and none but she." Many causes conspire to bring about indiscretion on the part of those to whom such letters are addressed, or into whose possession they may come. If the homage to her charms is very fervid and eloquent, Phillis is naturally indisposed to destroy its evidences. Corydon, moreover, may make a name in the world, in which case his tribute may become gratifying, and even, if he only rises high enough, pecuniarily valuable. His protestations accordingly remain; and, long after the vows are forgotten, the ink is faded, and the hand of the writer is cold in death, are given for future generations to snigger over, to meditate upon, it may even be to plagiarise from.

LOVE-LETTERS IN VERSE.

THERE is, of course, a difference between letters written with a view to publication and those which owe their survival to accident or indiscretion. Sonnets and love-poems generally, some of which Mr. Merydew comprises in his volume, are intended for a general public. Petrarch would have been but ill-content had his raptures found no audience but Laura, and the loss to the writer would have been commensurate with that to the public had the world never read Waller's praise of Saccharissa, Withers' of Fidelia, Griffin's of Fidessa, Constable's of Diana, Daniels' of Delia, Sydney's of Stella, and so on to the end of the chapter. The same, of course, holds true of prose letters written with a view to publication. With these, however, the world is but moderately interested. Its chief delight is to come

upon some surprisal of a secret, some confession of torture, or some cry of agony, such as is wrung from the heart of Mary Wollstonecraft in her letters, which form the most striking feature in the collection.

LOVE-LETTERS HUMAN DOCUMENTS.

THERE is one respect, however, in which the book Mr. Merydew has compiled has both interest and value. As human documents, materials for the satirist, the dramatist, the psychologist, the contents of his volume are unique. The revelations they furnish are the more stirring as they are unconscious. The closest anatomist of the heart, the most servile votary of realism or naturalism, may find in these letters developments he would hesitate to supply. Now the language is that of persuasion, the simple cry of desire; now it speaks the rapture of possession, the cock-a-doodle-doo of gratified vanity. Now Swift labours to corrupt and to torture Stella, now Steele tries to placate his wedded Prue. I am far from charging Mr. Merydew with indiscretion in republishing these ebullitions. If any censure is incurred, it is by those who brought the various correspondences to light. Just, however, as a collection of jests constitutes ordinarily a depressing book, this gathering together of flimsy sentiment and ephemeral passion leaves an ill taste in the mouth, and is sadder than any intentional utterance of cynicism.

LOVE-POEMS OF THE SHAKESPEARIAN EPOCH.

THE question of love-poems which has been raised leads naturally to the collection of love-poetry which Mr. Bullen has issued as a supplement to his two volumes of lyrics from the Elizabethan song books. "*Speculum Amantis: Love Poems from rare Song Books and Miscellanies of the Seventeenth Century*," is the title Mr. Bullen has bestowed upon a privately printed volume, which is likely to be a prime and a lasting favourite with the lovers of poetry. So delicate in expression are the poems he has culled, and so little of coarseness is there in them, that we are inclined to regard as excessive the prudery that banished them from the previous volumes. It is pleasant, however, to have works which can be put unquestioningly into the hands of maidens, as can the two previous series, and it is not unpleasant nor unflattering to manhood to own a book which is not within universal reach. The "*Speculum Amantis*" is, at any rate, an enchanting possession, and adds to an elegance and a grace characteristic of Herrick, Lovelace, and Carew, a special delicacy that is an earlier growth.

THE EULOGY OF RICHARD JEFFERIES.¹

THIS is an instance, perhaps unique, of a book which is at once a eulogy and a biography of one man written by another to whom personally he was unknown. It is needless to say that the homage rendered by Mr. Besant to the great writer who has recently passed away is as eloquent as it is cordial. At first glance, the career of Richard Jefferies is a puzzle. Reputation came to him earlier in life than it comes to most great writers, and he had time in his short life to drink intoxicating draughts of that wine of recognition which few of us are permitted to sip. This is the more remarkable, as his early effort was, on Mr. Besant's showing, directed down wrong channels. With augmenting reputation came, however, no corresponding increase of emolument. This caused Jefferies astonishment as well as inquietude, and is not fully understood by Mr. Besant. There is, however, no cause for surprise. A popular writer, in the full sense of the word, Jefferies could never have been. In describing natural scenery he has, admittedly, no equal. His insight into nature, his close observation, and his minute, exact, and loving description, eclipse all previous effort in the same direction. These things, however, appeal not to the masses but to the cultivated few. There is some analogy, indeed, between Jefferies' own style and the scenery he depicts. The loveliest scenes in the world make no full appeal to our intellects or our hearts unless there is some hallowing and sanctifying touch of human association. Beautiful as is Jefferies work, it is at times intellectually cold. It would have appealed to a larger public had it been more coloured by the personal individuality of the writer; less artistically faultless, and more human.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

¹ By Walter Besant. Chatto & Windus.

